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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
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Love-Letters

BETWEEN A

NOBLEMAN

AND HIS

SISTER;

WITH THE

HISTORY

OF THEIR

ADVENTURES.

46187

In THREE PARTS.

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BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

TO

THO. CONDON, Esq;

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SIR,

HAving, when I was at *Paris* last Spring, met with a little Book of Letters, call'd, *L'intregue de Philander & Sylvia*, I had a particular Fancy besides my Inclinations to translate it into *English*; which I have done as faithfully as I could; only where he speaks of the Ingratitude of *Cesario* to the King; I have added a Word or two to his Character, that might render it a little more parallel to that of a modern Prince, in our Age; for the rest I have kept close to the *French*.

The Letters are soft and amorous; and besides my Esteem and Obligation to you, I think it no where so proper to address so much tender Passion, as to a Man whom Heaven and Nature has so well form'd

both for diſpenſing and receiving of Love as your ſelf, you having all in your Perſon that is acceptable to Women and deſired by Men, and when you pleaſe can make your ſelf as abſolutely the Joy of the one, as the Envy of the other; to this is join'd a Virtue, ſuch as I believe the World has rarely produc'd in a Man of your Youth, Fortune and Advantages; you have all the Power of the Debauchery of the Age, without the Will; you early ſaw the Follies of the Town, and the Greatneſs of your Mind, diſdaining that common Road of living, ſhunn'd then the foppiſh Practice; your well-judging Pride choſe rather to be ſingular, and ſullenly retire, than herd with that noiſy Croud, that eternally fit out Buſineſs enough to ſtock the Town with Wit and Lampoons, and the Stage with Fops, Fools and Cowards: If I might give my real Judgment, you are above Flattery, and one can almoſt ſay no good or generous Thing that one cannot juſtify in you, no Virtue you cannot lay a Claim to; many your Modeſty hides from the World, and many more you have, which

which Envy will not confeſs; for that juſt Value you ſet upon your ſelf, by ſhunning the publick Haunts, Cabals and Converſations of the Town, in ſpight of all your Wit and Goodneſs, gives Occaſion for Malice to revenge it ſelf on you a thouſand little ways; witneſs a late miſtaken Story of an Amour of yours, ſo often urg'd with Heat, and told ſo much to your Diſadvantage, by thoſe who have not the Happineſs of knowing your true Principles of Honour, your real good Nature, your common Juſtice, or Senſe of Humanity, to be ſuch, as not to be capable of ſo baſe, ſilly and unmannerly a Practice, and ſo needleſs and poor a Deſign: For my part, Sir, I am vain and proud of the Belief, that I have the Capacity and Honour to know and underſtand your Soul (did I not too well the Story alſo) and am well aſſur'd it has not a Grain, not a Thought of ſo fooliſh a Principle, ſo unneceſſary and diſhoneſt: And I dare affirm, that ſince the Impoſition of the late Popiſh Plot upon the Town, there has not ſo ridiculous and nonſenſical a Hiſtory

paſs'd for authentick with unthinking Man; but you ſhould give 'em leave to rail, ſince you have ſo vaſt Advantages above 'em.

Sir, I would fain think that in the Character of *Philander* there is a great Reſemblance of your ſelf as to his Perſon, and that Part of his Soul that was poſſeſs'd with Love: He was a *French* Whig, 'tis true, and a moſt apparent Traitor, and there, I confeſs, the Compariſon fails extreamly; for ſure no Man was ever ſo incorrigible, ſo harden'd in Toryiſm as your ſelf, ſo fearleſs, ſo bold; ſo reſolute, and confirm'd in Loyalty; in the height of all Dangers and Threatnings, in the bleſſed Age of Swearing, and the hopeful Reign of Evidences, you undaunted held forth for the Royal Cauſe, with ſuch Force of Reaſon and undeniable Senſe, as thoſe that were not converted, at leaſt were ſtartled; and I ſhall never forget the happy things I have heard you ſay on that glorious Subject, with a Zeal ſo fervent, yet ſo modeſt and gentle, your Argument ſo ſolid, juſt, ſo generous, and ſo very hearty, as

has

has begot you. Applauſes and Bleſſings round the Board: A thouſand Inſtances, a Hiſtory I could write of your Diſcourſes and Acts of Loyalty, but that even your Enemies allow, and I will ſpare it here, and only ſay, you are an Honour and a Credit to the Cauſe that's proud to own you.

In this you are far diſtant to my amorous Hero; but at leaſt for my own Satisfaction, and that I may believe *Sylvia* truly happy, give me leave to fancy him ſuch a Perſon as your ſelf; and then I cannot fail of fancying him too, ſpeaking at the Feet of *Sylvia*, pleading his Right of Love with the ſame Softneſs in his Eyes and Voice, as you can do when you deſign to conquer; when e'er you ſpread your Nets for Game, you need but look abroad, fix and reſolve, tho' you, unlike the forward Youth of this Age, ſo nicely purſue the Quarry, it is not all, or any Game you fly at, not every Bird that comes to Net can pleaſe your delicate Appetite; tho' you are young as new Deſire, as beautiful as Light, as amorous as a God,

and wanton as a *Cupid*, that ſmiles, and ſhoots, and plays, and miſchiefs all his fond Hours away: Pray Heaven you be not reſerv'd, like our Hero, for ſome Siſter; 'tis an ill Sign when ſo much Beauty paſſes daily unregarded, that your Love is reſerv'd to an End as malicious as that of our *Philander*'s.

Perhaps you'll be out of Humour, and cry, Why the Devil didſt thou dedicate the Letters of a Whig to me? But to make you amends, Sir, pray take notice, *Sylvia* is a true Tory in every part; if but to love a Whig be not Crime enough in your Opinion to pall your Appetite, and for which even her Youth and Beauty cannot make an Atonement; Commodity which rarely fails in the Trade of Love, tho' never was ſo low a Market for Beauty of both Sexes, yet he that's fortify'd and ſtor'd like happy you, need never fear to find his Price; for Wit and good Humour bear ſtill a Rate, and have an Intrinſick Value, while the other is rated by Opinion, and is at beſt but a curious Picture, where one and the ſame

dull

dull ſilent Charms make up the Days while the other is always new, and (to uſe your own Expreſſion) is a Book where one turns over a new Leaf every Minute, and finds ſomething diverting, in Eternal new Diſcoveries; it elevates ones Spirits, charms the Soul, and improves ones Stock, for every one has a longer Date of hearing than ſeeing, and the Eyes are ſooner ſatiated than the Ear; therefore do not depend too much on Beauty, 'tis but a half Conqueſt you will make when you ſhew the Man only, you muſt prove him too; give the ſoft Sex a Sight of your fine Mind as well as your fine Perſon; but you are a lazy Lover, and lye fallow for want of Induſtry; you ruſt your Stock of hoarded Love, while you gaze only and return a ſingle Sigher; believe me, Friend, if you continue to fight at that ſingle Weapon, there will be no great Store of Wounds given or taken on either ſide; you muſt ſpeak and write if you would be happy, ſince you can do it ſo infinitely to purpoſe; who can be happy without Love? for me, I never number'd thoſe dull Days amongſt

amongſt thoſe of my Life, in which I had not my Soul fill'd with that ſoft Paſſion. To love! why 'tis the only Secret in Nature that reſtores Life to all the Felicites and Charms of living; and to me there ſeems nothing ſo ſtrange as to ſee People walk about, laugh, do the Acts of Life, and impertinently trouble the World, without knowing any thing of that ſoft, that noble Paſſion, or without ſo much as having an Intrigue or an Amuſement, (as the *French* call it) with any dear She, no real Love or Concettre; perhaps theſe Letters may have the good Fortune to rouze and make you look into your Heart, turn over your Store, and laviſh out a little to divert the Toils of Life; you us'd to ſay, that even the Fatigues of Love had a vaſt Pleaſure in 'em; *Philander* was of your Mind, and I (whoſe Advice you like that Friend you have honour'd me with the Title of) have even preferr'd all the Torments of Love, before dully living without it. Live then and love, thou gay, thou glorious young Man, whom Heaven has bleſt with all the Sweets of Life beſides; live then and love;

and

and what's an equal Bleſſing, live and be belov'd by ſome dear Maid, as nobly born as *Sylvia*, as witty and as gay and ſoft as ſhe, (to you, who know no other Want, no other Bleſſing) this is the moſt advantagious one he can wiſh you. who is.

SIR,

Your obliged, and moſt

Humble Servant, &c.

THE

ARGUMENT

IN the Time of the Rebellion of the true Proteſtant Hugonots *in* Paris, *under the Conduct of the Prince of* Conde (*whom we will call* Ceſario) *many illuſtrious Perſons were drawn into the Aſſociation, amongſt which there was one, whoſe Quality and Fortune (join'd with his Youth and Beauty) render'd him more elevated in the Eſteem of the gay Part of the World, than moſt of that Age. In his tender Years (unhappily enough) he chanc'd to fall in Love with a Lady, whom we will call* Myrtilla, *who had Charms enough to engage any Heart; ſhe had all the Advantages of Youth and Nature; a Shape excellent; a moſt agreeable Stature, not too tall, and far from low, delicately proportion'd; her Face a little enclin'd round, ſoft, ſmooth and white; her Eyes were blue, a little languiſhing, and full of Love and Wit; a Mouth curiouſly made, dimpled, and full of ſweetneſs; Lips round ſoft, plump, and red; white Teeth, firm and even; her Noſe a little* Roman, *and which gave a noble Grace to her lovely Face; her Hair light brown; a Neck and Boſom delicately turn'd, white and riſing; her Arms and Hands exactly ſhap'd; to this a Vivacity of Youth engaging; a Wit quick and flowing; a Humour gay, and an Air unreſiſtibly*

The Argument.

ſiſtibly charming; and nothing was wanting to compleat the Joys of the young Philander, (*ſo we call our amorous Hero*) *but* Myrtilla's *Heart, which the illuſtrious* Ceſario *had before poſſeſs'd; however, conſulting her Honour and her Intereſt, and knowing all the Arts as Women do to feign a Tenderneſs; ſhe yields to marry him: While* Philander, *who ſcorn'd to owe his Happineſs to the Commands of Parents, or to chaffer for a Beauty, with her Conſent ſteals her away, and marries her. But ſee how tranſitory is a violent Paſſion; after being ſatiated, he ſlights the Prize he had ſo dearly conquer'd; ſome ſay the Change was occaſion'd by her too viſibly contin'u'd Love to* Ceſario; *but whatever 'twas, this was moſt certain,* Philander *caſt his Eyes upon a young Maid, Siſter to* Myrtilla, *a Beauty, whoſe early Bloom promis'd Wonders when come to Perfection; but I will ſpare her Picture here,* Philander *in the following Epiſtles will often enough preſent it to your View: He liv'd and languiſh'd, long before he durſt diſcover his Pain; her being Siſter to his Wife, nobly born, and of undoubted Fame, render'd his Paſſion too criminal to hope for a Return, while the young lovely* Sylvia (*ſo we ſhall call the noble Maid*) *ſigh'd out her Hours in the ſame Pain and Languiſhment for* Philander, *and knew not that 'twas Love, 'till ſhe betraying it innocently to the o'erjoy'd Lover and Brother, he ſoon taught her to underſtand 'twas Love------ he purſues it, ſhe permits it, and at laſt yields, when being diſcover'd in the criminal Intrigue, ſhe flies with him; he abſolutely quits* Myrtilla, *lives ſome time in a Village near* Paris, *call'd St.* Denis, *with this betray'd Unfortunate 'till being found out,*

and

and like to be apprehended, (one for the Rape, the other for the Flight) ſhe is forc'd to marry a Cadet, *a Creature of* Philander's, *to bear the Name of Huſband only to her, while* Philander *had the intire Poſſeſſion of her Soul and Body: Still the League went forward, and all things were ready for a War in* Paris; *but 'tis not my Buſineſs here to mix the rough Relation of a War, with the ſoft Affairs of Love; let it ſuffice, the* Hugonots *were defeated, and the King got the Day, and every Rebel lay at the Mercy of his Sovereign..* Philander *was taken Priſoner, made his Eſcape to a little Cottage near his own Palace, not far from* Paris, *writes to* Sylvia *to come to him, which ſhe does, and in ſpight of all the Induſtry to re-ſeize him, he got away with* Sylvia.

After their Flight, theſe Letters were found in their Cabinets, at their Houſe at St. Denis, *where they both liv'd together, for the ſpace of a Year, and they are as exactly as poſſible plac'd in the Order they were ſent, and were thoſe ſuppos'd to be written towards the latter End of their Amours.*

Love-Letters.

PART I.

To SYLVIA.

THough I parted from you reſolv'd to obey your impoſſible Commands, yet know oh charming *Sylvia!* that after a thouſand Conflicts between Love and Honour, I found the God (too mighty for the Idol) reign abſolute Monarch in my Soul, and ſoon baniſh'd that Tyrant thence. That cruel Counſellor that would ſuggeſt to you a thouſand fond Arguments to hinder my noble Purſuit; *Sylvia* came in view! her unreſiſtable *Idea!* with all the Charm of blooming Youth, with all the Attractions of Heav'nly Beauty! looſe, wanton, gay, all flowing her bright Hair, and languiſhing her lovely Eyes, her Dreſs all negligent as when I ſaw her laſt, diſcovering a thouſand raviſhing Graces, round white ſmall Breaſts, delicate Neck, and riſing Boſom, heav'd with Sighs ſhe would in vain conceal; and all beſides, that niceſt Fancy can imagine ſurprizing —— Oh I dare not think on, leſt my Deſires grow mad and raving; let it ſuffice, oh adorable *Sylvia!* I think and know enough to juſtifie that Flame in me, which our weak Alliance of Brother and Siſter has render'd ſo criminal; but he that adores *Sylvia*, ſhould do it at an uncommon rate;

'tis

'tis not enough to ſacrifice a ſingle Heart, to give you a ſimple Paſſion, your Beauty ſhould like it ſelf produce wondrous Effects; it ſhould force all Obligations, all Laws, all Ties even of Natures ſelf: You, my lovely Maid, were not born to be obtain'd by the dull Methods of ordinary loving; and 'tis in vain to preſcribe me Meaſures; and oh much more in vain to urge the Nearneſs of our Relation. What Kin, my charming *Sylvia*, are you to me? No Ties of Blood forbid my Paſſion? and what's a Ceremony impos'd on Man by Cuſtom? what is it to my divine *Sylvia*, that the Prieſt took my Hand and gave it to your Siſter? What Alliance can that create? Why ſhould a Trick deviſed by the wary old, only to make Proviſion for Poſterity, tie me to an Eternal Slavery? No, no, my charming Maid, 'tis Nonſenſe all; let us (born for mightier Joys) ſcorn the dull *beaten Road*, but let us love like the firſt Race of Men, neareſt ally'd to God, promiſcuouſly they lov'd, and poſſeſs'd, Father and Daughter, Brother and Siſter met, and reap'd the Joys of Love without Controul, and counted it Religious Coupling, and 'twas encourag'd too by Heav'n it ſelf: Therefore ſtart not (too nice and lovely Maid) at Shadows of things that can but frighten Fools. Put me not off with theſe Delays; rather by you but diſſembled Love all this while, than now 'tis born, to die again with a poor Fright of Nonſenſe. A Fit of Honour! a Fantom imaginary, and no more; no, no, repreſent me to your Soul more favourably, think you ſee me languiſhing at your Feet, breathing out my laſt in Sighs and kind Reproaches, on the pitileſs *Sylvia*; reflect when I am dead, which will be the more afflicting Object, the Ghoſt (as you are pleas'd to call it) of your murder'd Honour, or the pale and bleeding one of

The loſt *Philander*.

I have liv'd a whole Day, and yet no Letter from Sylvia.

To PHILANDER.

OH why will you make me own (oh too importunate *Philander!*) with what Regret I made you promiſe to prefer my Honour before your Love?

I confeſs with Bluſhes, which you might then ſee kindling in my Face, that I was not at all pleas'd with the Vows you made me, to endeavour to obey me, and I then even wiſh'd you would obſtinately have deny'd Obedience to my juſt Commands; have purſu'd your criminal Flame, and have left me raving on my Undoing: For when you were gone, and I had Leiſure to look into my Heart, alas! I found whether you oblig'd or not, whether Love or Honour were preferr'd, I, unhappy I, was either way inevitably loſt. Oh! what pitileſs God, fond of his wondrous Power, made us the Objects of his Almighty Vanity? Oh why were we two made the firſt Precedents of his new found Revenge? for ſure no Brother ever lov'd a Siſter with ſo criminal a Flame before: At leaſt my unexperienc'd Innocence ne'er met with ſo fatal a Story: And 'tis in vain (my too charming Brother) to make me inſenſible of our Alliance; to perſuade me I am a Stranger to all but your Eyes and Soul.

Alas, your fatally kind Induſtry is all in vain. You grew up a Brother with me; the Title was fix'd in my Heart, when I was too young to underſtand your ſubtle Diſtinctions, and there it thriv'd and ſpread; and 'tis now too late to tranſplant it, or alter its native Property: Who can graft a Flower on a contrary Stalk? The Roſe will bear no Tulips, nor the Hyacinth the Poppy, no more will the Brother the Name of Lover. Oh! ſpoil not the natural Sweetneſs and Innocence we now retain, by an Endeavour fruitleſs and deſtructive; no, no, *Philander*, dreſs your ſelf in what Charms you will, be powerful as Love can make you in your ſoft

Argument—yet, oh yet, you are my Brother ſtill,—— But why, oh cruel and eternal Powers, was not *Philander* my Lover before you deſtin'd him a Brother? or why, being a Brother, did you, malicious and ſpightful Powers, deſtine him a Lover! Oh, take either Title from him, or from me a Life which can render me no Satisfaction, ſince your cruel Laws permit it not for *Philander*, nor his to bleſs the now

Unfortunate

Wedneſday Morning.

SYLVIA.

To PHILANDER.

AFter I had diſmiſs'd my Page this Morning with my Letter, I walk'd (fill'd with ſad ſoft Thoughts of my Brother *Philander*) into the Grove, and commanding *Melinda* to retire, who only attended me, I threw my ſelf down on that Bank of Graſs where we laſt diſputed the dear but fatal Buſineſs of our Souls: Where our Prints (that invited me) ſtill remain on the preſs'd Greens: There with ten thouſand Sighs, with Remembrance of the tender Minutes we paſs'd then, I drew your laſt Letter from my Boſom, and often kiſs'd and often read it over; but oh, who can conceive my Torment, when I came to that fatal Part of it, where you ſay you gave your Hand to my Siſter? I found my Soul agitated with a thouſand different Paſſions, but all inſupportable, all mad and raving; ſometimes I threw my ſelf with Fury on the Ground, and preſs'd my panting Heart to the Earth; then riſe in Rage and tear my Heart, and hardly ſpare that Face that taught you firſt to love; then fold my wretched Arms to keep down riſing Sighs that almoſt rend my Breaſt, I traverſe ſwiftly the conſcious Grove; with my diſtracted ſhow'ring Eyes directed in vain to pitileſs

leſs Heav'n, the lovely ſilent Shade favouring my Complaints, I cry aloud, Oh God! *Philander*'s marry'd, the lovely charming thing for whom I languiſh is marry'd!——That fatal Word's enough, I need not add to whom. Marry'd's enough to make me curſe my Birth, my Youth, my Beauty, and my Eyes that firſt betray'd me to the undoing Object: Curſe on the Charms you have flatter'd, for every fancy'd Grace has help'd my Ruin on; now like Flowers that wither unſeen and unpoſſeſs'd in Shades, they muſt die and be no more, they were to no end created, ſince *Philander*'s marry'd: Marry'd! oh Fate, oh Hell, oh Torture and Confuſion! Tell me not 'tis to my Siſter, that Addition is needleſs and vain: To make me eternally wretched, there needs no more than that *Philander*'s marry'd! than that the Prieſt gave your Hand away from me; to another, and not to me; tir'd out with Life I need no other Paſs-port than this Repetition, *Philander*'s marry'd! 'Tis that alone is ſufficient to lay in her cold Tomb,

The wretched and deſpairing

Wedneſday Night, *Bellfont.*

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

TWICE laſt Night, oh unfaithful and unloving *Sylvia!* I ſent the Page to the old Place for Letters, but he returned the Object of my Rage, becauſe without the leaſt Remembrance from my fickle Maid: In this Torment, unable to hide my Diſorder, I ſuffered my ſelf to be laid in Bed; where the reſtleſs Torments of the Night exceeded thoſe of the Day, and are not even by the Languiſher himſelf to be expreſs'd; but the returning Light brought a ſhort Slumber on it's

Wings; which was interrupted by my atoning Boy, who brought two Letters from my adorable *Sylvia*: He wak'd me from Dreams more agreeable than all my watchful Hours could bring, for they are all tortur'd.——And even the ſofteſt mix'd with a thouſand Deſpairs, Difficulties and Diſappointments, but theſe were all Love, which gave a looſe to Joys undeny'd by Honour! And this way my charming *Sylvia*, you ſhall be mine, in ſpight of all the Tyrannies of that cruel Hinderer; Honour appears not, my *Sylvia*, within the cloſe drawn Curtains, in Shades and gloomy Light the Fantom frights not, but when one beholds its Bluſhes, when it's attended and adorn'd, and the Sun ſees its falſe Beauties; in ſilent Groves and Grotto's, dark Alcoves, and lonely Receſſes, all its Formalities are laid aſide; it was then, and there methought my *Sylvia* yielded, with a faint Struggle and a ſoft Reſiſtance; I heard her broken Sighs, her tender whiſpering Voice, that trembling cry'd,——Oh! Can you be ſo cruel.——Have you the Heart——Will you undo a Maid, becauſe ſhe loves you? Oh! Will you ruin me becauſe you may?——My faithleſs——My unkind——then ſigh'd and yielded, and made me happier than a triumphing God! But this was ſtill a Dream, I wak'd and ſigh'd, and found it vaniſh'd all! But oh, my *Sylvia*, your Letters were ſubſtantial Pleaſure, and pardon your Adorer if he tell you, even the Diſorder you expreſs is infinitely dear to him, ſince he knows it all the Effects of Love; Love, my Soul! which you in vain oppoſe; purſue it, Dear, and call it not Undoing, or elſe explain your Fear, and tell me what your ſoft, your trembling Heart gives that cruel Title to? Is it undoing to love? And love the Man you ſay has Youth and Beauty to juſtify that Love? A Man that adores you with ſo ſubmiſſive and perfect a Reſignation; a Man that did not only love firſt, but is reſolv'd to die in that agreeable Flame; in my Creation I was form'd for Love, and deſtin'd for my *Sylvia*, and ſhe for her

Philander.

Philander: And ſhall we, can we diſappoint our Fate? No, my ſoft Charmer, our Souls were touch'd with the ſame Shafts of Love before they had a Being in our Bodies, and can we contradict Divine Decree?

Or is it undoing, Dear, to bleſs *Philander* with what you muſt ſome time or other ſacrifice to ſome hated, loath'd Object, (for *Sylvia* can never love again;) and are thoſe Treaſures for the dull conjugal Lover to rifle? Was the Beauty of Divine Shape created for the cold Matrimonial Embrace? And ſhall the Eternal Joys that *Sylvia* can diſpenſe, be return'd by the clumſey Husband's careleſs, forc'd, inſipid Duties? Oh, my *Sylvia*, ſhall a Husband (whoſe Inſenſibility will call thoſe Raptures of Joy! Thoſe heavenly bliſſes! The drudgery of Life) ſhall he I ſay receive 'em? While your *Philander*, with the very thought of the Exceſs of Pleaſure the leaſt Poſſeſſion would afford, faints o'er the Paper that brings here his Eternal Vows.

Oh! where, my *Sylvia*, lies the undoing then? My Quality and Fortune are of the higheſt Rank amongſt Men, my Youth gay and fond, my Soul all ſoft, all Love; and all *Sylvia*'s! I adore her, I am ſick of Love and ſick of Life, 'till ſhe yields ſhe is all mine!

You ſay, my *Sylvia*, I am marry'd, and there my Happineſs is ſhipwreck'd; but *Sylvia*, I deny it, and will not have you think it: No, my Soul was marry'd to yours in its firſt Creation; and only *Sylvia* is the Wife of my ſacred, my everlaſting Vows; of my ſolemn conſiderate Thoughts, of my ripen'd Judgment, my mature Conſiderations. The reſt are all repented and forgot, like the haſty Follies of unſteady Youth, like Vows breath'd in Anger, and di perjur'd as ſoon as vented, and unregarded either of Heaven or Man. Oh! why ſhould my Soul ſuffer for ever, why Eternal Pain for the unheedy ſhort-liv'd Sin of my unwilling Lips? Beſides, this fatal thing call'd Wife, this unlucky Siſter, this *Myrtilla*, this ſtop to all my Heav'n, that breeds ſuch fatal Differences in our Affairs, this *Myr-*

tilla, I ſay, firſt broke her Marriage Vows to me; I blame her not, nor is it reaſonable I ſhould, ſhe ſaw the young *Ceſario*, and lov'd him. *Ceſario*, whom the envying World in ſpight of Prejudice muſt own, has irreſiſtible Charms, that Godlike Form, that Sweetneſs in his Face, that Softneſs in his Eyes and delicate Mouth; and every Beauty beſides that Women doat on, and Men envy: That lovely Compoſition of Man and Angel! with the Addition of his eternal Youth and illuſtrious Birth, was form'd by Heaven and Nature for univerſal Conqueſt! And who can love the charming Hero at a cheaper rate than being undone? And ſhe that would not venture Fame, Honour, and a Marriage Vow for the Glory of the young *Ceſario*'s Heart, merits not the noble Victim; Oh! would I could ſay ſo much for the young *Philander*, who would run a thouſand times more hazards of Life and Fortune for the adorable *Sylvia*, than that amorous Hero ever did for *Myrtilla*, though from that Prince I learn'd ſome of my Diſguiſes for my Thefts of Love, for he like *Jove* courted in ſeveral Shapes; I ſaw 'em all, and ſuffer'd the Deluſion to paſs upon me; for I had ſeen the lovely *Sylvia*; yes I had ſeen her, and lov'd her too: But Honour kept me yet Maſter of my Vows; but when I knew her falſe, when I was once confirm'd,—when by my own Soul I found the diſſembled Paſſion of hers, when ſhe could no longer hide the Bluſhes or the Paleneſs that ſeiz'd at the Approaches of my diſorder'd Rival, when I ſaw Love dancing in her Eyes, and her falſe Heart beat with nimble Motions, and ſoft trembling ſeiz'd every Limb, at the Approach or Touch of the Royal Lover, then I thought my ſelf no longer oblig'd to conceal my Flame for *Sylvia*; nay, e'er I broke Silence, e'er I diſcover'd the hidden Treaſure of my Heart, I made her Falſhood plainer yet: Even the Time and Place of the dear Aſſignations I diſcover'd; Certainty! happy Certainty! broke the dull heavy Chain, and I with Joy ſubmitted to my ſhameful Freedom, and careſs'd my gene-

generous Rival; nay, and by Heav'n I lov'd him for't, pleas'd at the reſemblance of our Souls, for we were ſecret Lovers both, but more pleas'd that he lov'd *Myrtilla*, for that made way to my Paſſion for the adorable *Silvia!*

Let the dull, hot-brain'd, jealous Fool upbraid me with cold Patience: Let the fond Coxcomb, whoſe Honour depends on the frail Marriage Vow, reproach me, or tell me that my Reputation depends on the feeble Conſtancy of a Wife, perſuade me it is Honour to fight for an unretrievable and unvalu'd Prize, and that becauſe my Rival has taken leave to Cuckold me, I ſhall give him leave to kill me too; unreaſonable Nonſenſe grown to Cuſtom. No, by Heav'n! I had rather *Myrtilla* ſhould be falſe, (as ſhe is) than wiſh and languiſh for the happy Occaſion; the Sin's the ſame, only the Act's more generous: Believe me, my *Sylvia*, we have all falſe Notions of Virtue and Honour, and ſurely this was taken up by ſome deſpairing Husband in Love with a fair Jilting Wife, and then I pardon him; I ſhould have done as much: For only ſhe that has my Soul can engage my Sword, ſhe that I love and my ſelf, only commands and keeps my Stock of Honour: For *Sylvia!* the Charming, the Diſtracting *Sylvia!* I could fight, for a Glance or Smile, expoſe my Heart for her dearer Fame, and wiſh no Recompence, but breathing out my laſt Gaſp into her ſoft, white, delicate Boſom. But for a Wife! that Stranger to my Soul, and whom we wed for Intereſt and Neceſſity,—A Wife, a light, looſe, unregarding Property, who for a momentary Appetite will expoſe her Fame, without the noble End of loving on; ſhe that will abuſe my Bed, and yet return again to the loath'd conjugal Embrace, back to the Arms ſo hated, that even ſtrong Fancy of the abſent Youth belov'd, cannot ſo much as render ſupportable. Curſe on her, and yet ſhe kiſſes, fawns and diſſembles on, hangs on his Neck, and makes the Sot believe:——Damn her, Brute; I'll whiſtle 'r off,

and let her down the Wind, as *Othello* ſays. No, I adore the Wife, that when the Heart is gone, boldly and nobly purſues the Conqueror, and generouſly owns the Whore, —— Not poorly adds the nauſeous Sin of Jilting to't: That I could have born, at leaſt commended; but this can never pardon; at worſt then the World had ſaid her Paſſion had undone her, ſhe lov'd, and Love at worſt is worthy of Pity. No, no, *Myrtilla*, I forgive your Love, but never can your poor Diſſimulation. One drives you but from the Heart you value not, but t'other to my eternal Contempt. One deprives me but of thee, *Myrtilla*, but t'other entitles me to a Beauty more ſurprizing, renders thee no Part of me; and ſo leaves the Lover free to *Sylvia*, without the Brother.

Thus, my excellent Maid, I have ſent you the Senſe and Truth of my Soul, in an Affair you have often hinted to me, and I take no Pleaſure to remember: I hope you will at leaſt think my Averſion reaſonable; and that being thus undiſputably freed from all Obligations to *Myrtilla* as a Husband, I may be permitted to lay Claim to *Sylvia*, as a Lover, and marry my ſelf more effectually by my everlaſting Vows, than the Prieſt by his common Method could do to any other Woman leſs belov'd, there being no other way at preſent left by Heav'n, to render me *Sylvia*'s

Eternal happy Lover, and
I die to ſee you.

PHILANDER.

To SYLVIA.

WHEN I had ſealed the incloſed, *Brilliard* told me you were this Morning come from *Bellfont*, and with infinite Impatience have expected ſeeing you here; which deferr'd my ſending this to the old Place;

and I am ſo vain (oh adorable *Sylvia!*) as to believe my fancy'd Silence has given you Diſquiets; but ſure, my *Sylvia* could not charge me with Neglect; no, ſhe knows my Soul, and lays it all on Chance, or ſome ſtrange Accident, ſhe knows no Buſineſs could divert me. No, were the Nation ſinking, the great Senate of the World confounded, our glorious Deſigns betray'd and ruin'd, and the vaſt City all in Flames; like *Nero*, unconcern'd, I would ſing my everlaſting Song of Love to *Sylvia*; which no Time or Fortune ſhall untune. I know my Soul, and all its Strength, and how it is fortify'd, the charming *Idea* of my young *Sylvia* will for ever remain there; the Original may fade, Time may render it leſs fair, leſs blooming in my Arms, but never in my Soul; I ſhall find thee there the ſame gay glorious Creature that firſt ſurprized and enſlaved me, believe me, raviſhing Maid, I ſhall. Why then, oh why, my cruel *Sylvia!* are my Joys delay'd? why am I by your rigorous Commands kept from the Sight of my Heav'n, my eternal Bliſs? An Age, my fair Tormentor's, paſt; four tedious live-long Days are number'd o'er, ſince I beheld the Object of my laſting Vows, my eternal Wiſhes; how can you think, oh unreaſonable *Sylvia!* that I could live ſo long without you? and yet I am alive I find it by my Pain, by Torments of Fears and Jealouſies inſupportable; I languiſh and go downward to the Earth; where you will ſhortly ſee me laid without your recalling Mercy. 'Tis true I move about this unregarded World, appear every Day in the great Senate-Houſe, at Clubs, Cabals, and private Conſultations; (for *Sylvia* knows all the Buſineſs of my Soul, even its Politicks of State as well as Love) I ſay I appear indeed, and give my Voice in publick Buſineſs; but oh my Heart more kindly is employ'd, that and my Thoughts are *Sylvia's!* ten thouſand times a Day I breath that Name, my buſie Fingers are eternally tracing out thoſe ſix myſtick Letters; a thouſand Ways on every thing I touch, form

Words,

Words, and make them ſpeak a thouſand Things, and all are *Sylvia* ſtill; my melancholy Change is evident to all that ſee me, which they interpret many miſtaken ways; our Party fancy I repent my League with them, and doubting I'll betray the Cauſe, grow jealous of me, till by new Oaths, new Arguments, I confirm them; then they ſmile all, and cry I am in Love; and this they would believe, but that they ſee all Women that I meet or converſe with are indifferent to me, and ſo can fix it no where; for none can gueſs it *Sylvia*; thus while I dare not tell my Soul, no not even to *Ceſario*, the ſtifled Flame burns inward, and torments me ſo, that (unlike the thing I was) I fear *Sylvia* will loſe her Love, and Lover too; for thoſe few Charms ſhe ſaid I had, will fade, and this fatal Diſtance will deſtroy both Soul and Body too; my very Reaſon will abandon me, and I ſhall rave to ſee thee; reſtore me, oh reſtore me then to *Bellfont*, happy *Bellfont*, ſtill bleſt with *Sylvia*'s Preſence! permit me, oh permit me into thoſe ſacred Shades, where I have been ſo often (too innocently) bleſt! Let me ſurvey again the dear Character of *Sylvia* on the ſmooth Birch; oh when ſhall I ſit beneath thoſe Boughs, gazing on the young Goddeſs of the Grove, hearing her ſigh for Love, touching her glowing ſmall white Hands, beholding her killing Eyes languiſh, and her charming Boſom riſe and fall with ſhort-breath'd uncertain Breath; Breath as ſoft and ſweet as the reſtoring Breeze that glides o'er the new-blown Flowers: But oh what is it? What Heav'n of Perfumes, when it inclines to the raviſh'd *Philander*, and whiſpers Love, it dares not name aloud?

What Power with-holds me then from ruſhing on thee, from preſſing thee with Kiſſes; folding thee in my tranſported Arms, and following all the Dictates of Love without Reſpect or Awe! What is it, oh my *Sylvia*, can detain a Love ſo violent and raving, and ſo wild; admit me, ſacred Maid, admit me again to thoſe ſoft Delights, that I may find, if poſſible, what Di-

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vinity (envious of my Bliſs) checks my eager Joys, my raging Flame; while you too make an Experiment (worth the Trial) what 'tis makes *Sylvia* deny her

Impatient Adorer,

PHILANDER.

My Page is ill, and I am oblig'd to truſt Brilliard *with theſe to the dear Cottage of their Rendezvous; ſend me your Opinion of his Fidelity: And ah! remember I die to ſee you.*

To PHILANDER.

NOT yet? — not yet? oh ye dull tedious Hours when will you glide away? and bring that happy Moment on, in which I ſhall at leaſt hear from my *Philander*; eight and forty tedious ones are paſt, and I am here forgotten ſtill; forlorn, impatient, reſtleſs every where; not one of all your little Moments (ye undiverting Hours) can afford me Repoſe; I drag ye on, a heavy Load; I count ye all, and bleſs ye when you are gone; but tremble at the approaching ones, and with a Dread expect you; and nothing will divert me now; my Couch is tireſome, and my Glaſs is vain; my Books are dull, and Converſation inſupportable; the Grove affords me no Relief; nor even thoſe Birds to whom I have ſo often breath'd *Philander*'s Name, they ſing it on their perching Boughs; no nor the reviewing of his dear Letters, can bring me any Eaſe. Oh what Fate is reſerved for me! For thus I cannot live; nor ſurely thus I ſhall not die. Perhaps *Philander*'s making a Trial of Virtue by this Silence. Purſue it, call up all your Reaſon, my lovely Brother, to your Aid, let us be wiſe and ſilent, let us try what that will

will do towards the Cure of this too infectious Flame; let us, oh let us, my Brother, ſit down here, and purſue the Crime of Loving on no farther. Call me Siſter—Swear I am ſo, and nothing but your Siſter: And forbear, oh forbear, my charming Brother, to purſue me farther with your ſoft bewitching Paſſion; let me alone, let me be ruin'd with Honour, if I muſt be ruin'd.—For oh! 'twere much happier I were no more, than that I ſhould be more than *Philander*'s Siſter; or he than *Sylvia*'s Brother: Oh let me ever call you by that cold Name, 'till that of Lover be forgotten:—Ha!—Methinks on the ſudden a fit of Virtue informs my Soul, and bids me ask you for what Sin of mine, my charming Brother, you ſtill purſue a Maid that cannot fly: Ungenerous and unkind! why did you take advantage of thoſe Freedoms I gave you as a Brother? I ſmil'd on you, and ſometimes kiſs'd you too;——But for my Siſter's ſake; I play'd with you, ſuffer'd your Hands and Lips to wander where I dare not now; all which I thought a Siſter might allow a Brother, and knew not all the while the Treachery of Love: Oh none, but under that intimate Title of a Brother, could have had the Opportunity to have ruin'd me; that, that betray'd me; I play'd away my Heart at a Game I did not underſtand; nor knew I when 'twas loſt, by degrees ſo ſubtle, and an Authority ſo lawful, you won me out of all. Nay then too, even when all was loſt, I would not think it Love. I wonder'd what my ſleepleſs Nights, my waking eternal Thoughts, and ſlumbring Viſions of my lovely Brother meant: I wonder'd why my Soul was continually fill'd with Wiſhes and new Deſires; and ſtill concluded 'twas for my Siſter all, 'till I diſcover'd the Cheat by Jealouſie; for when my Siſter hung upon your Neck, kiſs'd, and careſs'd that Face that I ador'd, oh how I found my Colour change, my Limbs all trembled, and my Blood inrag'd, and I could ſcarce forbear reproaching you; or crying out, Oh why this Fondneſs, Brother? Sometimes

times you perceiv'd my Concern, at which you'd ſmile; for you who had been before in Love, (a Curſe upon the fatal time) could gueſs at my Diſorder; then would you turn the wanton play on me: When ſullen with my Jealouſie and the Cauſe, I fly your ſoft Embrace, yet wiſh you would purſue and overtake me, which you ne'er fail'd to do, where after a kind Quarrel all was pardon'd, and all was well again: While the poor injur'd Innocent, my Siſter, made her ſelf ſport at our deluſive Wars; ſtill I was ignorant, 'till you in a moſt fatal Hour inform'd me I was a Lover. Thus was it with my Heart in thoſe bleſt Days of Innocence; thus it was won and loſt; nor can all my Stars in Heav'n prevent, I doubt prevent my Ruin. Now you are ſure of the fatal Conqueſt, you ſcorn the trifling Glory, you are ſilent now; oh I am inevitably loſt, or with you, or without you: And I find by this little Silence and Abſence of yours, that 'tis moſt certain I muſt either die, or be *Philander's*

SYLVIA.

If Dorillus *come not with a Letter, or that my Page, whom I have ſent to his Cottage for one, bring it not, I cannot ſupport my Life: for oh,* Philander, *I have a thouſand wild diſtracting Fears, knowing how you are involv'd in the Intereſt you have eſpous'd with the young* Cæſario: *How Danger ſurrounds you, how your Life and Glory depends on the frail Secreſie of Villains and Rebels: Oh give me leave to fear eternally your Fame and Life, if not your Love; if* Sylvia *could command,* Philander *ſhould be Loyal as he's Noble; and what generous Maid would not ſuſpect his Vows to a Miſtreſs, who breaks 'em with his Prince and Maſter! Heaven preſerve you and your Glory.*

To PHILANDER.

ANother Night, oh Heav'ns, and yet no Letter come! Where are you, my *Philander?* What happy Place contains you! If in Heaven, why does not ſome poſting Angel bid me haſte after you? if on Earth, why does not ſome little God of Love bring the grateful Tidings on his painted Wings! if ſick, why does not my own fond Heart by ſympathy inform me? But that is all active, vigorous, wiſhing, impatient of delaying, ſilent, and buſie in Imagination: If you are falſe, if you have forgotten your poor believing and diſtracted *Sylvia*, why does not that kind Tyrant Death, that meager welcome Viſion of the deſpairing, old and wretched, approach in dead of Night, approach my reſtleſs Bed, and tole the diſmal Tidings in my frighted liſtning Ears, and ſtrike me for ever ſilent, lay me for ever quiet, loſt to the World, loſt to my faithleſs Charmer! But if a ſenſe of Honour in you has made you reſolve to prefer mine before your Love, made you take up a noble fatal Reſolution never to tell me more of your Paſſion; this were a Trial, I fear my fond Heart wants Courage to bear; or is it a Trick, a cold Fit only aſſum'd to try how much I love you? I have no Arts, Heav'n knows, no Guile or double Meaning in my Soul, 'tis all plain native Simplicity, fearful and timorous as Children in the Night, trembling as Doves purſu'd; born ſoft by Nature, and made tender by Love; what, oh! what will become of me then? Yet would I were confirm'd in all my Fears: For as I am, my Condition is yet more deplorable; for I'm in doubt, and Doubt is the worſt Torment of the Mind: Oh *Philander*, be merciful, and let me know the worſt; do not be cruel while you kill, do it with Pity to the wretched *Sylvia*; oh let me quickly know whether you are at all, or are the moſt impatient and unfortunate

I rave, I die for ſome Relief.

SYLVIA's.

To

To PHILANDER.

AS I was going to ſend away this enclos'd, *Dorillus* came with two Letters; oh, you cannot think, *Philander*, with how much Reaſon you call me fickle Maid; for could you but imagine how I am tormentingly divided, how unreſolved between violent Love, and cruel Honour, you would ſay 'twere impoſſible to fix me any where; or be the ſame thing for a Moment together: There is not a ſhort Hour paſs'd thro' the ſwift Hand of Time, ſince I was all deſpairing, raging Love, jealous, fearful and impatient; and now, now that your fond Letters have diſpers'd thoſe Demons, thoſe tormenting Counſellors, and given a little Reſpite, a little Tranquillity to my Soul; like States luxurious grown with Eaſe, it ungratefully rebels againſt the Sovereign Power that made it great and happy; and now that Traitor Honour heads the Mutineers within; Honour, whom my late mighty Fears had almoſt famiſh'd and brought to nothing, warm'd and reviv'd by thy new proteſted Flame, makes War againſt Almighty Love! and I, who but now nobly reſolv'd for Love, by an Inconſtancy natural to my Sex, or rather my Fears, am turn'd over to Honour's Side: So the deſpairing Man ſtands on the River's Bank, deſign'd to plunge into the rapid Stream, 'till Coward-Fear ſeizing his timorous Soul, he views around once more the flowery Plains, and looks with wiſhing Eyes back to the Groves, then ſighing ſtops, and cries, I was too raſh, forſakes the dangerous Shore, and haſtes away. Thus indiſcreet was I, was all for Love, fond and undoing Love! But when I ſaw it with full Tide flow in upon me, one Glance of glorious Honour makes me again retreat. I will —— I am reſolv'd —— and muſt be brave! I cannot forget I am Daughter to the great *Beralti*, and Siſter to *Myrtilla*, a yet unſpotted Maid, fit to produce a Race of glorious Hero's! And can

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Philander's Love ſet no higher Value on me than baſe poor Proſtitution? Is that the price of his Heart?—— Oh how I hate thee now! or would to Heaven I could. ——Tell me not, thou charming Beguiler, that *Myrtilla* was to blame; was it a Fault in her, and will it be Virtue in me? And can I believe the Crime that made her loſe your Heart, will make me Miſtreſs of it? No, if by any Action of hers the noble Houſe of the *Beralti* be diſhonour'd, by all the Actions of my Life it ſhall receive Additions of Luſtre and Glory! Nor will I think *Myrtilla*'s Virtue leſſen'd for your miſtaken Opinion of it, and ſhe may be as much in vain purſu'd, perhaps, by the Prince *Ceſario*, as *Sylvia* ſhall be by the young *Philander*: The envying World talks loud, 'tis true; but oh, if all were true that buſie Babbler ſays, what Lady has her Fame? What Husband is not a Cuckold? Nay, and a Friend to him that made him ſo? And it is in vain, my too ſubtle Brother, you think to build the Trophies of your Conqueſts on the Ruin of both *Myrtilla*'s Fame and mine: Oh how dear would your inglorious Paſſion coſt the great unfortunate Houſe of the *Beralti*, while you poorly ruin the Fame of *Myrtilla*, to make way to the Heart of *Sylvia!* Remember, oh remember once your Paſſion was as violent for *Myrtilla*, and all the Vows, Oaths, Proteſtations, Tears and Prayers you make and pay at my Feet, are but the faint Repetitions, the feeble Echo's of what you ſigh'd out at hers. Nay, like young *Paris* fled with the fair Prize; your fond, your eager Paſſion made it a Rape. Oh perfidious! ——Let me not call it back to my remembrance.—— Oh let me die, rather than call to mind a Time ſo fatal; when the lovely falſe *Philander* vow'd his Heart, his faithleſs Heart away to any Maid but *Sylvia*:—— Oh let it not be poſſible for me to imagine his dear Arms ever graſping any Body with Joy but *Sylvia!* And yet they did, with Tranſports of Love! Yes, yes, you lov'd! by Heaven you lov'd this falſe, this perfi-

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dious *Myrtilla*; for falſe ſhe is; you lov'd her, and I'll have it ſo; nor ſhall the Siſter in me plead her Cauſe. She is falſe beyond all Pardon; for you are beautiful as Heav'n it ſelf can render you, a Shape exactly form'd, not too low, nor too tall, but made to beget ſoft Deſire and everlaſting Wiſhes in all that look on you; but your Face! your lovely Face! inclining to round, large piercing languiſhing black Eyes, delicate proportion'd Noſe, charming dimpled Mouth, plump red Lips, inviting and ſwelling, white Teeth, ſmall and even, fine Complexion, and a beautiful Turn! All which you had an Art to order in ſo ingaging a manner that it charm'd all the Beholders, both Sexes were undone with looking on you; and I have heard a witty Man of your Party ſwear your Face gain'd more to the League and Aſſociation than the Cauſe, and has curs'd a thouſand times the falſe *Myrtilla*, for preferring *Ceſario* (leſs beautiful) to the adorable *Philander*; to add to this, Heav'n! how you ſpoke, when e'er you ſpoke of Love! in that you far ſurpaſs'd the young *Ceſario!* as young as he, almoſt as great and glorious; oh perfidious *Myrtilla*, oh falſe, oh fooliſh and ingrate!——That you abandon'd her was juſt, ſhe was not worth retaining in your Heart, nor could be worth defending with your Sword:——But grant her falſe; oh *Philander!* How does her Perfidy intitle you to me? Falſe as ſhe is, you ſtill are married to her; inconſtant as ſhe is, ſhe is ſtill your Wife; and no Breach of the Nuptial Vow can untie the fatal Knot; and that is a Myſtery to common Senſe; ſure ſhe was born for Miſchief; and Fortune, when ſhe gave her you, deſign'd the Ruin of us all; but moſt particularly

The Unfortunate

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

MY Soul's eternal Joy, my *Sylvia!* what have you done, and oh how durſt you, knowing my fond Heart, try it with ſo fatal a Stroke? What means this ſevere Letter? and why ſo eagerly at this time? Oh the Day! Is *Myrtilla*'s Virtue ſo defended? Is it a Queſtion now whether ſhe is falſe or not? Oh poor, oh frivolous Excuſe! You love me not; by all that's good, you love me not; to try your Power you have flatter'd and feign'd, oh Woman! falſe charming Woman! you have undone me, I rave and ſhall commit ſuch Extravagance that will ruin both: I muſt upbraid you, fickle and inconſtant, I muſt, and this Diſtance will not ſerve, 'tis too great; my Reproaches loſe their Force; I burſt with Reſentment, with injur'd Love; and you are either the moſt faithleſs of your Sex, or the moſt malicious and tormenting: Oh I am paſt Tricks, my *Sylvia*, your little Arts might do well in a beginning Flame, but to a ſettled Fire that is arriv'd to the higheſt degree, it does but damp its Fierceneſs, and inſtead of drawing me on, would leſſen my Eſteem, if any ſuch Deceit were capable to harbour in the Heart of *Sylvia*; but ſhe is all Divine, and I am miſtaken in the meaning of what ſhe ſays. Oh my Adorable, think no more on that dull falſe thing a Wife; let her be baniſh'd thy Thoughts, as ſhe is my Soul; let her never appear, though but in a Dream, to fright our ſolid Joys, or true Happineſs; no, let us look forward to Pleaſures vaſt and unconfin'd, to coming Tranſports, and leave all behind us that contributes not to that Heav'n of Bliſs: Remember, oh *Sylvia*, that five tedious Days are paſt ſince I ſigh'd at your dear Feet; and five Days, to a Man ſo madly in Love as your *Philander*, is a tedious Age; 'tis now ſix a Clock in the Morning, *Brilliard* will be with you by eight, and by ten I may have your Permiſſion to ſee you, and

then

then I need not ſay how ſoon I will preſent my ſelf before you at *Bellfont*; for Heavn's ſake, my eternal Bleſſing, if you deſign me this Happineſs, contrive it ſo, that I may ſee no body that belongs to *Bellfont*, but the fair, the lovely *Sylvia*; for I muſt be more Moments with you, than will be convenient to be taken Notice of, leſs they ſuſpect our Buſineſs to be Love, and that Diſcovery, yet may ruin us. Oh! I will delay no longer, my Soul is impatient to ſee you, I cannot live another Night without it; I die, by Heav'n, I languiſh for the appointed Hour; you will believe, when you ſee my languid Face, and dying Eyes, how much and great a Sufferer in Love I am.

My Soul's Delight, you may perhaps deny me from your Fear; but oh, do not, though I ask a mighty Bleſſing; *Sylvia*'s Company alone, ſilent, and perhaps by Dark:——Oh tho' I faint with the Thought only of ſo bleſs'd an Opportunity, yet you ſhall ſecure me, by what Vows, what Imprecations or Ties you pleaſe; bind my buſie Hands, blind my raviſh'd Eyes, command my Tongue, do what you will; but let me hear your Angel's Voice, and have the tranſported Joy of throwing my ſelf at your Feet; and if you pleaſe, give me leave (a Man condemn'd eternally to Love) to plead a little for my Life and Paſſion; let me remove your Fears; and tho' that mighty Task never make me intirely happy, at leaſt it will be a great Satisfaction to me to know, that 'tis not thro' my own Fault that I am the

Moſt Wretched

PHILANDER.

I have order'd Brilliard *to wait your Commands at* Dorillus's *Cottage, that he may not be ſeen at* Bellfont: *Reſolve to ſee me to Night, or I ſhall come without Order, and injure both: My dear damn'd Wife is diſpos'd of at a Ball* Ceſario *makes to Night; the Opportunity will be lucky, not that I fear her Jealouſie, but the Effects of it.*

To PHILANDER.

I Tremble with the Apprehenſion of what you ask: How ſhall I comply with your fond Deſires? My Soul bodes ſome dire Effect of this bold Enterprize, for I muſt own (and bluſh while I do own it) that my Soul yields Obedience to your ſoft Requeſt, and even whilſt I read your Letter, was diverted with the Contrivance of ſeeing you: For though, as my Brother, you have all the Freedoms imaginable at *Bellfont* to entertain and walk with me, yet it would be difficult and prejudicial to my Honour, to receive you alone any where without my Siſter, and cauſe a Suſpicion, which all about me now are very far from conceiving, except *Melinda*, my faithful Confident, and too fatal Counſellor; and but for this fear, I know, my charming Brother, three little Leagues ſhould not five long Days ſeparate *Philander* from his *Sylvia:* But, my lovely Brother, ſince you beg it ſo earneſtly, and my Heart conſents ſo eaſily, I muſt pronounce my own Doom, and ſay, Come, my *Philander*, whither Love or ſoft Deſire invites you; and take this Direction in the Management of this mighty Affair. I would have you, as ſoon as this comes to your Hands, to haſte to *Dorillus*'s Cottage, without your Equipage, only *Brilliard*, whom I believe you may truſt both from his own Diſcretion, and your vaſt Bounties to him; wait there 'till you receive my Commands, and I will retire betimes to my Apartment, pretending not to be well; and as ſoon as the Evening's Obſcurity will permit, *Melinda* ſhall let you in at the *Garden Gate*, that is next the *Grove*, unſeen and unſuſpected; but oh, thou powerful Charmer, have a care, I truſt you with my All: My dear, dear, my precious Honour, guard it well; for oh I fear my Forces are too weak to ſtand your ſhock of Beauties; you have Charms enough to juſtifie my yielding; but yet, by Heav'n, I would not

for

for an Empire? But what is dull Epmire to Almighty Love? The God ſubdues the Monarch; 'tis to your Strength I truſt, for I am a feeble Woman; a Virgin quite diſarm'd by two fair Eyes, an Angel's Voice and Form; but yet I'll die before I'll yield my Honour; no, though our unhappy Family have met Reproach from the imagined Levity of my Siſter, 'tis I'll redeem the bleeding Honour of our Family, and my great Parents Virtues ſhall ſhine in me; I know it, for if it paſſes this Teſt, if I can ſtand this Temptation, I am Proof againſt all the World; but I conjure you aid me if I need it: If I incline but in a languiſhing Look, if but a Wiſh appear in my Eyes, or I betray Conſent but in a Sigh; take not, oh take not the Opportunity, leſt when you have done, I grow raging mad, and diſcover all in the wild Fit. Oh who would venture on an Enemy with ſuch unequal Force? What hardy Fool would hazard all at Sea, that ſees the riſing Storm come rouling on? Who but fond Woman, giddy heedleſs Woman, would thus expoſe her Virtue to Temptation? I ſee, I know my Danger yet I muſt permit it: Love, ſoft bewitching Love will have it ſo, that cannot deny what my feebler Honour forbids; and though I tremble with Fear, yet Love ſuggeſts, it will be an Age to Night: I long for my Undoing; for oh I cannot ſtand the Batteries of your Eyes and Tongue; theſe Fears, theſe Conflicts I have a thouſand times a Day; it is pitiful ſometimes to ſee me, on one Hand a thouſand *Cupids* all gay and ſmiling preſent *Philander* with all the Beauties of his Sex, with all the Softneſs in his Looks and Language thoſe Gods of Love can inſpire, with all the Charms of Youth adorn'd, bewitching all, and all tranſporting; on the other Hand, a poor loſt Virgin languiſhing and undone, ſighing her willing Rape to the deaf Shades and Fountains, filling the Woods with Cries, ſwelling the murmuring Rivulets with Tears, her noble Parents with a generous Rage reviling her, and her betray'd

Siſter loading her bow'd Head with Curſes and Reproaches, and all about her looking forlorn and ſad. Judge, oh judge, my adorable Brother, of the Vaſtneſs of my Courage and Paſſion, when even this deplorable Proſpect cannot defend me from the Reſolution of giving you Admittance into my Apartment this Night, nor ſhall ever drive you from the Soul of your

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

I Have obey'd my *Sylvia*'s dear Commands, and the Dictates of my own impatient Soul; as ſoon as I receiv'd them, I immediately took Horſe for *Bellfont*, tho' I knew I ſhould not ſee my Adorable *Sylvia* 'till Eight or Nine at Night; but oh 'tis wondrous Pleaſure to be ſo much more near my eternal Joy; I wait at *Dorillus*'s Cottage the tedious approaching Night that muſt ſhelter me in its kind Shades, and conduct me to a Pleaſure I faint but with imagining; 'tis now, my lovely Charmer, Three a Clock, and oh how many tedious Hours I am to languiſh here before the bleſſed One arrive! I know you love, my *Sylvia*, and therefore muſt gueſs at ſome part of my Torment, which yet is mix'd with a certain trembling Joy not to be imagin'd by any but *Sylvia*, who ſurely loves *Philander*; if there be Truth in Beauty, Faith in Youth, ſhe ſurely loves him much; and much more above her Sex ſhe is capable of Love, by how much more her Soul is form'd of a ſofter and more delicate Compoſition; by how much more her Wit's refin'd and elevated above her duller Sex, and by how much more ſhe is oblig'd; if Paſſion can claim Paſſion in return, ſure no Beauty was ever ſo much indebted to a Slave, as *Sylvia* to *Philander*; none ever lov'd like me: Judge then my Pains of Love, my Joys, my Fears, my Impatience

patience and Deſires; and call me to your ſacred Preſence with all the ſpeed of Love, and as ſoon as it is duskiſh, imagine me in the Meadow behind the Grove, 'till when think me employ'd in eternal Thoughts of *Sylvia*; reſtleſs, and talking to the Trees of *Sylvia*, ſighing her charming Name, circling with folded Arms my panting Heart, (that beats and trembles the more, the nearer it approaches the happy *Bellfont*) and fortifying the feeble Trembler againſt a Sight ſo raviſhing and ſurprizing; I fear to be ſuſtain'd with Life; but if I faint in *Sylvia*'s Arms, it will be happier far than all the Glories of Life without her.

Send, my Angel, ſomething from you to make the Hours leſs tedious: conſider me, love me, and be as impatient as I, that you may the ſooner find at your Feet your everlaſting Lover,

PHILANDER.

From Dorillus's *Cottage.*

To PHILANDER.

I Have at laſt recover'd Senſe enough to tell you, I have receiv'd your Letter by *Dorillus*, and which had like to have been diſcover'd; for he prudently enough put it under the Strawberries he brought me in a Basket, fearing he ſhould get no other Opportunity to have given it me; and my Mother ſeeing them look ſo fair and freſh, ſnatch'd the Basket with a Greedineſs I have not ſeen in her before; while ſhe was calling to her Page for a Porcellane Diſh to put them out, *Dorillus* had an Opportunity to hint to me what lay at the Bottom: Heav'ns! had you ſeen my Diſorder and Confuſion; what ſhould I do? Love had not one Invention in ſtore, and here it was that all the Subtilty of Women abandon'd me. Oh Heav'ns, how cold and pale I grew, leſt the moſt important Buſineſs

ſineſs of my Life ſhould be betray'd and ruin'd! but not to terrify you longer with Fears of my Danger, the Diſh came, and out the Strawberries were pour'd, and the Basket thrown aſide on the Bank where my Mother ſate, (for we were in the Garden when we met accidentally *Dorillus* firſt with the Basket;) there were ſome Leaves of Fern put at the Bottom between the Basket and Letter, which by good Fortune came not out with the Strawberries, and after a Minute or two I took up the Basket, and walking careleſſly up and down the Garden, gather'd here and there a Flower, Pinks and Jeſſamine, and filling my Basket, ſate down again 'till my Mother had eat her Fill of the Fruit, and gave me an Opportunity to retire to my Apartment, where opening the Letter, and finding you ſo near, and waiting to ſee me, I had certainly ſunk down on the Floor, had not *Melinda* ſupported me, who was only by; ſomething ſo new, and 'till now ſo ſtrange, ſeiz'd me at the Thought of ſo ſecret an Interview, that I loſt all my Senſes, and Life wholly departing, I reſted on *Melinda* without Breath or Motion; the violent Effects of Love and Honour, the impetuous meeting Tides of the Extreams of Joy and Fear, ruſhing on too ſuddenly, overwhelm'd my Senſes; and it was a pretty while before I recover'd Strength to get to my Cabinet, where a ſecond time I open'd your Letter, and read it again with a thouſand Changes of Countenance; my whole Maſs of Blood was in that Moment ſo diſcompos'd, that I chang'd from an Ague to a Fever ſeveral times in a Minute: Oh what will all this bring me to? And where will the raging Fit end? I die with that Thought, my guilty Pen ſlackens in my trembling Hand, and I languiſh and fall over the un-employ'd Paper; —— Oh help me, ſome Divinity,—— Or if you did, —— I fear I ſhould be angry: Oh *Philander!* a thouſand Paſſions and diſtracted Thoughts croud to get out, and make their ſoft Complaints to thee; but oh they loſe themſelves with mix-

ing;

ing; they are blended in a Confuſion together, and Love nor Art can divide them, to deal them out in Order; ſometimes I would tell you of my Joy at your Arrival, and my unſpeakable Tranſports at the thought of ſeeing you ſo ſoon, that I ſhall hear your charming Voice, and find you at my Feet making ſoft Vows anew, with all the Paſſion of an impatient Lover, with all the Eloquence that Sighs and Cries, and Tears from thoſe lovely Eyes can expreſs; and ſure that is enough to conquer any where, and to which coarſe vulgar Words are dull. The Rhetorick of Love is half-breath'd, interrupted Words, languiſhing Eyes, flattering Speeches, broken Sighs, preſſing the Hand, and falling Tears: Ah how do they not perſuade, how do they not charm and conquer; 'twas thus, with theſe ſoft eaſy Arts, that *Sylvia* firſt was won; for ſure no Arts of ſpeaking could have talked my Heart away, though you can ſpeak like any God: Oh whither am I driven? What do I ſay? 'Twas not my Purpoſe, not my Buſineſs here, to give a Character of *Philander*, no nor to ſpeak of Love; but oh! like *Cowley*'s Lute, my Soul will ſound to nothing but to Love: Talk what you will, begin what Diſcourſe you pleaſe, I end it all in Love, becauſe my Soul is ever fix'd on *Philander*, and inſenſibly its Biaſs leads to that Subject; no, I did not, when I began to write, think of ſpeaking one Word of my own Weakneſs; but to have told you with what reſolv'd Courage, Honour and Virtue, I expect your coming; and ſure ſo ſacred a thing as Love was not made to ruin theſe; and therefore in vain, my lovely Brother, you will attempt it; and yet, oh Heav'ns! I gave a private Aſſignation, in my Apartment, alone and at Night; where Silence, Love and Shades, are all your Friends, where Opportunity obliges your Paſſion, while, Heav'n knows, not one of all theſe, nor any kind Power, is Friend to me; I ſhall be left to you and all theſe Tyrants expos'd, without other Guards than this boaſted Virtue, which

which had need be wondrous to reſiſt all theſe powerful Enemies of its Purity and Repoſe. Alas I know not its Strength, I never try'd it yet; and this will be the firſt time it has ever been expos'd to your Power; the firſt time I ever had Courage to meet you as a Lover, and let you in by ſtealth, and put my ſelf unguarded into your Hands: Oh! I die with the Apprehenſion of approaching Danger! and yet I have not Power to retreat; I muſt on, Love compels me, Love holds me faſt; the ſmiling Flatterer promiſes a thouſand Joys, a thouſand raviſhing Minutes of Delight; all innocent and harmleſs as his Mother's Doves: But oh they bill and kiſs, and do a thouſand things I muſt forbid *Philander*; for I have often heard him ſay with Sighs, that his Complexion render'd him leſs capable of the ſoft Play of Love, than any other Lover: I have ſeen him fly my very Touches, yet ſwear they were the greateſt Joy on Earth: I tempt him even with my Looks from Virtue; and when I ask the Cauſe, or cry he is cold, he Vows 'tis becauſe he dares not endure my Temptations; ſays his Blood runs hotter and fiercer in his Veins than any others does; nor has the oft repeated Joys reap'd in the Marriage Bed, any thing abated that which he wiſh'd, but he fear'd would ruin me: Thus, thus whole Days we have ſate, and gaz'd, and ſigh'd; but durſt not truſt our Virtues with fond Dalliance.

My Page is come to tell me that Madam the Dutcheſs of——is come to *Bellfont*, and I am oblig'd to quit my Cabinet, but with infinite Regret, being at preſent much more to my Soul's Content employ'd; but Love muſt ſometimes give place to *Devoir*, and Reſpect. *Dorillus* too waits, and tells *Melinda* he will not depart without ſomething for his Lord, to entertain him till the happy Hour. The Ruſtick pleas'd me with the Concern he had for my *Philander*; oh my charming Brother, you have an Art to tame even Savages, a Tongue that would charm and engage

Wild-

Wildneſs it ſelf, to Softneſs and Gentleneſs, and give the rough unthinking, Love; 'tis a tedious time to Night, how ſhall I paſs the Hours?

To SYLVIA.

SAY, fond Love, whither wilt thou lead me? Thou haſt brought me from the noiſie Hurries of the Town, to charming Solitude; from crouded Cabals, where mighty Things are reſolving, to lonely Groves; to thy own Abodes where thou dwell'ſt; gay and pleas'd amongſt the Rural Swains in ſhady homely Cottages; thou haſt brought me to a Grove of Flowers, to the Brink of purling Streams, where thou haſt laid me down to contemplate on *Sylvia*, to think my tedious Hours away in the ſofteſt Imagination a Soul inſpir'd by Love can conceive, to increaſe my Paſſion by every thing I behold; for every Sound that meets the Senſe is thy proper Muſick, oh Love, and every thing inſpires thy Dictates; the Winds around me blow ſoft, and mixing with wanton Boughs, continually play and kiſs; while thoſe, like a coy Maid in Love, reſiſt, and comply by Turns; they, like a raviſh'd vigorous Lover, ruſh on with a tranſported Violence, rudely embracing its Spring-dreſs'd Miſtreſs, ruffling her Native Order; while the pretty Birds on the dancing Branches inceſſantly make Love; upbraiding duller Man with his defective want of Fire: Man, the Lord of all! He to be ſtinted in the moſt valuable Joy of Life; Is it not pity? Here is no troubleſome Honour, amongſt the pretty Inhabitants of the Woods and Streams, fondly to give Laws to Nature, but uncontroul'd they play, and ſing, and love; no Parents checking their dear Delights, no ſlaviſh Matrimonial Ties to reſtrain their nobler Flame. No Spies to interrupt their bleſt Appointments; but every little Neſt

is

is free and open to receive the young fletch'd Lover; every Bough is conſcious of their Paſſion, nor do the generous Pair languiſh in tedious Ceremony; but meeting look, and like, and love, imbrace with their wingy Arms, and ſalute with their little opening Bills; this is their Courtſhip, this the amorous Complement, and this only the Introduction to all their following Happineſs; and thus it is with the Flocks and Herds, while ſcanted Man, born alone for the Fatigues of Love, with induſtrious Toil, and all his boaſting Arts of Eloquence, his God-like Image, and his noble Form, may labour on a tedious Term of Years, with Pain, Expence, and Hazard, before he can arrive at Happineſs, and then too perhaps his Vows are unregarded, and all his Sighs and Tears are vain. Tell me, oh you Fellow-Lovers, ye amorous dear Brutes, tell me, when ever you lay languiſhing beneath your Coverts, thus for your fair She, and durſt not approach for fear of Honour? Tell me, by a gentle Bleat, ye little butting Rams, do you ſigh thus for your ſoft, white Ewes? Do you lye thus conceal'd, to wait the coming Shades of Night, 'till all the curſed Spies are folded? No, no, even you are much more bleſt than Man, who is bound up to Rules, fetter'd by the nice Decencies of Honour.

My Divine Maid, thus were my Thoughts employ'd, when from the fartheſt end of the Grove, where I now remain, I ſaw *Dorillus* approach with thy welcome Letter; he tells you had like to have been ſurpriz'd in making it up; and he receiv'd it with much Difficulty: Ah *Sylvia*, ſhould any Accident happen to prevent my ſeeing you to Night, I were undone for ever, and you muſt expect to find me ſtretch'd out, dead and cold under this Oak, where now I lye writing on its knotty Root. Thy Letter, I confeſs, is dear; it contains thy Soul, and my Happineſs; but this After-ſtory of the Surprize I long to be inform'd of, for from thence I may gather part of

my

my Fortune. I rave and die with fear of a Diſappointment; not but I would undergo a thouſand Torments and Deaths for *Sylvia*; but oh conſider me, and let me not ſuffer if poſſible; for know, my charming Angel, my impatient Heart is almoſt broke, and will not contain it ſelf without being nearer my adorable Maid, without taking in at my Eyes a little Comfort; no, I am reſolv'd; put me not off with Tricks, which fooliſh Honour invents to jilt Mankind with; for if you do, by Heav'n I will forget all Conſiderations and Reſpect, and force my ſelf with all the Violence of raging Love into the Preſence of my cruel *Sylvia*; own her mine, and raviſh my Delight; nor ſhall the happy Walls of *Bellfont* be of Strength ſufficient to ſecure her; nay, perſuade me not, for if you make me mad and raving, this will be the Effects on't:—— Oh pardon me, my ſacred Maid, pardon the Wildneſs of my frantick Love——I pauſed, took a Turn or two in the lone Path, conſider'd what I had ſaid, and found it was too much, too bold, too rude to approach my ſoft, my tender Maid: I am calm, my Soul, as thy bewitching Smiles; huſh, as thy ſecret Sighs, and will reſolve to die rather than offend my adorable Virgin; only ſend me Word what you think of my Fate, while I expect it here on this kind Moſſie Bed where now I lie; which I would not quit for a Throne, ſince here I may hope the News may ſooneſt arrive to make me happier than a God! which that nothing on my part may prevent, I here vow in the Face of Heav'n, I will not abuſe the Freedom my *Sylvia* bleſſes me with; nor ſhall my Love go beyond the Limits of Honour. *Sylvia* ſhall command with a Frown, and fetter me with a Smile; preſcribe Rules to my longing, raviſh'd Eyes, and pinion my buſie, fond, roving Hands, and lay at her Feet, like a tame Slave, her Adoring

PHYLANDER.

To

To PHILANDER.

APproach, approach, you ſacred Queen of Night, and bring *Philander* veil'd from all Eyes but mine; approach at a fond Lover's Call, behold how I lye panting with Expectation, tir'd out with your tedious Ceremony to the God of Day; be kind, oh lovely Night, and let the Deity deſcend to his beloved *Thetis*'s Arms, and I to my *Philander*'s; the Sun and I muſt ſnatch our Joys in the ſame happy Hours; favour'd by thee, oh ſacred, ſilent Night! See, ſee, the inamour'd Sun is haſting on apace to his expecting Miſtreſs, while thou dull Night art ſlowly lingring yet. Advance, my Friend! my Goddeſs! and my Confident! hide all my Bluſhes, all my ſoft Confuſions, my Tremblings, Tranſports, and Eyes all languiſhing.

Oh *Philander!* a thouſand things I have done to divert the tedious Hours, but nothing can; all things are dull without thee. I am tir'd with every thing, impatient to end, as ſoon as I begin them; even the Shades and ſolitary Walks afford me now no Eaſe, no Satisfaction, and Thought but afflicts me more, that us'd to relieve. And I at laſt have Recourſe to my kind Pen: For while I write, methinks I am talking to thee; I tell thee thus my Soul, while thou, methinks, art all the while ſmiling and liſtning by; this is much eaſier than ſilent Thought, and my Soul is never weary of this Converſe; and thus I would ſpeak a thouſand things, but that ſtill, methinks, Words do not enough expreſs my Soul; to underſtand that right, there requires Looks; there is a Rhetorick in Looks; in Sighs and ſilent Touches that ſurpaſſes all; there is an Accent in the Sound of Words too, that gives a Senſe and ſoft Meaning to little things, which of themſelves are of trivial Value, and inſignificant; and by the Cadence of the Utterance may expreſs a Tender-

reſs

neſs which their own Meaning does not bear; by this I would inſinuate, that the Story of the Heart cannot be ſo well told by this way, as by Preſence and Converſation; ſure *Philander* underſtands what I mean by this, which poſſibly is Nonſenſe to all but a Lover, who apprehends all the little fond Prattle of the thing belov'd, and finds an Eloquence in it, that to a Senſe unconcern'd would appear even approaching to Folly: But *Philander*, who has the true Notions of Love in him, apprehends all that can be ſaid on that dear Subject; to him I venture to ſay any thing, whoſe kind and ſoft Imaginations can ſupply all my Wants in the Deſcription of the Soul: Will it not, *Philander?* Anſwer me: ——But oh, where art thou? I ſee thee not I touch thee not; but when I haſte with Tranſport to embrace thee, 'tis Shadow all, and my poor Arms return empty to my Boſom: Why, oh why com'ſt thou not? Why art thou cautious, and prudently waiteſt the ſlow-pac'd Night: Oh cold, oh unreaſonable Lover, why?——But I grow wild, and know not what I ſay: Impatient Love betrays me to a thouſand Follies, a thouſand Raſhneſſes: I die with Shame; but I muſt be undone, and it is no matter how, whether by my own Weakneſs, *Philander*'s Charms, or both, I know not; but ſo it is deſtin'd,——Oh *Philander*, it is two tedious Hours Love has counted ſince you writ to me, yet are but a quarter of a Mile diſtant; what have you been doing all that live-long while? Are you not unkind? Does not *Sylvia* lie neglected and unregarded in your Thoughts? Huddled up confuſedly with your graver Buſineſs of State, and almoſt loſt in the ambitious Croud? Say, ſay, my lovely Charmer, is ſhe not? Does not this fatal Intereſt you eſpouſe, rival your *Sylvia?* Is ſhe not too often remov'd thence to let in that haughty Tyrant Miſtreſs? Alas, *Philander*, I more than fear ſhe is? and oh, my adorable Lover, when I look forward on our coming Happineſs, when ever I lay by the Thoughts of Ho-

nour,

nour, and give a looſe to Love; I run not far in the pleaſing Career, before that dreadful Thought ſtopp'd me on my Way: I have a fatal prophetick Fear, that gives a Check to my ſoft Purſuit, and tells me that thy unhappy Engagement in this League, this accurſed Aſſociation, will one Day undo us both, and part for ever thee and thy unlucky *Sylvia*; Yes, yes, my dear Lord, my Soul does preſage an unfortunate Event from this dire Engagement; nor can your falſe Reaſoning, your fancy'd Advantages, reconcile it to my honeſt, good-natur'd Heart; and ſurely the Deſign is inconſiſtent with Love, for two ſuch mighty Contradictions and Enemies, as Love and Ambition, or Revenge, can never ſure abide in one Soul together, at leaſt Love can but ſhare *Philander*'s Heart; when Blood and Revenge (which he miſcalls Glory) rivals it, and has poſſibly the greateſt part in it: Methinks, this Notion enlarges in me, and every Word I ſpeak, and every Minute's Thought of it, ſtrengthens its Reaſon to me; and give me leave (while I am full of the Jealouſie of it) to expreſs my Sentiments, and lay before you thoſe Reaſons, that Love and I think moſt ſubſtantial ones; what you have hitherto deſired of me, oh unreaſonable *Philander*, and what I (out of Modeſty and Honour) deny'd, I have Reaſon to fear (from the abſolute Conqueſt you have made of my Heart) that ſome time or other the charming Thief may break in and rob me of; for Fame and Virtue Love begins to laugh at. My dear unfortunate Condition being thus, it is not impoſſible, oh *Philander*, but I may one Day, in ſome unlucky Hour, in ſome ſoft bewitching Moment, in ſome ſpightful, critical, raviſhing Minute, yield all to the charming *Philander*; and if ſo, where, oh where is my Security, that I ſhall not be abandon'd by the lovely Victor? For it is not your Vows which you call ſacred (and I alas believe ſo) that can ſecure me, tho' I, Heaven knows, believe them all, and am undone; you may keep them all

too,

too, and I believe you will; but oh, *Philander*, in theſe fatal Circumſtances you have engag'd your ſelf; can you ſecure me my Lover? Your Proteſtations you may, but not the dear Proteſtor. Is it not enough, oh *Philander*, for my eternal Unquiet, and Undoing, to know that you are marry'd, and cannot therefore be entirely mine; is not this enough, oh cruel *Philander?* But you muſt eſpouſe a fatal Cauſe too, more pernicious than that of Matrimony, and more deſtructive to my Repoſe: Oh give me leave to reaſon with you, and ſince you have been pleas'd to truſt and afflict me with the Secret, which, honeſt as I am, I will never betray; yet, yet give me leave to urge the Danger of it to you, and conſequently to me, if you purſue it; when you are with me, we can think, and talk, and argue nothing but the mightier Buſineſs of Love; and it is fit that I, ſo fondly, and fatally lov'd by you, ſhould warn you of the Danger. Conſider, my Lord, you are born Noble, from Parents of untainted Loyalty; bleſt with a Fortune few Princes beneath Sovereignty are Maſters of; bleſt with all gaining Youth, commanding Beauty, Wit, Courage, Bravery of Mind, and all that renders Men eſteem'd and ador'd: What would you more? What is it, oh my charming Brother then, that you ſet up for? Is it Glory? Oh miſtaken, lovely Youth, that Glory is but a glittering Light, that flaſhes for a Moment, and then it diſappears; it is a falſe Bravery, that will bring an eternal Blemiſh upon your honeſt Fame and Houſe; render your honourable Name hated, deteſted, and abominable in Story to after Ages; a Traytor! the worſt of Titles, the moſt inglorious and ſhameful; what has the King, our good, our gracious Monarch done to *Philander?* How diſoblig'd him? Or indeed, what Injury to Mankind? Who has he oppreſs'd? Where play'd the Tyrant, or the Raviſher? What one cruel or angry thing has he committed in all the time of his fortunate and peaceable Reign over us?

Whoſe Ox or whoſe Aſs has he unjuſtly taken? What Orphan wrong'd, or Widow's Tears neglected? But all his Life has been one continued Miracle; all good, all gracious, calm and merciful: And this good, this Godlike King is mark'd out for Slaughter, deſign'd a Sacrifice to the private Revenge of a few ambitious Knaves and Rebels, whoſe Pretence is the publick Good, and doom'd to be baſely murder'd: A Murder even on the worſt of Criminals, carries with it a Cowardiſe ſo black and infamous, as the moſt abject Wretches, the meaneſt ſpirited Creature has an Abhorrence for: What! to murder a Man unthinking, unwarn'd, unprepar'd and undefended! oh barbarous! oh poor and moſt unbrave! What Villain is there loſt to all Humanity, to be found upon the Face of the Earth, that, when done, dare own ſo helliſh a Deed as the Murder of the meaneſt of his Fellow Subjects, much leſs the ſacred Perſon of the King; the Lord's Anointed; on whoſe awful Face 'tis impoſſible to look without that Reverence wherewith one would behold a God! For 'tis moſt certain, that every Glance from his piercing, wondrous Eyes, begets a trembling Adoration; for my part, I ſwear to you, *Philander*, I never approach his ſacred Perſon, but my Heart beats, my Blood runs cold about me, and my Eyes overflow with Tears of Joy, while an awful Confuſion ſeizes me all over; and I am certain ſhould the moſt harden'd of your bloody Rebels look him in the Face, the deviliſh Inſtrument of Death would drop from his ſacrilegious Hand, and leave him confounded at the Feet of the Royal forgiving Sufferer; his Eyes have in them ſomething ſo fierce, ſo majeſtick commanding, and yet ſo good and merciful, as would ſoften Rebellion itſelf into repenting Loyalty; and like *Caius Marius*, ſeem to ſay, ——Who is it dares hurt the King?——They alone, like his Guardian Angels, defend his ſacred Perſon: Oh? what Pity it is, unhappy young Man, thy Education was not near the King.

'Tis

'Tis plain, 'tis reaſonable, 'tis honeſt, great and glorious to believe, what thy own Senſe (if thou wilt but think and conſider) will inſtruct thee in, that Treaſon, Rebellion and Murder, are far from the Paths that lead to Glory, which are as diſtant as Hell from Heaven. What is it then to advance? (ſince I ſay 'tis plain, Glory is never this way to be atchiev'd) Is it to add more thouſands to thoſe Fortune has already ſo laviſhly beſtow'd on you? Oh my *Philander*, that's to double the vaſt Crime, which reaches already to Damnation: Would your Honour, your Conſcience, your Chriſtianity, or common Humanity ſuffer you to inlarge your Fortunes at the Price of another's Ruin; and make the Spoils of ſome honeſt, noble, unfortunate Family, the Rewards of your Treachery? Would you build your Fame on ſuch a Foundation? Perhaps on the Deſtruction of ſome Friend or Kinſman. Oh barbarous and miſtaken Greatneſs; Thieves and Robbers would ſcorn ſuch Outrages, that had but Souls and Senſe.

Is it for Addition of Titles? What Elevation can you have much greater than where you now ſtand fix'd? If you do not grow giddy with your fancied falſe Hopes, and fall from that glorious Height you are already arriv'd to, and which, with the honeſt Addition of Loyalty, is of far more Value and Luſtre, than to arrive at Crowns by Blood and Treaſon. This will laſt; to Ages laſt; in Story laſt: While t'other will be ridicul'd to all Poſterity, ſhort-liv'd and reproachful here, infamous and accurs'd to all Eternity.

Is it to make *Ceſario* King? Oh what is *Ceſario* to my *Philander?* If a Monarchy you deſign, thenwhy not this King, this great, this good, this Royal Forgiver? This, who was born a King, and born your King; and holds his Crown by Right of Nature, by Right of Law, by Right of Heaven itſelf; Heaven who has preſerv'd him, and confirm'd him ours, by a thouſand miraculous Eſcapes and Sufferings, and indulg'd

him ours by ten thouſand Acts of Mercy, and endear'd him to us by his wondrous Care and Conduct, by ſecuring of Peace, Plenty, Eaſe and luxurious Happineſs, o'er all the fortunate Limits of his bleſſed Kingdoms: And will you? Would you deſtroy this wondrous Gift of Heav'n? this Godlike King, this real Good we now poſſeſs, for a moſt uncertain one; and with it the Repoſe of all the happy Nation? To eſtabliſh a King without Law, without Right, without Conſent, without Title, and indeed without even competent Parts, for ſo vaſt a Truſt, or ſo glorious a Rule? One who never oblig'd the Nation by one ſingle Act of Goodneſs or Valour, in all the Courſe of his Life; and who never ſignaliz'd himſelf to the Advantage of one Man of all the Kingdom: A Prince unfortunate in his Principles and Morals; and whoſe ſole, ſingle Ingratitude to his Majeſty, for ſo many royal Bounties, Honours, and Glories heap'd upon him, is of it ſelf enough to ſet any honeſt generous Heart againſt him. What is it bewitches you ſo? Is it his Beauty? Then *Philander* has a greater Title than *Ceſario*; and not one other Merit has he, ſince in Piety, Chaſtity, Sobriety, Charity and Honour, he as little excels, as in Gratitude, Obedience and Loyalty. What then, my dear *Philander?* Is it his Weakneſs? Ah, there's the Argument: You all propoſe, and think to govern ſo ſoft a King: But believe me, oh unhappy *Philander!* nothing is more ungovernable than a Fool; nothing more obſtinate, wilful, conceited, and cunning; and for his Gratitude, let the World judge what he muſt prove to his Servants, who has dealt ſo ill with his Lord and Maſter; how he muſt reward thoſe that preſent him with a Crown; who deals ſo ungraciouſly with him who gave him Life, and who ſet him up an happier Object than a Monarch: No, no, *Philander*; he that can cabal, and contrive to dethrone a Father, will find it eaſie to diſcard the wicked and hated Inſtruments, that aſſiſted him to mount it;

decline

decline him then, oh fond and deluded *Philander*, decline him early; for you of all the reſt ought to do ſo, and not to ſet a helping Hand to load him with Honours, that choſe you out from all the World to load with Infamy: Remember that; remember *Myrtilla*, and then renounce him; do not you contribute to the adorning of his unfit Head with a Diadem, the moſt glorious of Ornaments, who unadorn'd yours with the moſt inglorious of all Reproaches. Think of this, oh thou unconſidering, noble Youth; lay thy Hand upon thy generous Heart, and tell it all the Fears, all the Reaſonings of her that loves thee more than Life. A thouſand Arguments I could bring, but theſe few unſtudied (falling in amongſt my ſofter Thoughts) I beg you will accept of, 'till I can more at large deliver the glorious Argument to your Soul; let this ſuffice to tell thee, that, like *Caſſandra*, I rave and propheſie in vain; this Aſſociation will be the eternal ruin of *Philander*; for let it ſucceed or not, either way thou art undone; if thou purſueſt it, I muſt infallibly fall with thee, if I reſolve to follow thy good or ill Fortune; for you cannot intend Love and Ambition, *Sylvia* and *Ceſario* at once: No, perſuade me not; the Title to one or t'other muſt be laid down, *Sylvia* or *Ceſario* muſt be abandon'd: This is my fix'd Reſolve, if thy too powerful Arguments convince not in ſpight of Reaſon, for they can do't; thou haſt the Tongue of an Angel, and the Eloquence of a God, and while I liſten to thy Voice, I take all thou ſay'ſt for wondrous Senſe.——Farewel; about two Hours hence I ſhall expect you at the Gate that leads into the Garden Grove——Adieu! Remember

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

HOW comes my charming *Sylvia* ſo skill'd in the Myſteries of State? Where learnt her tender Heart the Notions of rigid Buſineſs? Where her ſoft Tongue, form'd only for the dear Language of Love, to talk of the Concerns of Nations and Kingdoms? 'Tis true, when I gave my Soul away to my dear Counſellor, I reſerv'd nothing to my ſelf, not even that Secret that ſo concern'd my Life, but laid all at her Mercy; my generous Heart could not love at a leſs rate, than to laviſh all, and be undone for *Sylvia*; 'tis glorious Ruin, and it pleaſes me, if it advance one ſingle Joy, or add one Demonſtration of my Love to *Sylvia*; 'tis not enough that we tell thoſe we love all they love to hear, but one ought to tell them too, every Secret that we know, and conceal no part of that Heart one has made a Preſent to the Perſon one loves; 'tis a Treaſon in Love not to be pardon'd: I am ſenſible that when my Story is told (and this happy one of my Love ſhall make up the greateſt Part of my Hiſtory) thoſe that love not like me will be apt to blame me, and charge me with Weakneſs, for revealing ſo great a Truſt to a Woman, and amongſt all that I ſhall do to arrive at Glory, that will brand me with Feebleneſs; but, *Sylvia*, when Lovers ſhall read it, the Men will excuſe me, and the Maids bleſs me! I ſhall be a fond admir'd Precedent for them to point out to their remiſs reſerving Lovers who will be reproach'd for not purſuing my Example. I know not what Opinion Men generally have of the Weakneſs of Women; but 'tis ſure a vulgar Error, for were they like my adorable *Sylvia*, had they had her Wit, her Vivacity of Spirit, her Courage, her generous Fortitude, her Command in every graceful Look and Action, they were moſt certainly fit to rule and reign; and Man was only born robuſt and ſtrong, to ſecure them on thoſe Thrones they

are

are form'd (by Beauty, Softneſs, and a thouſand Charms which Men want) to poſſeſs. Glorious Woman was born for Command and Dominion; and tho' Cuſtom has uſurp'd us the Name of Rule over all; we from the Beginning found our ſelves (in ſpight of all our boaſted Prerogative) Slaves and Vaſſals to the Almighty Sex. Take then my Share of Empire, ye Gods! and give me Love! Let me toil to gain, but let *Sylvia* triumph and reign; I ask no more than the led Slave at her Chariot Wheels, to gaze on my charming Conqueres, and wear with Joy her Fetters! Oh how proud I ſhould be to ſee the dear Victor of my Soul ſo elevated, ſo adorn'd with Crowns and Scepters at her Feet, which I had won; to ſee her ſmiling on the adoring Croud, diſtributing her Glories to young waiting Princes; there dealing Provinces, and there a Coronet. Heavn's! methinks I ſee the lovely Virgin in this State, her Chariot ſlowly driving through the Multitude that preſs to gaze upon her, ſhe dreſs'd like *Venus*, richly, gay and looſe, her Hair and Robe blown by the flying Winds, diſcovering a thouſand Charms to View; thus the young Goddeſs look'd, then when ſhe drove her Chariot down deſcending Clouds, to meet the Love-ſick Gods in cooling Shades; and ſo would look my *Sylvia!* Ah, my ſoft, lovely Maid; ſuch Thoughts as theſe fir'd me with Ambition: For me, I ſwear by every Power that made me love, and made thee wondrous fair, I deſign no more by this great Enterprize, than to make thee ſome glorious thing, elevated above what we have ſeen yet on Earth; to raiſe thee above Fate or Fortune, beyond that Pity of thy duller Sex, who underſtand not thy Soul, nor can ever reach the Flights of thy generous Love! No, my Soul's Joy, I muſt not leave thee liable to their little natural Malice and Scorn, to the Impertinence of their Reproaches. No, my *Sylvia*, I muſt on, the great Deſign muſt move forward; tho' I abandon it, 'twill advance; it is already too far to put a Stop to it; and now I am enter'd,

it is in vain to retreat; if we are proſperous, it will to all Ages be call'd a glorious Enterprize; but if we fail, it will be baſe, horrid and infamous; for the World judges of nothing but by the Succeſs; that Cauſe is always good that is proſperous, that is ill which is unſucceſsful. Should I now retreat, I run many Hazards; but to go on I run but one; by the firſt I ſhall alarm the whole Cabal with a Jealouſie of my diſcovering, and thoſe are Perſons of too great Senſe and Courage, not to take ſome private way of Revenge, to ſecure their own Stakes; and to make my ſelf uncertainly ſafe by a Diſcovery indeed, were to gain a Refuge ſo ignoble, as a Man of Honour would ſcorn to purchaſe Life at; nor would that Baſeneſs ſecure me. But in going on, oh *Sylvia!* when three Kingdoms ſhall lye unpoſſeſs'd, and be expos'd, as it were, amongſt the raffling Croud, who knows but the Chance may be mine, as well as any other's, who has but the ſame Hazard, and Throw for it? If the ſtrongeſt Sword muſt do it, (as that muſt do it) why not mine ſtill? Why may not mine ſtill? Why may not mine be that fortunate one? *Ceſario* has no more Right to it than *Philander*; 'tis true, a few of the Rabble will pretend he has a better Title to it, but they are a ſort of eaſie Fools, laviſh in nothing but Noiſe and Nonſenſe; true to Change and Inconſtancy, and will abandon him to their own Fury for the next that cries Haloo: Neither is there one Part of fifty (of the Fools that cry him up) for his Intereſt, tho' they uſe him for a Tool to work with, he being the only great Man that wants Senſe enough to find out the Cheat which they dare impoſe upon. Can any body of Reaſon believe, if they had deſign'd him good, they would let him bare-fac'd have own'd a Party ſo oppoſite to all Laws of Nature, Religion, Humanity, and common Gratitude? When his Intereſt, if deſign'd, might have been carry'd on better, if he had ſtill diſſembled, and ſtay'd in Court: No, believe me, *Sylvia*, the Politicians ſhew him, to render him odious to all Men

Men of tolerable Senſe of the Party; for what Reaſon ſoever they have who are diſoblig'd (or at leaſt think themſelves ſo) to ſet up for Liberty, the World knows *Ceſario* renders himſelf the worſt of Criminals by it, and has abandon'd an Intereſt more glorious and eaſy than Empire, to ſide with and aid People that never did, or ever can oblige him; and he is ſo dull as to imagine that for his Sake, who never did us Service or Good, (unleſs Cuckolding us be good) we ſhould venture Life and Fame to pull down a true Monarch, to ſet up his Baſtard over us. *Ceſario* muſt pardon me, if I think his Politicks are ſhallow as his Parts, and that his own Intereſt has undone him; for of what Advantage ſoever the Deſign may be to us, it really ſhocks ones Nature to find a Son engag'd againſt a Father, and to him ſuch a Father. Nor, when time comes, ſhall I forget the Ruin of *Myrtilla*. But let him hope on——and ſo will I, as do a thouſand more, for ought I know; I ſet out as fair as they, and will ſtart as eagerly; if I miſs it now, I have Youth and Vigour ſufficient for another Race; and while I ſtand on Fortune's Wheel as ſhe rolls it round, it may be my Turn to be o'th' Top; for when 'tis ſet in Motion, believe me, *Sylvia*, it is not eaſily fix'd: However let it ſuffice, I am now in, paſt a Retreat, and to urge it now to me, is but to put me into inevitable Danger; at beſt it can but ſet me where I was; that is worſe than Death, when every Fool is aiming at a Kingdom; what Man of tolerable Pride and Ambition can be unconcern'd, and not put himſelf into a Poſture of catching, when a Diadem ſhall be thrown among the Croud? It were Inſenſibility, ſtupid Dulneſs, not to lift a Hand, or make an Effort to ſnatch it as it flies: Though the glorious falling Weight ſhould cruſh me, it is great to attempt; and if Fortune do not favour Fools, I have as fair a Graſp for it as any other Adventurer.

This, my *Sylvia*, is my Senſe of a Buſineſs you ſo much dread; I may riſe, but I cannot fall; therefore, my

my *Sylvia*, urge it no more; Love gave me Ambition, and do not divert the glorious Effects of your wondrous Charms, but let them grow, and ſpread, and ſee what they will produce for my lovely *Sylvia*, the Advantages will moſt certainly be hers: ——But no more: How came my Love ſo dull to entertain thee ſo many Minutes thus with Reaſons for an Affair, which one ſoft Hour with *Sylvia* will convince to what ſhe would have it; believe me, it will, I will ſacrifice all to her Repoſe, nay, to her leaſt Command, even the Life of

(My Eternal Pleaſure)

Your PHILANDER.

I have no longer Patience, I muſt be coming towards the Grove, tho' it will do me no good, more than knowing I am ſo much nearer my adorable Creature.
— I conjure you burn this, for writing in haſte I have not counterfeited my Hand.

To SYLVIA.

Writ in a Pair of Tablets.

MY Charmer, I wait your Commands in the Meadow behind the Grove, where I ſaw *Dorinda*, *Dorillus* his Daughter, entring with a Basket of Cowſlips for *Sylvia*, unneceſſarily offering Sweets to the Goddeſs of the Groves, from whence they (with all the reſt of their gaudy Fellows of the Spring) aſſume their raviſhing Odours. I take every Opportunity of telling my *Sylvia* what I have ſo often repeated, and ſhall be ever repeating with the ſame Joy while I live, that I love my *Sylvia* to Death and Madneſs; that my Soul is on the Wrack, till ſhe ſend me the happy advancing Word. And yet believe me, lovely Maid, I could

could grow old with waiting here the bleſſed Moment, though ſet at any diſtance (within the Compaſs of Life, and impoſſible to be 'till then arriv'd to) but when I am ſo near approach'd it, Love from all Parts rallies and haſtens to my Heart for the mighty Encounter, 'till the poor panting overloaded Victim dies with the preſſing Weight. No more,——You know it, for it is, and will be eternally *Sylvia*'s.

POSTSCRIPT.

Remember, my Adorable, it is now ſeven a Clock: I have my Watch in my Hand, waiting and looking on the ſlow-pac'd Minutes. Eight will quickly arrive, I hope, and then it is dark enough to hide me; think where I am, and who I am, waiting near Sylvia, *and her* Philander.

I think, my dear Angel, you have the other Key of theſe Tablets, if not, they are eaſily broke open: You have an Hour good to write in, *Sylvia* and I ſhall wait unimploy'd by any Thing but Thought. Send me Word how you were like to have been ſurpriz'd; it may poſſibly be of Advantage to me in this Night's dear Adventure. I wonder'd at the Superſcription of my Letter indeed, of which *Dorillus* could give me no other Account, than that you were ſurpriz'd, and he receiv'd it with difficulty; give me the Story now, do it in Charity, my Angel. Beſides, I would employ all thy Moments, for I am jealous of every one that is not Dedicated to *Sylvia*'s *Philander*.

To PHILANDER.

I Have receiv'd your Tablets, of which I have the Key, and Heav'n only knows (for Lovers cannot, unleſs they lov'd like *Sylvia*, and her *Philander*) what Pains and Pantings my Heart ſuſtain'd at every Thought they

they brought me of thy near Approach; every Moment I ſtart, and am ready to faint with Joy, Fear, and ſomething not to be expreſs'd that ſeizes me. To add to this, I have buſy'd my ſelf with dreſſing my Apartment up with Flowers, ſo that I fancy the Ceremonious Buſineſs of the Light looks like the Preparations for the dear Joy of the Nuptial Bed; that too is ſo adorn'd and deck'd with all that's ſweet and gay; all which poſſeſſes me with ſo raviſhing and ſolemn a Confuſion, that it is even approaching to the moſt profound Sadneſs it ſelf. Oh *Philander*, I find I am fond of being undone; and unleſs you take a more than mortal Care of me, I know this Night ſome fatal Miſchief will befal me; what it is I know not, either the Loſs of *Philander*, my Life, or my Honour, or altogether, which a Diſcovery only of your being alone in my Apartment, and at ſuch an Hour will moſt certainly draw upon us: Death is the leaſt we muſt expect, by ſome Surprize or other, my Father being raſh, and extremely jealous, and the more ſo of me, by how much more he is fond of me, and nothing would enrage him like the Diſcovery of an Interview like this; though you have Liberty to range the Houſe of *Bellfont* as a Son, and are indeed at home there; but when you come by ſtealth, when he ſhall find his Son and Virgin Daughter, the Brother and the Siſter ſo retir'd, ſo entertain'd,—— What but Death can enſue? Or what is worſe, Eternal Shame? Eternal Confuſion on my Honour? What Excuſe, what Evaſions, Vows and Proteſtations will convince him, or appeaſe *Myrtilla*'s Jealouſy; *Myrtilla*, my Siſter, and *Philander*'s Wife? Oh God! that cruel Thought will put me into Ravings; I have a thouſand Streams of killing Reflections which flow from that Original Fountain! Curſe on the Alliance that gave you a Welcome to *Bellfont*. Ah *Philander*, could you not have ſtay'd ten ſhort Years longer; Alas, you thought that was an Age in Youth, but it is but a Day in Love: Ah could not your eager Youth

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have led you to a thouſand Diverſions, a thouſand times have baited in the long Journey of Life without hurrying on to the laſt Stage, to the laſt Retreat, but the Grave; and to me ſeem as irrecoverable, as impoſſible to retrieve thee? —— Could no kind Beauty ſtop thee on thy Way, in Charity or Pity? *Philander* ſaw me then. And though *Myrtilla* was more fit for his Careſſes, and I but capable to pleaſe with Childiſh Prattle; oh could he not have ſeen a promiſing Bloom in my Face, that might have foretold the future Conqueſts I was born to make? Oh! was there no prophetick Charm that could beſpeak your Heart, engage it, and prevent that fatal Marriage? You ſay, my adorable Brother, we were deſtin'd from our Creation for one another; that the Decrees of Heav'n, or Fate, or both, deſign'd us for this mutual Paſſion: Why then, oh why did not Heav'n, Fate, or Deſtiny, do the mighty Work, when firſt you ſaw my Infant Charms? But oh, *Philander*, why do I vainly rave? Why call in vain on Time that's fled and gone? Why idly wiſh for ten Years Retribution? That will not yield a Day, an Hour, a Minute: No, no, 'tis paſt, 'tis paſt and flown for ever, as diſtant as a thouſand Years to me, as irrecoverable. Oh *Philander*, what haſt thou thrown away? Ten glorious Years of raviſhing Youth, of unmatch'd heav'nly Beauty, on one that knew not half the Value of it! *Sylvia* was only born to ſet a Rate upon it, was only capable of Love, ſuch Love as might deſerve it: Oh why was that charming Face ever laid on any Boſom that knew not how to ſigh, and pant, and heave at every Touch of ſo much diſtracting Beauty! Oh why were thoſe dear Arms, whoſe ſoft Preſſings raviſh where they circle, deſtin'd for a Body cold and dull, that could ſleep inſenſibly there, and not ſo much as dream the while what the tranſporting Pleaſure ſignify'd; but unconcern'd receive the wondrous Bleſſings, and never knew its Price, or thanked her Stars? She has thee all the Day to gaze upon, and yet ſhe

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lets thee paſs her careleſs Sight, as if there were no Miracles in view: She does not ſee the little Gods of Love that play eternally in thy Eyes; and ſince ſhe never receiv'd a Dart from thence, believes there's no Artillery there. She plays not with thy Hair, nor weaves her ſnowy Fingers in thy Curls of Jet, ſets it in Order, and adores its Beauty: The Fool with Flaxen-Wigg had done as well for her; a dull, white Coxcomb had made as good a Property; a Husband is no more, at beſt no more. Oh thou charming Object of my eternal Wiſhes, why wert thou thus diſpos'd? Oh ſave my Life, and tell me what indifferent Impulſe oblig'd thee to theſe Nuptials: Had *Myrtilla* been recommended or forc'd by the Tyranny of a Father into thy Arms, or for baſe Lucre thou hadſt choſen her, this had excus'd thy Youth and Crime; Obedience or Vanity I could have pardon'd,——But oh——'twas Love; Love, my *Philander!* thy raving Love, and that which has undone thee was a Rape rather than Marriage; you fled with her. Oh Heavens, mad to poſſeſs, you ſtole the unloving Prize!——Yes, you lov'd her, falſe as you are, you did; perjur'd and faithleſs. Lov'd her;——Hell and Confuſion on the Word; it was ſo——Oh *Philander*, I am loſt——

This Letter was found torn in Pieces.

To *Monſieur*, the Count of-

My Lord,

THESE Peices of Paper which I have put together as well as I could, were writ by my Lady to have been ſent by *Dorinda*, when on a ſudden ſhe roſe in Rage from her Seat, tore firſt the Paper, and then her Robes and Hair, and indeed nothing has eſcap'd the Violence of her Paſſion; nor could my

Prayers

Prayers or Tears retrieve them, or calm her: 'Tis however chang'd at laſt to mighty Paſſions of weeping, in which Employment I have left her on her Repoſe, being commanded away. I thought it my Duty to give your Lordſhip this Account, and to ſend the pieces of Paper, that your Lordſhip may gueſs at the Occaſion of the ſudden Storm which ever riſes in that fatal Quarter; but in putting them in Order, I had like to have been ſurpriz'd by my Lady's Father; for my Lord, the Count, having long ſolicited me for Favours, and taking all Opportunities of entertaining me, found me alone in my Chamber, employ'd in ſerving your Lordſhip; I had only time to hide the Papers, and to get rid of him, having given him an Aſſignation to Night in the Garden-Grove, to give him the hearing to what he ſays he has to propoſe to me: Pray Heaven all things go right to your Lordſhip's Wiſh this Evening, for many ominous Things happen'd to Day. Madam, the Counteſs, had like to have taken a Letter writ for your Lordſhip to Day; for the Dutcheſs of——coming to make her a Viſit, came on a ſudden with her into my Lady's Apartment, and ſurpriz'd her writing in her Dreſſing-Room, giving her only time to ſlip the Paper into her Comb-Box. The firſt Ceremonies being paſs'd, as Madam, the Dutcheſs, uſes not much, ſhe fell to commend my Lady's Dreſſing-Plate, and taking up the Box, and opening it, found the Letter, and laughing cry'd, O'h, have I found you making Love? At which my Lady, with an infinite Confuſion, would have retriev'd it,——But the Dutcheſs not quitting her hold, cry'd——Nay, I am reſolv'd to ſee in what manner you write to a Lover, and whether you have a Heart tender or cruel; at which ſhe began to read aloud, my Lady to bluſh and change Colour a hundred times in a Minute; I ready to die with Fear; Madam the Counteſs, in infinite Amazement, my Lady interrupting every Word the Dutcheſs read, by Prayers and Intreaties, which height-

heighten'd her Curioſity, and being young and airy, regarded not the Indecency, to which ſhe preferr'd her Curioſity, who ſtill laughing, cry'd, ſhe was reſolv'd to read it out, and know the Conſtitution of her Heart; when my Lady, whoſe Wit never fail'd her, cry'd, I beſeech you, Madam, let us have ſo much Complaiſance for *Melinda* as to ask her Conſent in this Affair, and then I am pleas'd you ſhould ſee what Love I can make upon Occaſion: I took the Hint, and with a real Confuſion, cry'd — I implore you, Madam, not to diſcover my Weakneſs to Madam, the Dutcheſs; I would not for the World —— be thought to love ſo paſſionately, as your Ladyſhip, in favour of *Alexis*, has made me profeſs, under the Name of *Sylvia* to *Philander*. This encourag'd my Lady, who began to ſay a thouſand pleaſant things of *Alexis*, *Dorillus* his Son, and my Lover, as your Lordſhip knows, and who is no inconſiderable Fortune for a Maid, enrich'd only by your Lordſhip's Bounty. My Lady, after this, took the Letter, and all being reſolv'd it ſhould be read, ſhe her ſelf did it, and turn'd it ſo prettily into Burleſque Love by her manner of reading it, that made Madam, the Dutcheſs, laugh extreamly; who, at the End of it, cry'd to my Lady —— Well, Madam, I am ſatisfy'd you have not a Heart wholly inſenſible of Love, that could ſo expreſs it for another. Thus they rally'd on, till careful of my Lover's Repoſe, the Dutcheſs urg'd the Letter might be immediately ſent away; at which my Lady readily folding up the Letter, writ, *For the Conſtant* Alexis, on the Out-ſide: I took it, and begg'd I might have Leave to retire to write it over in my own Hand; they permitted me, and I carry'd it, after ſealing it, to *Dorillus*, who waited for it, and wondring to find his Son's Name on it, cry'd ——— Miſtreſs *Melinda*, I doubt you have miſtook my preſent Buſineſs; I wait for a Letter from my Lady to my Lord, and you give me one from your ſelf to my Son *Alexis*; 'twill be very welcome

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to *Alexis* I confeſs, but at this time I had rather oblige my Lord than my Son: I laughing reply'd, He was miſtaken, that *Alexis*, at this time, meant no other than my Lord, which pleas'd the good Man extreamly, who thought it a good Omen for his Son, and ſo went his way ſatisfy'd; as every Body was, except the Counteſs, who fancy'd ſomething more in it than my Lady's Inditing for me; and after Madam the Dutcheſs was gone, ſhe went ruminating and penſive to her Chamber, from whence I am confident ſhe will not depart to Night, and will poſſibly ſet Spies in every Corner; at leaſt 'tis good to fear the worſt, that we may prevent all things that would hinder this Night's Aſſignation: As ſoon as the Coaſt is clear, I'll wait on your Lordſhip, and be your Conducter, and in all things elſe am ready to ſhew my ſelf,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's moſt humble
and moſt obedient Servant,
MELINDA.

Sylvia *has given Orders to wait on your Lordſhip as ſoon as all is clear.*

To MELINDA.

OH *Melinda*, what have you told me? Stay me with an immediate Account of the Recovery and Calmneſs of my adorable weeping *Sylvia*, or I ſhall enter *Bellfont* with my Sword drawn, bearing down all before me, 'till I make my Way to my charming Mourner: Oh God! *Sylvia* in a Rage! *Sylvia* in any Paſſion but that of Love? I cannot bear it, no, by Heav'n I cannot; I ſhall do ſome Outrage either on my ſelf or at *Bellfont*. Oh thou dear Advocate of my

tendereſt Wiſhes, thou Confident of my never dying Flame, thou kind adminiſtring Maid, ſend ſome Relief to my breaking Heart—Haſte and tell me, *Sylvia* is calm, that her bright Eyes ſparkle with Smiles, or if they languiſh, ſay 'tis with Love, with expecting Joys; that her dear Hands are no more employ'd in Exerciſes too rough and unbecoming their Native Softneſs. O eternal God! tearing perhaps her Divine Hair, brighter than the Sun's reflecting Beams, injuring the heavenly Beauty of her charming Face and Bolom, the Joy and Wiſh of all Mankind that look upon her: Oh charm her with Prayers and Tears, ſtop her dear Fingers from the rude Aſſaults, bind her fair Hands; repeat *Philander* to her, tell her he's fainting with the News of her Unkindneſs and Outrage on her lovely ſelf; but tell her too, I die adoring her; tell her I rave, I tear, I curſe my ſelf,—— for ſo I do; tell her I would break out into a Violence that ſhould ſet all *Bellfont* in a Flame, but for my Care of her. Heaven and Earth ſhould not reſtrain me,——no, they ſhould not,—But her leaſt Frown ſhould ſtill me, tame me, and make me a calm Coward: Say this, ſay all, ſay any thing to charm her Rage and Tears. Oh I am mad, ſtark mad, and ready to run on that frantick Buſineſs I die to think her guilty of: Tell her how it would grieve her to ſee me torn and mangled; to ſee that Hair ſhe loves ruffled and diminiſh'd by Rage, violated by my inſupportable Grief, my ſelf quite bereft of all Senſe but that of Love, but that of Adoration for my charming, cruel Inſenſible, who is poſſeſs'd with every Thought, with every Imagination that can render me unhappy, born away with every Fancy that is in diſfavour of the wretched *Philander*. Oh *Melinda*, write immediately, or you will behold me enter a moſt deplorable Object of Pity.

When I receiv'd yours, I fell into ſuch a Paſſion that I forc'd my ſelf back to *Dorillus* his Houſe, leſt my Tranſports had hurry'd me to *Bellfont*, where I

ſhould

Buſineſs of the Night, only to hear me prattle, ſee me gaze, or tell her what a pretty Sight it was to ſee the Moon ſhine through the dancing Boughs. O Damn my harden'd Dullneſs, —— But no more, —— I am all Fire and Madneſs at the Thought, ——— But I was ſaying, *Sylvia*, we both recover'd then when the Noiſe alarm'd us. I long to know whether you think we were betray'd, for on that Knowledge reſts a mighty Part of my Deſtiny: I hope we are not, by an Accident that befel me at my going away, which (but for my untimely Force of leaving my lovely *Sylvia*, which gave me Pains inſupportable) would have given me great Diverſion. You know our Fear of being diſcover'd occaſion'd my Diſguiſe, for you found it neceſſary I ſhould depart, your Fear had ſo prevail'd, and that in *Melinda*'s Night-gown and Head-dreſs: Thus attir'd, with much ado, I went and left my Soul behind me, and finding no Body all along the Gallery, nor in my Paſſage from your Apartment into the Garden, I was a thouſand Times about to return to all my Joys; when in the midſt of this almoſt ended Diſpute, I ſaw by the Light of the Moon (which was by good Fortune under a Cloud, and could not diſtinctly direct the Sight) a Man making towards me with cautious Speed, which made me advance with the more haſte to recover the Grove, believing to have eſcap'd him under the Covert of the Trees? for retreat I could not, without betraying which way I went; but juſt at the Entrance of the Thicket, he turning ſhort made up to me, and I perceiv'd it *Monſieur* the Count, who taking me for *Melinda*, who it ſeems he expected, caught hold of my Gown as I would have paſs'd him, and cry'd, Now *Melinda*, I ſee you are a Maid of Honour, — Come retire with me into the Grove, where I have a Preſent of a Heart and ſomething elſe to make you, that will be of more Advantage to you than that of *Alexis*, though ſomething younger. —— I all confounded knew not what

what to reply, nor how, leſt he ſhould find his Miſtake, at leaſt if he diſcover'd not who I was: Which Silence gave him Occaſion to go on, which he did in this manner: What not a Word, *Melinda*, or do you deſign I ſhall take your Silence for Conſent? if ſo, come my pretty Creature, let us not loſe the Hour Love has given us; at this he would have advanc'd, leading me by the Hand, which he preſs'd and kiſs'd very amorouſly: Judge, my adorable *Sylvia*, in what a fine Condition your *Philander* then was in. What ſhould I do? to go had diſappointed him worſe than I was with thee before; not to go, betray'd me: I had much ado to hold my Countenance, and unwilling to ſpeak. While I was thus employ'd in Thought, *Monſieur*——pulling me (eager of Joys to come,) and I holding back, he ſtopp'd and cry'd, Sure, *Melinda*, you came not hither to bring me a Denial. I then reply'd, whiſpering,——Softly, Sir, for Heav'ns ſake (ſweetning my Voice as much as poſſible) conſider I'm a Maid, and would not be diſcover'd for the World. Who can diſcover us? reply'd my Lover, what I take from thee ſhall never be miſs'd, not by *Alexis* himſelf upon thy Wedding Night; ——— Come——ſweet Child, come: ——— With that I pull'd back and whiſper'd ——— Heav'ns! would you make a Miſtreſs of me?——Says he——— A Miſtreſs, what would'ſt thou be a Cherubin? then I reply'd as before——I am no Whore, Sir,——— No, crys he, but I can quickly make thee one, I have my Tools about me, Sweet-heart, therefore let's loſe no time; but fall to work: This laſt Raillery from the brisk old Gentleman, had in ſpight of Reſolution almoſt made me burſt out into a loud Laughter, when he took more Gravity upon him, and cry'd——Come, come, *Melinda*, why all this fooliſh Argument at this Hour in this Place, and after ſo much ſerious Courtſhip; believe me, I'll be kind to thee for ever; with that he clap's fifty Guineas in a Purſe into one Hand, and ſomething elſe that ſhall be

nameleſs

nameleſs into the other, Preſents that had been both worth *Melinda*'s Acceptance: All this while was I ſtudying an Evaſion; at laſt, to ſhorten my pleaſant Adventure, looking round, I cry'd ſoftly, Are you ſure, Sir, we are ſafe ——— for Heav'ns ſake ſtep towards the Garden Door and ſee, for I would not be diſcover'd for the World. —— Nor I, cry'd he ——but do not fear, all's ſafe: ——— However ſee (whiſper'd I) that my Fear may not diſturb your Joys. With that he went toward the Houſe, and I ſlipping into the Grove, got immediately into the Meadow, where *Alexis* waited my coming with *Brilliard*, ſo I left the expecting Lover, I ſuppoſe, ranging the Grove for his fled Nymph, and I doubt will fall heavy on poor *Melinda*, who ſhall have the Guineas, either to reſtore or keep, as ſhe and the angry Count can agree: I leave the Management of it to her Wit and Conduct.

This Account I thought neceſſary to give my Charmer, that ſhe might prepare *Melinda* for the Aſſault, who underſtanding all that paſs'd between us, may ſo diſpoſe of Matters, that no Diſcovery may happen by Miſtake, and I know my *Sylvia* and ſhe can find a thouſand Excuſes for the ſuppos'd *Melinda*'s Flight. But, my adorable Maid, my Buſineſs here was not to give an Account of my Adventure only, nor of my Ravings, but to tell my *Sylvia*, on what my Life depends; which is, in a Permiſſion to wait on her again this enſuing Night; make no Excuſe, for if you do, by all I adore in Heav'n and Earth I'll end my Life here where I receiv'd it. I'll ſay no more, nor give your Love Inſtructions, but wait impatiently here the Life or Death of your

PHILANDER.

'Tis Six a Clock, and yet my Eyes have not clos'd themſelves to ſleep: Alexis *and* Brilliard *give me hopes of a kind Return to this, and have brought their Flute and Violin to charm me into a Slumber: If* Sylvia *love, as I am ſure ſhe does, ſhe'll wake me with a dear Conſent to ſee me, if not, I nly wake to ſleep for ever.*

To

To my Fair CHARMER.

WHEN I had ſeal'd the inclos'd, my Page, whom I had order'd to come to me with an Account of any Buſineſs extraordinary, is this Morning arriv'd with a Letter from *Ceſario*, which I have ſent here inclos'd, that my *Sylvia* may ſee how little I regard the World, or the mighty Revolution in hand, when ſet in Competition with the leaſt hope of beholding her adorable Face, or hearing her charming Tongue when it whiſpers the ſoft Dictates of her tender Heart into my raviſh'd Soul; one Moment's Joy like that ſurmounts an Age of dull Empire. No; let the buſie unregarded Rout periſh, the Cauſe fall or ſtand alone for me: Give me but Love, Love and my *Sylvia*; I ask no more of Heav'n; to which vaſt Joy could you but imagine (Oh wondrous Miracle of Beauty!) how poor and little I eſteem the valu'd Trifles of the World, you would in return contemn your Part of it, and live with me in ſilent Shades for ever. Oh! *Sylvia*, what haſt thou this Night to add to the Soul of thy

PHILANDER.

To the Count of——

I'LL allow you my Dear, to be very fond of ſo much Beauty as the World muſt own adorns the lovely *Sylvia*: I'll permit Love too to Rival me in your Heart, but not out-rival Glory; haſte then, my Dear, to the Advance of that, make no delay, but with the Morning's Dawn let me find you in my Arms, where I have ſomething that will ſurprize you to relate to you: You were laſt Night expected at---- It behoves you to give no Umbrage to Perſons whoſe Intereſt renders them enough jealous. We have two new Advancers

vancers come in of Youth and Mony, teach them not Negligence; be careful, and let nothing hinder you from taking Horſe immediately, as you value the Repoſe and Fortune of,

My Dear,

Your CESARIO.

I call'd laſt Night on you, and your Page following me to my Coach, whiſper'd me——if I had any earneſt Buſineſs with you, he knew where to find you; I ſoon imagin'd where, and bid him call within an Hour for this, and poſt with it immediately, though dark.

To PHILANDER.

AH! What have I done, *Philander*, and where ſhall I hide my guilty bluſhing Face? Thou haſt undone my eternal Quiet: Oh, thou haſt ruin'd my everlaſting Repoſe, and I muſt never, never look abroad again: Curſe on my Face that firſt debauch'd my Virtue, and taught thee how to love! Curſe on my tempting Youth, my Shape, my Air, my Eyes, my Voice, my Hands, and every Charm that did contribute to my fatal Love, a laſting Curſe on all——But thoſe of the adorable *Philander*, and theſe——even in this raging Minute, my furious Paſſion dares not approach with an indecent Thought: No, they are ſacred all, Madneſs it ſelf would ſpare 'em, and ſhouldſt thou now behold me as I ſit, my Hair diſhevell'd, ruffled and diſorder'd, my Eyes bedewing every Word I write, when for each Letter I let fall a Tear; then (preſs'd with Thought) ſtarting, I dropp'd my Pen, and fell to rave anew, and tear thoſe Garments whoſe looſe Negligence help'd to betray me to my ſhameful Ruin, wounding my Breaſt, but want the Reſolution to wound it as I ought; which when I but propoſe, Love ſtays the Thought,

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raging and wild as 'tis, the Conqueror checks it, with whiſpering only *Philander* to my Soul; the dear Name calms me to an Eaſineſs, gives me the Pen into my trembling Hand, and I purſue my ſilent ſoft Complaint: Oh! ſhouldſt thou ſee me thus, in all theſe ſudden different changes of Paſſion, thou wouldſt ſay, *Philander*, I were mad indeed; Madneſs it ſelf can find no ſtranger Motions: And I would calmly ask thee, for I am calm again, How comes it, my adorable *Philander*, that thou canſt poſſeſs a Maid with ſo much Madneſs? Who art thy ſelf a Miracle of Softneſs, all Sweet and all Serene, the moſt of Angel in thy Compoſition that ever mingled with Humanity; the very Words fall ſo gently from thy Tongue,—— are utter'd with a Voice ſo raviſhingly ſoft, a Tone ſo tender and ſo full of Love, 'twould charm even Frenzy, calm rude Diſtraction, and Wildneſs would become a ſilent Liſtner; there's ſuch a ſweet Serenity in thy Face, ſuch Innocence and Softneſs in thy Eyes, ſhould deſart Savages but gaze on thee, ſure they would forget their native Foreſt Wildneſs, and be inſpir'd with eaſie Gentleneſs: Moſt certainly this God-like Power thou haſt. Why then? Oh tell me in the Agony of my Soul, why muſt thoſe Charms that bring Tranquillity and Peace to all, make me alone a wild, unſeemly Raver? Why has it contrary Effects on me? Oh! all I act and ſay is perfect Madneſs: Yet this is the leaſt unaccountable Part of my moſt wretched Story;——Oh! I muſt ne'er behold thy lovely Face again, for if I ſhould, ſure I ſhould bluſh my Soul away; no, no, I muſt not, nor ever more believe thy dear deluding Vows; never thy charming perjur'd Oaths, after a Violation like to this. Oh Heav'n, what have I done? Yet by Heav'n I ſwear, I dare not ask my Soul, leſt it inform me how I was to blame, unleſs that fatal Minute would inſtruct me how to revenge my Wrongs upon my Heart, my fond betraying Heart,—— Deſpair and Madneſs ſeize me, Darkneſs and Horror hide me from

human

human Sight, after an Eaſineſs like this;—What, to yield,——To yield my Honour! Betray the Secrets of my Virgin Wiſhes.——My new Deſires, my unknown ſhameful Flame,——Hell and Death! Where got I ſo much Confidence? Where learn'd I the harden'd and unbluſhing Folly? To wiſh was ſuch a Fault, as is a Crime unpardonable to own; to ſhew Deſire is ſuch a Sin in Virtue as muſt deſerve Reproach from all the World; but I, unlucky I, have not only betray'd all theſe, but with a Tranſport void of Senſe and Shame, I yield to thy Arms——I'll not endure the Thought—By Heav'n! I cannot; there's ſomething more than Rage that animates that Thought: Some Magick Spell, that in the midſt of all my Senſe of Shame keeps me from true Repentance; this angers me, and makes me know my Honour but a Fantom: Now I could curſe again my Youth and Love; but Oh! when I have done, alas, *Philander*, I find my ſelf as guilty as before; I cannot make one firm Reſolve againſt thee, or if I do, when I conſider thee, they weigh not all one lovely Hair of thine. 'Tis all in vain, the charming Cauſe remains, *Philander*'s ſtill as lovely as before, 'tis him I muſt remove from my fond Eyes and Heart, him I muſt baniſh from my Touch, my Smell, and every other Senſe; by Heav'n! I cannot bear the mighty Preſſure, I cannot ſee his Eyes, and touch his Hands, ſmell the Perfume every Pore of his breaths forth, taſte thy ſoft Kiſſes, hear thy charming Voice, but I am all on a Flame: No, 'tis theſe I muſt exclaim on, not my Youth, 'tis they debauch my Soul, no natural Propenſity in me to yield, or to admit of ſuch deſtructive Fires. Fain I would put it off, but 'twill not do, I am the Aggreſſor ſtill; elſe why is not every living Maid undone, that does but touch or ſee thee? Tell me why? No, the Fault's in me, and thou art innocent.——Were but my Soul leſs delicate, were it leſs ſenſible of what it loves and likes in thee, I yet were fully happy; but oh, there is a Nicety there ſo charm'd,

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ſo apprehenſive of thy Beauties, as has betray'd me to Unreſt for ever:———Yet ſomething I will do to tame this lewd Betrayer of my Right, and it ſhall plead no more in thy Behalf; no more, no more diſperſe the Joys which it conceives thro' every Vein (cold and inſenſible by Nature) to kindle new Deſires there.—No more ſhall fill me with unknown Curioſity; no, I will in ſpight of all the Perfumes that dwell about thee, in ſpight of all the Arts thou haſt of looking, of ſpeaking, and of touching, I will, I ſay, aſſume my native Tempers; I will be calm, be cold and unconcern'd, as I have been to all the World,—but to *Philander*.———The Almighty Power he has is unaccountable:——By yonder breaking Day that opens in the Eaſt, opens to ſee my Shame—I ſwear—by that great Ruler of the Day, the Sun, by that Almighty Power that rules them both, I ſwear———I ſwear, *Philander*, charming lovely Youth! thou art the firſt e'er kindled ſoft Deſires about my Soul, thou art the firſt that ever did inform me that there was ſuch a ſort of Wiſh about me. I thought the Vanity of being belov'd made up the greateſt part of the Satisfaction; 'twas Joy to ſee my Lovers ſigh about me, adore and praiſe me, and increaſe my Pride by every Look, by every Word and Action; and him I fancy'd beſt I favour'd moſt, and he paſs'd for the happy Fortune; him I have ſuffer'd too to kiſs and preſs me, to tell me all his Tale of Love, and ſigh, which I would liſten to with Pride and Pleaſure, permitted it, and ſmil'd him kind Returns; nay, by my Life, then thought I lov'd him too, tho' I could have been content to have paſs'd my Life at this gay rate, with this fond h- ng Lover, and thought no farther than of being ſ- , having rich Coaches, ſhewing Equipage, to paſs my Hours in dreſſing, in going to the Opera's and the Tower, make Viſits where I liſt, be ſeen at Balls; and having ſtill the Vanity to think the Men would gaze and languiſh where I came, and all the Women envy me; I thought no farther on—But thou

thou, *Philander*, haſt made me take new Meaſures, I now can think of nothing but of thee, I loath the Sound of Love from any other Voice, and Converſation makes my Soul impatient, and does not only dull me into Melancholy, but perplexes me out of all Humour, out of all patient Sufferance, and I am never ſo well pleas'd when from *Philander*, as when I am retir'd, and curſe my Character and Figure in the World, becauſe it permits me not to prevent being viſited; one Thought of thee is worth the World's Enjoyment; I hate to dreſs, I hate to be agreeable to any Eyes but thine; I hate the Noiſe of Equipage and Crouds, and would be more content to live with thee in ſome lone ſhaded Cottage, than be a Queen, and hinder'd by that Grandeur one Moment's Converſation with *Philander*: May'ſt thou deſpiſe and loath me, a Curſe the greateſt that I can invent, if this be any thing but real honeſt Truth. No, no, *Philander*, I find I never lov'd till now, I underſtood it not, nor knew what thoſe Sighs and Preſſings meant which others gave me; yet every ſpeaking Glance thy Eyes put on, inform my Soul what 'tis they plead and languiſh for: If you but touch my Hand, my Breath grows faint and ſhort, my Blood glows in my Face, and runs with an unuſual Warmth thro' every Vein, and tells my Heart what 'tis *Philander* ails, when he falls ſighing on my Boſom; oh then, I fear, I anſwer every Look, and every Sigh and Touch, in the ſame ſilent but intelligible Language, and underſtood, I fear, too well by thee: 'Till now I never fear'd Love as a Criminal. Oh tell me not, miſtaken fooliſh Maids, true Love is innocent, ye cold, ye dull, ye unconſidering Lovers; tho' I have often heard it from the grave and wiſe, and preach'd my ſelf that Doctrine: I now renounce it all, 'tis falſe, by Heav'n! 'tis falſe, for now I love, and know it all a Fiction; yes, and love ſo, as never any Woman can equal me in Love, my Soul being all compos'd (as I have often ſaid) of ſofter Materials. Nor is it Fancy ſets my Rates on Beauty,

there's an intrinſick Value in thy Charms, which ſurely none but I am able to underſtand, and to thoſe that view thee not with my judging Eyes, Uglineſs fancy'd would appear the ſame, and pleaſe as well. If all could love or judge like me, why does *Philander* paſs ſo unregarded by a thouſand Women, who never ſigh'd for him? What makes *Myrtilla*, who poſſeſſes all, looks on thee, feels thy Kiſſes, hears thee ſpeak, and yet wants Senſe to know how bleſs'd ſhe is, 'tis want of Judgment all; and how, and how can ſhe that judges ill, love well?

Granting my Paſſion equal to its Object, you muſt allow it infinite, and more in me than any other Woman, by how much more my Soul is compos'd of Tenderneſs; and yet I ſay I own, for I may own it, now Heav'n and you are Witneſs of my Shame, I own with all this Love, with all this Paſſion, ſo vaſt, ſo true and ſo unchangeable, that I have Wiſhes, new unwonted Wiſhes; at every Thought of thee, I find a ſtrange diſorder in my Blood, that pants and burns in every Vein, and makes me bluſh, and ſigh, and grow impatient, aſham'd and angry; but when I know it the effects of Love, I am reconcil'd, and wiſh and ſigh a-new; for when I ſit and gaze upon thy Eyes, thy languiſhing, thy lovely dying Eyes, play with thy ſoft white Hand, and lay my glowing Cheeks to thine—— oh God! what Language can expreſs my Tranſport! All that is tender, all that is ſoft Deſire, ſeizes every trembling Limb, and 'tis with Pain conceal'd.—Yes, yes, *Philander*, 'tis the fatal Truth, ſince thou haſt found it, I confeſs it too, and yet I love thee dearly; long, long it was that I eſſay'd to hide the guilty Flame, if Love be Guilt; for I confeſs I did diſſemble a Coldneſs which I was not Miſtreſs of: There lyes a Woman's Art, there all her boaſted Virtue, it is but well diſſembling, and no more——But mine, alas, is gone, for ever fled; this, this feeble Guard that ſhould ſecure my Honour, thou haſt betray'd, and left it quite defenceleſs.

fenceleſs. Ah what's a Woman's Honour when 'tis ſo poorly guarded! No wonder that you conquer with ſuch Eaſe, when we are only ſafe by the mean Arts of baſe Diſſimulation, an Ill as ſhameful as that to which we fall. Oh ſilly Refuge! What fooliſh Nonſenſe fond Cuſtom can perſuade! Yet ſo it is; and ſhe that breaks her Laws, loſes her Fame, her Honour and Eſteem. Oh Heav'ns! how quickly loſt it is! Give me, ye Powers, my Fame, and let me be a Fool; let me retain my Virtue and my Honour, and be a dull Inſenſible———But, oh! where is it? I have loſt it all; 'tis irrecoverably loſt: Yes, yes, ye charming perjur'd Man, 'tis gone, and thou haſt quite undone me.——

What tho' I lay extended on my Bed, undreſt, unapprehenſive of my Fate, my Boſom looſe and eaſy of Acceſs, my Garments ready, thin and wantonly put on, as if they would with little Force ſubmit to the fond ſtraying Hand: What then, *Philander*, muſt you take the Advantage? Muſt you be perjur'd becauſe I was tempting?—'Tis true,—I let you in by Stealth by Night, whoſe ſilent Darkneſs favour'd your Treachery; but oh, *Philander*, were not your Vows as binding by a glimmering Taper, as if the Sun with all his awful Light had been a Looker on? I urg'd your Vows as you preſs'd on,— But oh, I fear it was in ſuch a way, ſo faintly and ſo feebly I upbraided you as did but more advance your Perjuries. Your Strength encreas'd, but mine alas declin'd; 'till I quite fainted in your Arms, left you triumphant Lord of all: No more my faint Denials do perſuade, no more my trembling Hands reſiſt your Force, unregarded lay the Treaſure which you toil'd for, betray'd and yielded to the lovely Conqueror——But oh tormenting,——when you ſaw the Store, and found the Prize no richer, with what Contempt, (yes, falſe dear Man) with what Contempt you view'd the unvalu'd Trophy: What, deſpis'd! Was all you call'd a Heav'n of Joy and Beauty expos'd to View, and then neglected? Were all your Prayers

heard, your Wiſhes granted, and your Toils rewarded, the trembling Victim ready for the Sacrifice, and did you want Devotion to perform it? And did you thus receive the expected Bleſſing? —— Oh ——by Heav'n I'll never ſee thee more; and 'twill be Charity to thee, for thou haſt no Excuſe in ſtore that can convince my Opinion that I am hated, loath'd, ——I cannot bear that Thought ——or if I do; it ſhall only ſerve to fortifie my fix'd Reſolve never to ſee thee more.———And yet I long to hear thy falſe Excuſe, let it be quickly then; 'tis my Diſdain invites thee—— To ſtrengthen which, there needs no more than that you let me hear your poor Defence.———But 'tis tedious time to that ſlow Hour wherein I dare permit thee; but hope not to incline my Soul to love: No, I am yet ſafe if I can ſtop but here, but here be wiſe, reſolve and be my ſelf.

SYLVIA.

To PHILANDER.

AS my Page was coming with the inclos'd, he met *Alexis* at the Gate with yours, and who would not depart without an Anſwer to it; ——to go or ſtay is the Queſtion. Ah, *Philander!* why do you preſs a Heart too ready to yield to Love and you! Alas, I fear you gueſs too well my Anſwer, and your own Soul might ſave me the bluſhing Trouble of a Reply. I am plung'd in paſt hope of a Retreat; and ſince my Fate has pointed me out for Ruin, I cannot fall more glorioufly. • Take then, *Philander*, to your dear Arms, a Maid that can no longer reſiſt, who is diſarm'd of all defenſive Power: She yields, ſhe yields, and does confeſs it too; and ſure ſhe muſt be more than mortal, that can hold out againſt thy Charms and Vows. Since I muſt be undone, and give all away,

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I'll do it generouſly, and ſcorn all mean Reſerves: I will be brave in Love, and laviſh all; nor ſhall *Philander* think I love him well, unleſs I do. Take, charming Victor, then, what your own Merits, and what Love has given you; take, take, at laſt, the dear Reward of all your Sighs and Tears, your Vows and Sufferings. But ſince, *Philander*, 'tis an Age to Night, and till the approach of thoſe dear ſilent Hours, thou know'ſt I dare not give thee admittance; I do conjure thee, go to *Ceſario*, whom I find too preſſing, not to believe the Concerns great; and ſo jealous I am of thy dear Safety, that every thing alarms my Fears: Oh! ſatisfie 'em then and go, 'tis early yet, and if you take Horſe immediately, you will be there by eight this Morning; go, I conjure you; for tho' 'tis an unſpeakable Satisfaction to know you are ſo near me, yet I prefer your Safety and Honour to all Conſiderations elſe. You may ſoon diſpatch your Affair, and render your ſelf time enough on the Place appointed, which is where you laſt Night waited, and 'twill be at leaſt eight at Night before 'tis poſſible to bring you to my Arms. Come in your Chariot, and do not heat your ſelf with Riding; have a care of me and my Life in the Preſervation of all I love. Be ſure you go, and do not, my *Philander*, out of a Punctilio of Love, neglect your dear Safety——Go then, *Philander*, and all the Gods of Love preſerve and attend thee on thy way; and bring thee ſafely back to

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

OH, thou moſt charming of thy Sex! thou lovely dear Delight of my tranſported Soul! thou everlaſting Treaſure of my Heart! what haſt thou done? given me an Over-joy, that fails but very little of perform-

ing what Grief's Exceſs had almoſt finiſh'd before: Eternal Bleſſings on thee, for a Goodneſs ſo Divine, oh, thou moſt excellent and deareſt of thy Sex! I know not what to do, or what to ſay. I am not what I was, I do not ſpeak, nor walk, nor think as I was wont to do; ſure the Exceſs of Joy is far above dull Senſe, or formal thinking, it cannot ſtay for Ceremonious Method. I rave with Pleaſure, rage with the dear Thought of coming Extaſy. Oh *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*! my Soul, my vital Blood, and without which I could as well ſubſiſt ——— Oh, my adorable, my *Sylvia*! methinks I preſs thee, kiſs thee, hear thee ſigh, behold thy Eyes, and all the wondrous Beauty of thy Face; a ſolemn Joy has ſpread it ſelf through every Vein, ſenſibly through every Artery of my Heart, and I can think of nothing but of *Sylvia*, the lovely *Sylvia*, the blooming-flowing *Sylvia*? and ſhall I ſee thee? ſhall I touch thy Hands, and preſs thy dear, thy charming Body in my Arms, and taſte a thouſand Joys, a thouſand Raviſhments? oh God! ſhall I? oh *Sylvia*, ſay; but thou haſt ſaid enough to make me mad, and I, forgetful of thy Safety and my own, ſhall bring thy wild adoring Slave to *Bellſont*, and throw him at thy Feet, to pay his humble Gratitude for this great Condeſcenſion, this vaſt Bounty.

Ah, *Sylvia*! how ſhall I live 'till Night? and you impoſe too cruelly upon me, in conjuring me to go to *Ceſario*; alas! does *Sylvia* know to what ſhe expoſes her *Philander*? whoſe Joy is ſo tranſporting, great, that when he comes into the grave Cabal, he muſt betray the Story of his Heart, and, in lieu of the mighty Buſineſs there in Hand, be raving ſtill on *Sylvia*, telling his Joy to all the amaz'd Liſteners, and anſwering Queſtions that concern our great Affair, with ſomething of my Love; all which will paſs for Madneſs, and undo me: No, give me leave to rave in Silence, and unſeen among the Trees, they'll humour my Diſeaſe, anſwer my murmuring Joy, and Echos flatter it,

it, repeat thy Name, repeat that *Sylvia*'s mine! and never hurt her Fame; while the Cabals, Buſineſs and noiſy Town will add Confuſion to my preſent Tranſport, and make me mad indeed: No, let me alone, thou ſacred lovely Creature, let me be calm and quiet here, and tell all the Inſenſibles I meet in the Woods what *Sylvia* has this happy Minute deſtin'd me: Oh, let me record it on every Bark, on every Oak and Beech, that all the World may wonder at my Fortune, and bleſs the generous Maid; let it grow up to Ages that ſhall come, that they may know the Story of our Loves, and how a happy Youth, they call'd *Philander*, was once ſo bleſt by Heav'n as to poſſeſs the charming, the ador'd and lov'd by all, the glorious *Sylvia!* a Maid, the moſt Divine that ever grac'd a Story; and when the Nymphs would look for an Example of Love and Conſtancy, let them point out *Philander* to their doubted Swains, and cry, Ah! love but as the young *Philander* did, and then be fortunate, and then reap all your Wiſhes: And when the Shepherd would upbraid his Nymph, let him but cry,——See here what *Sylvia* did to ſave the young *Philander*; but oh! there never will be ſuch another Nymph as *Sylvia*; Heav'n form'd but one to ſhew the World what Angels are, and ſhe was form'd for me, yes ſhe was——in whom I would not quit my glorious Intereſt to reign a Monarch here, or any boaſted gilded thing above! take all, take all, ye Gods, and give me but this happy coming Night! Oh, *Sylvia*, *Sylvia!* by all thy promis'd Joys I am undone if any Accident ſhould raviſh this Night from me: This Night! No not for a Leaſe of Years to all Eternity would I throw thee away: Oh! I am all Flame, all joyful Fire and Softneſs; methinks 'tis Heaven where-ever I look around me, Air where I tread, and raviſhing Muſick when I ſpeak, becauſe 'tis all of *Sylvia* ---- Let me alone, oh let me cool a little, or I ſhall by an Exceſs of joyful Thought loſe all my hop'd for Bliſs. Remove a little from me; go, my *Sylvia*,

you are ſo exceſſive ſweet, ſo wondrous dazzling, you preſs my Senſes even to pain —— away —— let me take Air —— let me recover Breath: Oh let me lay me down beneath ſome cooling Shade, near ſome refreſhing Cryſtal murmuring Spring, and fan the gentle Air about me. I ſuffocate, I faint with this cloſe loving, I muſt allay my Joy or be undone —— I'll read thy cruel Letters, or I'll think of ſome ſad melancholy Hour wherein thou haſt diſmiſs'd me diſpairing from thy Preſence: Or while you preſs me now to be gone with ſo much Earneſtneſs, you have ſome Lover to receive and entertain; perhaps 'tis only for the Vanity to hear him tell his nauſeous Paſſion to you, breath on your lovely Face, and daub your Garments with his fulſome Embrace: But oh, by Heav'n, I cannot think that Thought! and thou haſt ſworn thou canſt not ſuffer it———if I ſhould find thee falſe——but 'tis impoſſible——Oh! ſhould I find *Foſcario* viſit thee, him whom thy Parents favour, I ſhould undo you all, by Heav'n I ſhould——but thou haſt ſworn, what need *Philander* more? Yes, *Sylvia*, thou haſt ſworn, and call'd Heav'n's Vengeance down whene'er thou gaveſt a Look, or a dear ſmile in Love to that pretending Fop: Yet from his mighty Fortune there is danger in him —— What makes that Thought torment me now?——be gone, for *Sylvia* loves me, and will preſerve my Life——

I am not able, my adorable Charmer, to obey your Commands in going from the Sight of happy *Bellſont*; no, let the great Wheel of the vaſt Deſign roul on—— or for ever ſtand ſtill, for I'll not aid its Motion to leave the mightier Buſineſs of my Love unfiniſh'd; no, let Fortune and the duller Fools toil on —— for I'll not bate a Minute of my Joys with thee to ſave the World, much leſs ſo poor a parcel of it; and ſure there is more ſolid Pleaſure even in theſe expecting Hours I wait to ſnatch my Bliſs, than to be Lord of all the Univerſe without it; Then let me wait, my

Sylvia,

Sylvia, in thoſe melancholy Shades that part *Bellfont* from *Dorillus*'s Farm; perhaps my *Sylvia* may walk that Way ſo unattended, that we might meet and loſe our ſelves for a few Moments in thoſe intricate Retreats: Ah, *Sylvia!* I am dying with that Thought — Oh Heavins! what cruel Deſtiny is mine? whoſe fatal Circumſtances do not permit me to own my Paſſion, and lay Claim to *Sylvia*, to take her without Controul to Shades and Palaces, to live for ever with her, to gaze for ever on her, to eat, to loll, to riſe, to play, to ſleep, to act over all the Pleaſures and the Joys of Life with her——But 'tis in vain I rave, in vain employ my ſelf in the Fools barren Buſineſs, wiſhing, ——this Thought has made me ſad as Death: Oh, *Sylvia!* I can ne'er be truly happy——adieu, employ thy ſelf in writing to me, and remember my Life bears Date but only with thy Faith and Love.

PHILANDER.

Try, my Adorable, what you can do to meet me in the Wood this Afternoon, for there I'll live to Day.

To PHILANDER.

OBſtinate *Philander*, I conjure you by all your Vows, by all your ſacred Love, by thoſe dear Hours this happy Night deſign'd in favour of you, to go without Delay to *Ceſario*; 'twill be unſafe to diſobey a Prince in his jealous Circumſtances. The Fatigue of the Journey cannot be great, and you well know the Torment of my Fears! Oh! I ſhall never be happy, or think you ſafe, 'till you have quitted this fatal Intereſt: Go, my *Philander*——and remember what-ever Toils you take will be rewarded at Night in the Arms of

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

WHatever Toils you take ſhall be rewarded in the Arms of *Sylvia!*——By Heav'n, I am inſpir'd to act Wonders: Yes, *Sylvia*, yes, my adorable Maid, I am gone, I fly as ſwift as Lightning, or the ſoft Darts of Love ſhot from thy charming Eyes, and I can hardly ſtay to ſay——Adieu——

To the LADY——

Dear Child,

LONG foreſeeing the Miſery whereto you muſt arrive, by this fatal Correſpondence with my unhappy Lord, I have often, with Tears and Prayers, implor'd you to decline ſo dangerous a Paſſion: I have never yet acquainted our Parents with your Misfortunes, but I fear I muſt at laſt make uſe of their Authority for the Prevention of your Ruin. 'Tis not, my deareſt Child, that part of this unhappy Story that relates to me that grieves me, but purely that of thine.

Conſider, oh young noble Maid, the Infamy of being a Proſtitute! and yet the Act it ſelf in this fatal Amour is not the greateſt Sin, but the Manner, which carries an unuſual Horror with it; for 'tis a Brother too, my Child, as well as a Lover, one that has lain by thy unhappy Siſter's Side ſo many tender Years, by whom he has a dear and lovely Off-ſpring, by which he has more fixt himſelf to thee by Relation and Blood: Conſider this, oh fond heedleſs Girl! and ſuffer not a momentary Joy to rob thee of thy Eternal Fame, me of my Eternal Repoſe, and fix a Brand upon our noble Houſe, and ſo undo us all.——Alas, conſider, after an Action ſo ſhameful, thou muſt obſcure thy ſelf in ſome remote

remote Corner of the World, where Honeſty and Honour never are heard of: No, thou canſt not ſhew thy Face, but 'twill be pointed at for ſomething monſtrous; for a hundred Ages may not produce a Story ſo leudly infamous and looſe as thine. Perhaps (fond as you are) you imagine the ſole Joy of being belov'd by him, will attone for thoſe Affronts and Reproaches you will meet with in the cenſuring World: But, Child, remember and believe me, there is no laſting Faith in Sin; he that has broke his Vows with Heav'n and me, will be again perjur'd to Heav'n and thee, and all the World!——He once thought me as lovely, lay at my Feet, and ſigh'd away his Soul, and told ſuch pitious Stories of his Sufferings, ſuch ſad, ſuch mournful Tales of his departed Reſt, his broken Heart and everlaſting Love, that ſure I thought it had been a Sin not to have credited his charming Perjuries; in ſuch a way he ſwore, with ſuch a Grace he ſigh'd, ſo artfully he mov'd, ſo tenderly he look'd. Alas, dear Child, then all he ſaid was new, unuſual with him, never told before; now 'tis a beaten Road, 'tis learn'd by Heart, and eaſily addreſs'd to any fond believing Woman, the tatter'd, worn-out Fragments of my Trophies, the Dregs of what I long ſince drain'd from off his fickle Heart; then it was fine, then it was brisk and new, now pall'd and dull'd by being repeated often. Think, my Child, what your victorious Beauty merits, the Victim of a Heart unconquer'd by any but your Eyes: Alas, he has been my Captive, my humble whining Slave, diſdain to put him on your Fetters now; alas, he can ſay no new thing of his Heart to thee, 'tis Love at ſecond Hand, worn out, and all its gaudy Luſtre tarniſh'd; beſides, my Child, if thou hadſt no Religion binding enough, no Honour that could ſtay thy fatal Courſe, yet Nature ſhould oblige thee, and give a Check to the unreaſonable Enterprize. The Griefs and Diſhonour of our noble Parents, who have been eminent for Virtue and Piety, oh ſuffer 'em not to be

regarded

regarded in this cenſuring World as the moſt unhappy of all the Race of old Nobility; thou art the darling Child, the Joy of all, the laſt Hope left, the Refuge of their Sorrow; for they, alas, have had but unkind Stars to influence their unadvis'd Off-ſpring; no want of Virtue in their Education, but this laſt Blow of Fate muſt ſtrike 'em dead: Think, think of this, my Child, and yet retire from Ruin; haſte, fly from Deſtruction which purſues thee faſt; haſte, haſte, and ſave thy Parents and a Siſter, or what's more dear, thy Fame; mine has already receiv'd but too many deſperate Wounds, and all thro' my unkind Lord's growing Paſſion for thee, which was moſt fatally founded on my Ruin, and nothing but my Ruin could advance it; and when, my Siſter, thou haſt run thy Race, made thy ſelf loath'd, undone and infamous as Hell, deſpis'd, ſcorn'd and abandon'd by all, lampoon'd, perhaps diſeas'd; this faithleſs Man, this Cauſe of all will leave thee too, grow weary of thee, nauſeated by uſe; he may perhaps conſider what Sins, what Evils, and what Inconveniences and Shames thou'ſt brought him to, and will not be the laſt ſhall loath and hate thee: For though Youth fancy it have a mighty Race to run of pleaſing Vice and Vanity, the Courſe will end, the Goal will be arriv'd to, at the laſt, where they will ſighing ſtand, look back, and view the length of precious Time they've fool'd away; when travers'd o'er with Honour and Diſcretion, how glorious were the Journey, and with what Joy the weary'd Traveller lies down and basks beneath the Shades that end the happy Courſe.

Forgive, dear Child, this Advice, and purſue it; 'tis the Effect of my Pity, not Anger; nor could the Name of Rival ever yet have Power to baniſh that of Siſter from my Soul —— Farewel, remember me; pray Heav'n thou haſt not this Night made a Forfeit of thy Honour, and that this which comes from a tender bleeding Heart may have the Fortune to inſpire

thee with Grace to avoid all Temptations for the future, ſince they muſt end in Sorrow; which is the Eternal Prayer of,

Deareſt Child,
Your Affectionate Siſter.

To PHILANDER.

ASK me not, my deareſt Brother, the Reaſon of this ſudden Change, ask me no more from whence proceeds this ſtrange Coldneſs, or why this Alteration; it is enough my Deſtiny has not decreed me for *Philander:* Alas, I ſee my Error, and looking round about me, find nothing but approaching Horror and Confuſion in my Purſuit of Love: Oh whither was I going, to what dark Paths, what everlaſting Shades had ſmiling Love betray'd me, had I purſu'd him farther? but I at laſt have ſubdu'd his Force, and the fond Charmer ſhall no more renew his Arts and Flatteries; for I'm reſolv'd as Heav'n, as fix'd as Fate and Death, and I conjure you trouble my Repoſe no more; for if you do (regardleſs of my Honour, which if you lov'd you would preſerve) I'll do a Deed ſhall free me from your Importunities, that ſhall amaze and cool your vicious Flame. No more;—— remember you have a noble Wife, Companion of your Vows, and I have Honour, both which are worth preſerving, and for which, though you want generous Love, you'll find neither that nor Courage wanting in *Sylvia.*

To SYLVIA.

YES, my Adorable *Sylvia,* I will purſue you no farther; only for all my Pains, for all my Sufferings, for my tormenting ſleepleſs Nights, and thought-

ful

ful anxious Days; for all my faithleſs Hopes, my Fears, my Sighs, my Prayers and my Tears, for my unequall'd and unbounded Paſſion, and my unweary'd Purſuits in Love, my never dying Flame, and laſtly, for my Death; I only beg, in Recompence for all, this laſt Favour from your Pity; That you will deign to view the bleeding Wound that pierc'd the trueſt Heart that ever fell a Sacrifice to Love; you'll find my Body lying beneath that ſpreading Oak, ſo ſacred to *Philander*, ſince 'twas there he firſt took into his greedy raviſh'd Soul the dear, the ſoft Confeſſion of thy Paſſion, tho' now forgotten and neglected all——Make what haſte you can, you'll find there ſtretch'd out the mangled Carkaſs of the loſt

PHILANDER.

Ah *Sylvia!* was it for this that I was ſent in ſuch haſte away this Morning to *Ceſario?* Did I for this neglect the World, our great Affair, and all that Prince's Intereſt, and fly back to *Bellfont* on the Wings of Love? where in lieu of receiving a dear Bleſſing from thy Hand, do I find —— Never ſee me more—— good Heav'n——but, with my Life, all my Complaints are ended; only 'twould be ſome Eaſe, even in Death, to know what happy Rival 'tis has arm'd thy cruel Hand againſt *Philander*'s Heart.

To PHILANDER.

STAY, I conjure thee ſtay thy Sacrilegious Hand; for the leaſt Wound it gives the Lord of all my Wiſhes, I'll double on my Breaſt a thouſand fold; ſtay then, by all thy Vows, thy Love, and all the Hopes, I ſwear thou haſt this Night a full Recompence of all thy Pains from yielding *Sylvia*; I do conjure thee ſtay ——for when the News arrives thou art no more, this poor, this loſt, abandon'd Heart of mine ſhall fall

a Vi-

a Victim to thy Cruelty: No, live, my *Philander*, I conjure thee, and receive all thou canſt ask, and all that can be given by

SYLVIA.

To PHILANDER.

OH, my charming *Philander!* how very ill have you recompens'd my laſt ſoft Commands? which were that you ſhould live; and yet at the ſame Moment, while you are reading of the dear Obligation, and while my Page was waiting your kind Return, you deſperately expos'd your Life to the Mercy of this innocent Rival, betraying unadviſedly at the ſame time my Honour, and the Secret of your Love, and where to kill, or to be kill'd, had been almoſt equally unhappy: 'Twas well my Page told me you diſarm'd him in this Rencounter; yet you, he ſays, are wounded, ſome ſacred Drops of Blood are fallen to the Earth and loſt, the leaſt of which are precious enough to ranſom Captive Queens: Oh! haſte, *Philander*, to my Arms for Cure, I die with Fear there may be Danger,——haſte, and let me bathe the dear, the wounded Part in Floods of Tears, lay to my warm Lips, and bind it with my torn Hair: Oh! *Philander*, I rave with my Concern for thee, and am ready to break all Laws of Decency and Duty, and fly, without conſidering, to thy Succour, but that I fear to injure thee much more by the Diſcovery, which ſuch an unadvis'd Abſence would make. Pray Heav'n the unlucky Adventure reach not *Bellfont*; *Foſcario* has no reaſon to proclaim it, and thou art too generous to boaſt the Conqueſt, and my Page was the only Witneſs, and he's as ſilent and as ſecret as the Grave: But why, *Philander*, was he ſent me back without Reply? what meant that cruel Silence——ſay, my *Philander*, will you not obey me?——will you abandon me? can that dear Tongue be perjur'd?

perjur'd? and can you this Night diſappoint your *Sylvia?* what have I done, oh obſtinately cruel, irreconcilable——what, for my firſt Offence? a little poor Reſentment and no more? a little faint Care of my gaſping Honour, could that diſpleaſe ſo much? beſides I had a Cauſe, which you ſhall ſee; a Letter that would cool Love's hotteſt Fires, and turn it to Devotion; by Heav'n 'twas ſuch a Check——ſuch a Surprize——but you your ſelf ſhall judge, if after that I could ſay leſs, than bid eternally farewel to Love——at leaſt to thee——but I recanted ſoon; one ſad dear Word, one ſoft reſenting Line from thee, gain'd Love the Day again, and I deſpis'd the Cenſures of the duller World: Yes, yes, and I confeſs'd you had o'ercome, and did this merit no Reply? I ask'd the Boy a thouſand times what you ſaid, how and in what manner you received it, chid him, and laid your ſilent Fault on him, till he with Tears convinc'd me, and ſaid he found you haſtning to the Grove,——and when he gave you my Commands——you look'd upon him with ſuch a ſtedfaſt, wild and fix'd Regard, ſurveying him all o'er while you were opening it——as argu'd ſome unuſual Motion in you; then cry'd, Be gone-----I cannot anſwer Flattery——Good Heav'n, what can you mean? but e'er he got to the farther End of the Grove, where ſtill you walk'd a ſolemn Death-like Pace, he ſaw *Foſcario* paſs him unattended, and looking back ſaw your Rencounter, ſaw all that happen'd between you, then ran to your Aſſiſtance juſt as you parted; ſtill you were roughly ſullen, and neither took notice of his proffer'd Service, nor that you needed it, although you bled apace; he offer'd you his Aid to tie your Wounds up——but you reply'd——Be gone, and do not trouble me——Oh, could you imagine I could live with this Neglect? could you, my *Philander?* oh, what would you have me do! If nothing but my Death or Ruin can ſuffice for my Attonement, I'll ſacrifice either with Joy;

yes,

yes, I'll proclaim my Paſſion aloud, proclaim it at *Bellfont*, own the dear criminal Flame, fly to my *Philander*'s Aid and be undone; for thus I cannot, no, I will not live, I rave, I languiſh, faint and die with Pain; ſay that you live, oh, ſay but that you live, ſay you are coming to the Meadow behind the Garden-grove in order to your Approach to my Arms: Oh, ſwear that all your Vows are true; oh, ſwear that you are *Sylvia*'s; and, in return, I'll ſwear that I am yours without Reſerve, whatever Fate is deſtin'd for your

SYLVIA.

I die with Impatience, either to ſee or hear from you; I fear 'tis yet too ſoon for the firſt——oh therefore ſave me with the laſt, or I ſhall rave, and wildly betray all by coming to Dorillus *his Farm, or ſeeking you where-e'er you cruelly have hid your ſelf from*

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

AH, *Sylvia*, how have you in one Day deſtroy'd that Repoſe I have been deſigning ſo many Years! Oh, thou falſe——but wondrous fair Creature! why did Heaven ordain ſo much Beauty and ſo much Perfidy, ſo much excellent Wit and ſo much Cunning, (things inconſiſtent in any but in *Sylvia*) in one Divine Frame, but to undo Mankind: Yes, *Sylvia*, thou wert born to murther more believing Men than the unhappy and undone *Philander*. Tell me, thou charming Hypocrite, why haſt thou thus deluded me? why, oh, why was I made the miſerable Object of thy fatal Vow-breach? What have I done, thou lovely, fickle Maid, that thou ſhouldſt be my Murtherer? And why doſt thou call me from the Grave with ſuch dear ſoft Commands as would awake the very quiet Dead, to torture me anew, after my Eyes (curſe on their fatal

Senſe) were too ſure Witneſſes of thy Infidelity? Oh, fickle Maid, how much more kind 't had been to have ſent me down to Earth, with plain heart-breaking Truth, than a mean ſubtle Falſhood, that has undone thy Credit in my Soul: Truth, tho' 'twere cruel, had been generous in thee; tho' thou wert perjur'd, falſe, forſworn——thou ſhouldſt not have added to it that yet baſer Sin of Treachery: You might have been provok'd to have kill'd your Friend, but it were baſe to ſtab him unawares, defenceleſs and unwarn'd; ſmile in my Face, and ſtrike me to the Heart; ſooth me with all the tendereſt Marks of Paſſion——nay, with an Invitation too, that would have gain'd a Credit in one that had been jilted o'er the World, flatter'd and ruin'd by all thy cozening Sex, and all to ſend me vain and pleas'd away, only to gain a Day to entertain another Lover in. Oh, fantaſtick Woman! deſtructive glorious Thing, what needed this Deceit? Hadſt thou not with unwonted Induſtry perſuaded me to have haſted to *Ceſario*, by Heav'n, I had dully liv'd the tedious Day in traverſing the flow'ry Meads and ſilent Groves, laid by ſome murmuring Spring had ſigh'd away the often counted Hours, and thought on *Sylvia*, 'till the bleſs'd Minute of my raviſhing Approach to her; had been a fond, believing and impos'd on Coxcomb, and never had dreamt the Treachery, never ſeen the Snake that bask'd beneath the gay, the ſmiling Flowers; ſecurely thou hadſt cozen'd me, reap'd thy new Joys, and made my Rival ſport at the Expence of all my Happineſs: Yes, yes, your haſty Importunity firſt gave me Jealouſie, made me impatient with *Ceſario*, and excuſe my ſelf to him by a hundred Inventions; neglected all to haſten back, where all my Joys, where all my killing Fears and Torments reſided——But when I came ——how was I welcom'd? With your confirming Billet; yes, *Sylvia*, how! let *Dorillus* inform you, between whoſe Arms I fell dead, Shame on me, dead!—— and the firſt Thought my Soul conceiv'd when it re-

turn'd,

turn'd, was, not to die in Jeſt. I anſwer'd your Commands, and haſten'd to the Grove, where——by all that's ſacred, by thy ſelf I ſwear (a dearer Oath than Heav'n and Earth can furniſh me with) I did reſolve to die; but oh, how ſoon my ſoft, my ſilent Paſſion turn'd to loud Rage, Rage eaſier to be born, to dire Deſpair, to Fury and Revenge; for there I ſaw *Foſcario*, my young, my fair, my rich and powerful Rival, he haſted through the Grove all warm and glowing from the fair falſe ones Arms; the Bluſhes which thy Eyes had kindled were freſh upon his Cheeks, his Looks were ſparkling with the new-blown Fire, his Heart ſo briskly burnt with, a glad, a peaceful Smile dreſs'd all his Face, trick'd like a Bridegroom, while he perfum'd the Air as he paſs'd thro' it——None but the Man that loves and dotes like me is able to expreſs my Senſe of Rage: I quickly turn'd the Sword from my own Heart to ſend it to his elevated one, giving him only time to — draw — that was the Word, and I confeſs your Spark was wondrous ready, brisk with Succeſs, vain with your new-given Favours he only cry'd——— If *Sylvia* be the Quarrel——— I am prepar'd———— And he maintain'd your Cauſe with admirable Courage I confeſs, though Chance or Fortune luckily gave me his Sword, which I would fain have render'd back, and that way would have dy'd; but he refus'd to arm his Hand anew againſt the Man that had not took Advantage of him, and thus we parted: Then 'twas that Malice ſupported me with Life, and told me I ſhould ſcorn to die for ſo perfidious and ſo ruinous a Creature; but charming and bewitching ſtill, 'twas then I borrow'd ſo much Calmneſs of my leſſening Anger to read the Billet o'er, your Page had brought me, which melted all the rough remaining Part of Rage away into tame Languiſhment: Ah, *Sylvia*! this Heart of mine was never form'd by Nature to hold out long in ſtubborn Sullenneſs; I am already on the excuſing Part, and fain would think thee innocent and juſt; deceive me pretti-

ly, I know thou canſt ſooth my fond Heart, and ask how it could harbour a faithleſs Thought of *Sylvia*—— do———flatter me, proteſt a little, ſwear my Rival ſaw thee not, ſay he was there by chance——ſay any thing; or if thou ſaw'ſt him, ſay with how cold a Look he was receiv'd——Oh, *Sylvia*, calm my Soul, deceive it, flatter it, and I ſhall ſtill believe and love thee on —— Yet ſhould'ſt thou tell me Truth, that thou art falſe, by Heav'n I do adore thee ſo, I ſtill ſhould love thee on; ſhould I have ſeen thee claſp him in thy Arms, print Kiſſes on his Cheeks and Lips, and more——ſo fondly and ſo dotingly I love, I think I ſhould forgive thee; for I ſwear by all the Powers that pity frail Mortality, there is no Joy, no Life, no Heav'n without thee! Be falſe, be cruel, perjur'd, infamous, yet ſtill I muſt adore thee; my Soul was form'd of nothing but of Love, and all that Love, and all that Soul is *Sylvia*'s: But yet, ſince thou haſt fram'd me an Excuſe, be kind and carry it on;——to be deluded well, as thou can'ſt do't, will be the ſame to Innocence as loving: I ſhall not find the Cheat: I'll come then——and lay my ſelf at thy Feet, and ſeek there that Repoſe, that dear Content which is not to be found in this vaſt World beſides; though much of my Heart's Joy thou haſt abated, and fix'd a Sadneſs in my Soul that will not eaſily vaniſh——Oh *Sylvia*, take care of me, for I am in thy Power, my Life, my Fame, my Soul are in thy Hands, be tender of the Victims, and remember if any Action of thy Life ſhould ſhew a fading Love, that very Moment I perceive the Change, you ſhall find dead at your Feet the abandon'd

PHILANDER.

Sad as Death, I am going towards the Meadow, in order to my Approach towards Sylvia; *the World affording no Repoſe to me, but when I am where the dear Charmer is.*

To

To Philander *in the Meadow.*

AND can you be jealous of me, *Philander?* I mean ſo poorly jealous as to believe me capable of Falſhood, of Vow-Breach, and what's worſe, of loving any thing but the adorable *Philander?* Oh, I could not once believe ſo cruel a Thought could have entered into the Imaginations of a Soul ſo entirely poſſeſs'd with *Sylvia*, and ſo great a Judge of Love? Abandon me, reproach me, hate me, ſcorn me, whenever I harbour any thing in mind ſo deſtructive to my Repoſe and thine. Can I, *Philander*, give you a greater Proof of my Paſſion, of my faithful, never-dying Paſſion, than being undone for you? Have I any other Proſpect in all this ſoft Adventure, but Shame, Diſhonour, Reproach, eternal Infamy, and everlaſting Deſtruction, even of Soul and Body: I tremble with Fear of future Puniſhment; but oh, Love will have no Devotion (mix'd with his Ceremonies) to any other Deity; and yet, alas, I might have lov'd another, and have been ſav'd, or any Maid but *Sylvia*, might have poſſeſs'd without Damnation. But 'tis a Brother I purſue, it is a Siſter gives her Honour up, and none but *Cannace*, that ever I read in Story, was ever found ſo wretched as to love a Brother with ſo criminal a Flame, and poſſibly I may meet her Fate. I have a Father too as great as *Æolus*, as angry and revengeful where his Honour is concern'd; and you found, my deareſt Brother, how near you were laſt Night to a Diſcovery in the Garden: I have ſome Reaſon too to fear this Night's Adventure, for as ill Fate would have it (loaded with other Thoughts) I told not *Melinda* of your Adventure laſt Night with *Monſieur* the Count, who meeting her early this Morning, had like to have made a Diſcovery, if he have not really ſo already; ſhe ſtrove to ſhun him, but he cry'd out——*Melinda*, you cannot fly me by Light, as you did laſt Night in the

Dark——She turn'd and begg'd his Pardon, for neither coming nor deſigning to come, ſince ſhe had reſolv'd never to violate her Vows to *Alexis:* Not coming cry'd he, not returning again, you meant, *Melinda*; ſecure of my Heart and my Purſe, you fled with both: *Melinda*, whoſe Honour was now concern'd and not reminding your Eſcape in her Likeneſs, bluſhing, ſhe ſharply denied the Fact, and with a Diſdain that had laid aſide all Reſpect, left him; nor can it be doubted, but he fancied (if ſhe ſpoke Truth) there was ſome other Intrigue of Love carried on at *Bellfont:* Judge, my charming *Philander*, if I have not Reaſon to be fearful of thy Safety, and my Fame, and to be jealous that ſo wiſe a Man as *Monſieur* did not take that Parly to be held with a Spirit laſt Night, or that 'twas an Apparition he courted: But if there be no Boldneſs like that of Love, nor Courage like that of a Lover; ſure there never was ſo great a *Heroine* as *Sylvia*. Undaunted, I reſolve to ſtand the Shock of all, ſince 'tis impoſſible for me to leave *Philander* any Doubt or Jealouſie that I can diſſipate, and Heav'n knows how far I was from any Thought of ſeeing *Foſcario*, when I urg'd *Philander* to depart. I have to clear my Innocence, ſent thee the Letter I receiv'd two Hours after thy Abſence, which falling into my Mother's Hands, whoſe Favourite he is, he had Permiſſion to make his Viſit, which within an Hour he did; but how received by me, be thou the Judge, whene'er it is thy Fate to be oblig'd to entertain ſome Woman to whom thy Soul has an entire Averſion. I forced a Complaiſance againſt my Nature, endured his racking Courtſhip with a Fortitude that became the great Heart that bears thy ſacred Image; as Martyrs do, I ſuffer'd without murmuring, or the leaſt Sign of the Pain I endur'd——— 'Tis below the Dignity of my mighty Paſſion to juſtifie it farther, let it plead its own Cauſe, it has a thouſand ways to do it, and thoſe all ſuch as cannot be

be reſiſted, cannot be doubted, eſpecially this laſt Proof of ſacrificing to your Repoſe the never more to be doubted.

SYLVIA.

About an Hour hence I ſhall expect you to advance.

To the LADY——.

Madam,

'TIS not always the Divine Graces wherewith Heav'n has adorn'd your reſplendent Beauties, that can maintain the innumerable Conqueſts they gain, without a noble Goodneſs, which may make you ſenſibly compaſſionate the poor and forlorn Captives you have undone: But moſt fair of your Sex, 'tis I alone that have a Deſtiny more cruel and ſevere, and find my ſelf wounded from your very Frowns, and ſecur'd a Slave as well as made one; the very Scorn from thoſe triumphant Stars, your Eyes, have the ſame Effects as if they ſhin'd with the continual Splendor of raviſhing Smiles; and I can no more ſhun their killing Influence, than their all ſaving Aſpects: And I ſhall expire contentedly, ſince I fall by ſo glorious a Fate, if you will vouchſafe to pronounce my Doom from that Storehouſe of Perfection, your Mouth, from Lips that open like the bluſhing Roſe, ſtrow'd o'er with Morning Dew, and from a Breath ſweeter than holy Incenſe; in order to which, I approach you, moſt excellent Beauty, with this moſt humble Petition, that you will deign to permit me to throw my unworthy ſelf before the Throne of your Mercy, there to receive the Sentence of my Life or Death; a Happineſs tho' incomparably too great for ſo mean a Vaſſal, yet with that Reverence and Awe I ſhall receive it, as I would the Sentence of the Gods, and which I will no more reſiſt than I would the Thun-

derbolts of *Jove*, or the Revenge of angry *Juno*: For Madam, my immenſe Paſſion knows no *medium* between Life and Death, and as I never had the Preſumption to aſpire to the Glory of the firſt, I am not ſo abject as to fear I am wholly depriv'd of the Glory of the laſt: I have too long lain convicted, extend your Mercy, and put me now out of Pain: You have often wreck'd me to confeſs my Promethean Sin; ſpare the cruel Vulture of Deſpair, take him from my Heart in Pity, and either by killing Words, or blaſting Lightning from thoſe refulgent Eyes, pronounce the Death of,

Madam,

Your admiring Slave,

FOSCARIO.

To SYLVIA.

My Everlaſting Charmer,

I Am convinc'd and pleas'd, my Fears are vaniſh'd, and a Heav'n of ſolid Joy is open'd to my View, and I have nothing now in Proſpect but Angel-Brightneſs, glittering Youth, dazling Beauty, charming Sounds, and raviſhing Touches, and all around me Ecſtaſies of Pleaſure, unconceivable Tranſports without Concluſion; *Mahomet* never fancy'd ſuch a Heav'n, not all his Paradiſe promis'd ſuch laſting Felicity, or ever provided there the Recompence of ſuch a Maid as *Sylvia*, ſuch a bewitching Form, ſuch ſoft, ſuch glorious Eyes, where the Soul ſpeaks and dances, and betray's Love's Secrets in every killing Glance, a Face, where every Motion, every Feature ſweetly languiſhes, a Neck all tempting——and her lovely Breaſt, inviting, preſſes from the eager Lips; ſuch Hands, ſuch claſping Arms, ſo white, ſo ſoft and ſlender! no, nor one of all his heav'nly

heav'nly Enjoyments, though promis'd Years of fainting in one continu'd Ecſtaſie, can make one Moment's Joy with charming *Sylvia*. Oh, I am wrapt (with bare Imagination) with a much vaſter Pleaſure than any other dull Appointment can diſpenſe———Oh, thou Bleſſing ſent from Heav'n to eaſe my Toils of Life! Thou ſacred dear Delight of my fond doting Heart, oh, whither wilt thou lead me, to what vaſt heights of Love? into Extremes as fatal and as dangerous as thoſe Exceſſes were that render'd me ſo cold in your Opinion. Oh, *Sylvia*, *Sylvia*, have a care of me, manage my over-joy'd Soul, and all its eager Paſſions, chide my fond Heart, be angry if I faint upon thy Boſom, and do not with thy tender Voice recal me, a Voice that kills out-right, and calls my fleeting Soul out of its Habitation: Lay not ſuch charming Lips to my cold Cheeks, but let me lye extended at thy Feet untouch'd, unſigh'd upon, unpreſs'd with Kiſſes: Oh, change thoſe tender, trembling Words of Love into rough Sounds and Noiſes unconcern'd, and when you ſee me dying, do not call my Soul to mingle with thy Sighs; yet ſhould'ſt thou bate one Word, one Look or Tear, by Heav'n, I ſhould be mad; oh, never let me live to ſee Declenſion in thy Love! no, no, my Charmer, I cannot bear the leaſt ſuppos'd Decay in thoſe dear Fondneſſes of thine; and ſure none e'er became a Maid ſo well, nor ever were receiv'd with Adorations like to mine!

Pardon, my adorable *Sylvia*, the Raſhneſs of my Paſſion in this Rancounter with *Oſcario*; I am ſatisfy'd he is too unhappy in your Diſfavour to merit the being ſo in mine; but 'twas ſufficient I then ſaw a Joy in his Face, a pleas'd Gaiety in his Looks to make me think my Rage reaſonable, and my Quarrel juſt; by the Style he writes, I dread his Senſe leſs than his Perſon; but you, my lovely Maid, have ſaid enough to quit me of my Fears for both———the Night comes on———I cannot call it envious, though it rob me

me of the Light that ſhould aſſiſt me to finiſh this, ſince it will more glorioufly repay me in a happier Place——— Come on then, thou bleſt Retreat of Lovers, I forgive thy Interruptions here, ſince thou wilt conduct to the Arms of *Sylvia*———the adoring

PHILANDER.

If you have any Commands for me, this Weeder of the Gardens, whom I met in going in thither, will bring it back; I wait in the Meadow, and date this from the dear Primroſe-Bank, where I have ſate with Sylvia.

To PHILANDER.

After the happy Night.

'TIS done; yes, *Philander*, 'tis done, and after that what will not Love and Grief oblige me to own to you? Oh, by what inſenſible Degrees a Maid in Love may arrive to ſay any thing to her Lover without Bluſhing! I have known the time, the bleſt innocent time, when but to think I lov'd *Philander*, would have cover'd my Face with Shame, and to have ſpoke it would have fill'd me with Confuſion ——— have made me tremble, bluſh, and bend my guilty Eyes to Earth, not daring to behold my charming Conquerer, while I made that baſhful Confeſſion ——— though now I am grown bold in Love, yet I have known the time when being at Court, and coming from the Preſence, being offer'd ſome officious Hand to lead me to my Coach, I have ſhrunk back with my Averſion to your Sex, and have conceal'd my Hands in my Pockets to prevent their being touch'd; ———a Kiſs would turn my Stomach, and amorous Looks

Looks (though they would make me vain) gave me a Hate to him that ſent them, and never any Maid reſolv'd ſo much as I to tread the Paths of Honour, and I had many Precedents before me to make me careful: Thus I was arm'd with Reſolution, Pride and Scorn, againſt all Mankind; but alas, I made no Defence againſt a Brother, but innocently lay expos'd to all his Attacks of Love, and never thought it criminal 'till it kindled a new Deſire about me, Oh, that I ſhould not die with Shame to own it———Yet ſee (I ſay) how from one ſoft Degree to another, I do not only confeſs the ſhameful Truth, but act it too; what with a Brother———Oh Heav'ns! a Crime ſo monſtrous and ſo new——But by all thy Love, by thoſe ſurprizing Joys ſo lately experienced——— I never will———No, no, I never can——repent it: Oh incorrigible Paſſion! oh harden'd Love! At leaſt I might have ſome Remorſe, ſome Sighing after my poor departed Honour; but why ſhould I diſſemble with the Powers Divine; that know the Secrets of a Soul doom'd to eternal Love? Yet I am mad, I rave and tear my ſelf, traverſe my guilty Chamber in a diſorder'd, but a ſoft Confuſion; and often opening the conſcious Curtains, ſurvey the Print where thou and I were laſt Night laid, ſurveying it with a thouſand tender Sighs, and kiſs and preſs thy dear forſaken Side, imagine over all our ſolemn Joys, every dear Tranſport, all our raviſhing repeated Bliſſes; then almoſt fainting, languiſhing, cry——*Philander*, oh, my charming little God! then lay me down in the dear Place you preſs'd, ſtill warm and fragrant with the ſweet Remains that thou haſt left behind thee on the Pillow. Oh, my Soul's Joy! my dear, eternal Pleaſure! what Softneſs haſt thou added to my Heart within a few Hours? But oh *Philander*———if (as I've oft been told) Poſſeſſion, which makes Women fond and doting, ſhould make thee cold, and grow indifferent——if nauſeated with repeated Joy, and having made a full Diſcovery,

of

of all that was but once imaginary, when Fancy render'd every thing much finer than Experience, oh, how were I undone! For me, by all the Inhabitants of Heav'n I ſwear, by thy dear charming ſelf, and by thy Vows——thou ſo tranſcend'ſt all Fancy, all dull Imagination, all wond'ring Ideas of what Man was to me, that I believe thee more than human! ſome Charm Divine dwells in thy Touches; beſides all theſe, thy charming Look, thy Love, the Beauties that adorn thee, and thy Wit, I ſwear there is a Secret in Nature that renders thee more dear, and fits thee to my Soul; do not ask it me, let it ſuffice, 'tis ſo, and is not to be told; yes, by it I know thou art the Man created for my Soul, and he alone that has the Power to touch it; my Eyes and Fancy might have been diverted, I might have favour'd this above the other, preferr'd that Face, that Wit, or Shape, or Air——but to concern my Soul to make that capable of ſomething more than Love, 'twas only neceſſary that *Philander* ſhould be form'd, and form'd juſt as he is, that Shape, that Face, that Height, that dear Proportion; I would not have a Feature, not a Look, not a Hair alter'd, juſt as thou art, thou art an Angel to me, and I, without conſidering what I am, what I might be, or ought, without conſidering the fatal Circumſtances of thy being marry'd (a Thought that ſhocks my Soul whene'er it enters) or whate'er other Thought that does concern my Happineſs or Quiet, have fix'd my Soul to Love and my *Philander*, to love thee with all thy Diſadvantages, and glory in my Ruin; theſe are my firm Reſolves——theſe are my Thoughts. But thou art gone, with all the Trophies of my Love and Honour, gay with the Spoils, which now perhaps are unregarded: The Myſtery's now reveal'd, the mighty Secret's known, and now will be no Wonder or Surprize: But hear my Vows, by all on which my Life depends I ſwear——if ever I perceive the leaſt Decay of Love in thee, if e'er thou break'ſt

break'ſt an Oath, a Vow, a Word, if e'er I ſee Repentance in thy Face, or Coldneſs in thy Eyes (which Heav'n divert) by that bright Heav'n I'll die; you may believe me, ſince I had the Courage and durſt love thee, and after that durſt ſacrifice my Fame, loſe all to juſtifie that Love, will, when a Change ſo fatal ſhall arrive, find Courage too to die; yes, die, *Philander*, aſſure thy ſelf I will, and therefore have a Care of

SYLVIA.

To PHILANDER.

OH, where ſhall I find Repoſe, where ſeek a ſilent Quiet, but in my laſt Retreat, the Grave! I ſay not this, my deareſt *Philander*, that I do or ever can repent my Love, though the fatal Source of all: For already we are betray'd, our Race of Joys, our Courſe of ſtol'n Delight is ended e'er begun. I chid, alas, at Morning's Dawn, I chid you to be gone, and yet, Heav'n knows, I graſp'd you faſt, and rather would have dy'd than parted with you; I ſaw the Day come on, and curs'd its buſie Light, and ſtill you cry'd one bleſſed Minute more, before I part with all the Joys of Life! and Hours were Minutes then, and Day grew old upon us unawares, 'twas all abroad, and had call'd up all the Houſhold Spies to pry into the Secrets of our Loves, and thou, by ſome Tale-bearing Flatterer, wert ſeen in paſſing through the Garden; the News was carry'd to my Father, and a mighty Conſult has been held in my Mother's Apartment, who now refuſes to ſee me; while I, poſſeſs'd with Love, and full of Wonder at my new Change, lull'd with dear Contemplation, (for I am alter'd much ſince Yeſterday, however thou haſt charm'd me) imagining none knew our Theft of Love, but only Heav'n and *Melinda*. But oh, alas, I had no ſooner finiſh'd this inclos'd, but my Father enter'd my Cabinet, but 'twas with ſuch a Look

——as

———as ſoon inform'd me all was betray'd to him; a while he gaz'd on me with Fierceneſs in his Eyes, which ſo ſurpriz'd and frighted me, that I, all pale and trembling, threw my ſelf at his Feet; he, ſeeing my Diſorder, took me up, and fix'd ſo ſteadfaſt and ſo ſad a Look upon me, as would have broken any Heart but mine, ſupported with *Philander*'s Image; I ſigh'd and wept——and ſilently attended when the Storm ſhould fall, which turn'd into a Shower ſo ſoft and piercing, I almoſt dy'd to ſee it; at laſt delivering me a Paper ———Here, (cry'd he, with a Sigh and Trembling-interrupted Voice) read what I cannot tell thee. Oh, *Sylvia*, cry'd he,——thou Joy and Hope of all my aged Years, thou Object of my Dotage, how haſt thou brought me to my Grave with Sorrow? ſo left me with the Paper in my Hand: Speechleſs, unmov'd a while I ſtood, 'till he awak'd me by new Sighs and Cries; for paſſing through my Chamber by Chance, or by Deſign, he caſt his melancholy Eyes towards my Bed, and ſaw the dear Diſorder there, unuſual——— then cry'd———Oh, wretched *Sylvia*, thou art loſt! and left me almoſt fainting. The Letter, I ſoon found, was one you'd ſent from *Dorillus* his Farm this Morning, after you had parted from me, which has betray'd us all, but how it came into their Hands I ſince have underſtood; for, as I ſaid, you were ſeen paſſing through the Garden, from thence (to be confirm'd) they dog'd you to the Farm, and waiting there your Motions, ſaw *Dorillus* come forth with a Letter in his Hand, which though he ſoon conceal'd, yet not ſo ſoon but it was taken notice of, when haſt'ning to *Bellfont* the neareſt Way, they gave an Account to *Monſieur*, my Father, who going out to *Dorillus*, commanded him to deliver him the Letter; his Vaſſal durſt not diſobey, but yielded it with ſuch Diſpute and Reluctancy as he durſt maintain with a Man ſo great and powerful; before *Dorillus* return'd you had taken Horſe, ſo that you are a Stranger to our Misfortune———What ſhall I do?

where

where ſhall I ſeek a Refuge from the Danger that threatens us? A ſad and ſilent Grief appears throughout *Bellfont*, and the Face of all things are chang'd, yet none knows the unhappy Cauſe but *Monſieur* my Father, and *Madam* my Mother, *Melinda* and my ſelf? *Melinda* and my Page are both diſmiſs'd from waiting on me, as ſuppos'd Confidents of this dear Secret, and Strangers, Creatures of *Madam* the Counteſs, put about me. Oh *Philander*, what can I do? thy Advice, or I am loſt: But how, alas, ſhall I either convey theſe to thee, or receive any thing from thee, unleſs ſome God of Love, in Pity of our Miſeries, ſhould offer us his Aid? I'll try to corrupt my new Boy, I ſee Good-nature, Pity and Generoſity in his Looks, he's well born too, and may be honeſt.

Thus far, *Philander*, I had writ when Supper was brought me, for yet my Parents have not deign'd to let me come into their Preſence; thoſe that ſerve me tell me *Myrtilla* is this afternoon arriv'd at *Bellfont*; all's mighty cloſe carry'd in the Counteſs's Apartment. I tremble with the Thought of what will be the Reſult of the great Conſultation: I have been tempting of the Boy, but I perceive they have ſtrictly charg'd him not to obey me; he ſays, againſt his Will he ſhall betray me, for they will have him ſearch'd; but he has promis'd me to ſee one of the Weeders, who working in the Garden, into which my Window opens, may from thence receive what I ſhall let down; if it be true, I ſhall get this fatal Knowledge to you, that you may not only prepare for the worſt, but contrive to ſet at Liberty

The unfortunate Sylvia.

My Heart is ready to break, and my Eyes are drown'd in Tears: Oh Philander, *how much unlike the laſt will this fatal Night prove! Farewel, and think of* Sylvia.

The

This was writ in the Cover to both the foregoing Letters to Philander.

Philander, all that I dreaded, all that I fear'd is fallen upon me: I have been arraign'd, and convicted; three Judges, ſevere as the three infernal ones, ſate in Condemnation on me, a Father, a Mother, and a Siſter; the Fact, alas, was too clearly prov'd and too many circumſtantial Truths appear'd againſt me, for me to plead not guilty. But, oh Heav'ns! had you ſeen the Tears and heard the Prayers, Threats, Reproaches and Upbraidings——theſe from an injur'd Siſter, thoſe my Heart-broken Parents; a tender Mother here, a railing and reviling Siſter there——an angry Father, and a guilty Conſcience——thou wouldſt have wonder'd at my Fortitude, my Courage, and my Reſolution, and all from Love! for ſurely I had died, had not thy Love, thy powerful Love ſupported me; thro' all the Accidents of Live and Fate, that can and will ſupport me; in the midſt of all their Clamours and their Railings I had from that a ſecret and ſoft Repoſe within, that whiſper'd me, *Philander* loves me ſtill; diſcarded and renounc'd by my fond Parents, Love ſtill replies, *Philander* ſtill will own thee; thrown from thy Mother's and thy Siſter's Arms, *Philander*'s ſtill are open to receive thee: And tho' I rave and almoſt die to ſee them grieve, to think that I am the fatal Cauſe who makes ſo ſad Confuſion in your Family; (for, oh, 'tis pitious to behold my Siſter's Sighs and Tears, my Mother's ſad Deſpair, my Father's raging and his weeping, by melancholy Turns;) yet even theſe deplorable Objects, that would move the moſt obdurate, ſtubborn Heart to Pity and Repentance, render not mine relenting; and yet I am wondrous pitiful by Nature, and I can weep and faint to ſee the ſad Effects of my looſe, wanton Love, yet cannot find Repentance for the dear, charming Sin;

and

and yet, ſhould'ſt thou behold my Mother's Languiſhment, no bitter Words proceeding from her Lips, no Tears fall from her down-caſt Eyes, but ſilent and ſad as Death ſhe ſits, and will not view the Light; ſhould'ſt thou, I ſay, behold it, thou would'ſt, if not repent, yet grieve that thou hadſt lov'd me: Sure Love has quite confounded Nature in me, I could not elſe behold this fatal Ruin without revenging it upon my ſtubborn Heart; a thouſand times a Day I make new Vows againſt the God of Love, but 'tis too late, and I'm as often perjur'd——Oh, ſhould the Gods revenge the broken Vows of Lovers, what Love-ſick Man, what Maid betray'd like me, but would be damn'd a thouſand times? for every little Love-quarrel, every kind Reſentment makes us ſwear to love no more; and every Smile, and every flattering Softneſs from the dear Injurer, makes us perjur'd: Let all the Force of Virtue, Honour, Intereſt join with my ſuffering Parents to perſuade me to ceaſe to love *Philander*, yet let him but appear, let him but look on me with thoſe dear charming Eyes, let him but ſigh, or preſs me to his fragrant Cheek, fold me——and cry——Ah, *Sylvia*, can you quit me?——nay, you muſt not, you ſhall not, nay, I know you cannot, remember you are mine——There is ſuch Eloquence in thoſe dear Words, when utter'd with a Voice ſo tender and ſo paſſionate, that I believe 'em irreſiſtible——alas, I find 'em ſo——and eaſily break all the feebler Vows I make againſt thee; yes, I muſt be undone, perjur'd, forſworn, incorrigible, unnatural, diſobedient, and any thing, rather than not *Philander*'s——Turn then, my Soul, from theſe domeſtick, melancholy Objects, and look abroad, look forward for a while on charming Proſpects; look on *Philander*, the dear, the young, the amorous *Philander*, whoſe very Looks infuſe a tender Joy throughout the Soul, and chaſe all Cares, all Sorrows and anxious Thoughts from thence, whoſe wanton Play is ſofter than that of young fledg'd Angels, and when he looks,

and ſighs, and ſpeaks, and touches, he is a very God: Where art thou, oh thou Miracle of Youth, thou charming, dear Undoer! Now thou haſt gain'd the Glory of the Conqueſt, thou ſlighteſt the rifled Captive: What, not a Line? Two tedious Days are paſt, and no kind Power relieves me with a Word, or any Tidings of *Philander*———and yet thou may'ſt have ſent——but I ſhall never ſee it, till they raiſe up freſh Witneſſes againſt me——I cannot think thee wavering or forgetful; for if I did, ſurely thou know'ſt my Heart ſo well, thou canſt not think 'twould live to think another Thought: Confirm my kind Belief, and ſend to me——

There is a Gate well known to thee through which thou paſſeſt to *Bellfont*, 'tis in the Road about half a League from hence, an old Man opens it, his Daughter weeds in the Garden, and will convey this to thee as I have order'd her, by the ſame Meſſenger thou may'ſt return thine; and early as ſhe comes I'll let her down a String, by which way unperceiv'd I ſhall receive 'em from her: I'll ſay no more, nor inſtruct you how you ſhall preſerve your

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

That which was left in her Hands by Monſieur, *her Father, in her Cabinet.*

My Adorable Sylvia.

I Can no more deſcribe to thee the Torment with which I part from *Bellfont*, than I can that Heav'n of Joy I was raiſed to laſt Night by the tranſporting Effects of thy wondrous Love; both are to Exceſs, and both killing, but in different kinds. Oh, *Sylvia*, by all my unſpeakable Raptures in thy Arms, by all thy

Charms,

Charms of Beauty, too numerous and too raviſhing for Fancy to imagine——I ſwear——by this laſt Night, by this dear new Diſcovery, thou haſt increas'd my Love to that vaſt Height, it has undone my Peace—— all my Repoſe is gone——— this dear, dear Night has ruin'd me, it has confirm'd me now I muſt have *Sylvia*, and cannot live without her, no, not a Day, an Hour——to ſave the World, unleſs I had the intire Poſſeſſion of my lovely Maid: Ah, *Sylvia*, I am not that indifferent dull Lover that can be rais'd by one Beauty to an Appetite, and ſatisfie it with another, I cannot carry the dear Flame you kindle, to quench it in the Embraces of *Myrtilla*; no, by the eternal Powers, he that pretends to love, and loves at that coarſe rate, needs fear no Danger from that Paſſion, he ne'er was born to love, or die for Love; *Sylvia*, *Myrtilla* and a thouſand more were all the ſame to ſuch a dull Inſenſible; no, *Sylvia*, when you find I can return back to the once left matrimonial Bed, deſpiſe me, ſcorn me: ſwear (as then thou juſtly may'ſt) I love not *Sylvia*: Let the hot Brute drudge on (he who is fir'd by Nature, not by Love, whom any Body's Kiſſes can inſpire) and eaſe the neceſſary Heats of Youth; Love is a nobler Fire, which nothing can allay but the dear She that rais'd it; no, no, my purer Stream ſhall ne'er run back to the Fountain, whence 'tis parted, nay it cannot, it were as poſſible to love again, where one has ceas'd to love, as carry the Deſire and Wiſhes back; by Heav'n, to me there's nothing ſo unnatural; no, *Sylvia*, it is you I muſt poſſeſs, you have compleated my undoing now, and I muſt die unleſs you give me all——but oh, I am going from thee——when are we like to meet——oh, how ſhall I ſupport my abſent Hours? Thought will deſtroy me, for 'twill be all on thee, and thoſe at ſuch a Diſtance will be inſupportable——What ſhall I do without thee? If after all the Toil of dull inſipid Life I could return and lay me down by thee, *Herculean* Labours would be ſoft and eaſie——the harſh Fa-

tigues of War, the dangerous Hurries of Affairs of State, the Buſineſs and the Noiſe of Life, I could ſupport with Pleaſure, with wondrous Satisfaction, could treat *Myrtilla* too with that Reſpect, that generous Care as would become a Husband. I could be eaſie every where, and every one ſhould be at Eaſe with me; now I ſhall go and find no *Sylvia* there, but ſigh and wander like an unknown thing, on ſome ſtrange foreign Shore; I ſhall grow peeviſh as a new wean'd Child, no Toys, no Bauble of the gaudy World will pleaſe my wayward Fancy: I ſhall be out of Humour, rail at every thing, in Anger ſhall demand, and ſullenly reply to every Queſtion ask'd and anſwer'd, and when I think to eaſe my Soul by a Retreat, a thouſand ſoft Deſires, a thouſand Wiſhes wreck me, pain me to raving, 'till beating the ſenſleſs Floor with my Feet ——I cry'd aloud——My *Sylvia!*——thus, thus, my charming Dear, the poor *Philander* is employ'd when baniſh'd from his Heav'n! If thus it us'd to be when only that bright Outſide was ador'd, judge now my Pain, now thou haſt made known a thouſand Graces more——oh, pity me——for 'tis not in thy Power to gueſs what I ſhall now endure in Abſence of thee; for thou haſt charm'd my Soul to an Exceſs too mighty for a patient ſuffering: Alas, I die already——

I am yet at *Dorillus* his Farm, lingring on from one ſwift Minute to the other, and have not Power to go; a thouſand Looks all languiſhing I've caſt from Eyes all drown'd in Tears towards *Bellfont*, have ſigh'd a thouſand Wiſhes to my Angel, from a ſad breaking Heart——Love will not let me go——and Honour calls me——alas, I muſt away; when ſhall we meet again? ah when, my *Sylvia?*——oh charming Maid——thou'l ſee me ſhortly dead, for thus I cannot live; thou muſt be mine, or I muſt be no more—— I muſt away——farewel——may all the ſofteſt Joys of Heav'n attend thee——adieu——fail not to ſend a hundred times a Day, if poſſible; I've order'd

order'd *Alexis* to do nothing but wait for all that comes, and poſt away with what thou ſend'ſt to me ——again adieu, think on me——and 'till thou call'ſt me to thee, imagine nothing upon Earth ſo wretched as *Sylvia*'s own

PHILANDER.

Know, my Angel, that paſſing through the Garden this Morning, I met Eraſto——*I fear he ſaw me near enough to know me, and will give an Account of it; let me know what happens——adieu half dead, juſt taking Horſe to go from Sylvia.*

To PHILANDER.

Written in a Leaf of a Table-Book.

I Have only time to ſay, on *Thurſday* I am deſtin'd a Sacrifice to *Foſcario*, which Day finiſhes the Life of

SYLVIA.

To SYLVIA.

From Dorillus *his Farm.*

RAving and mad at the News your Billet brought me, I (without conſidering the Effects that would follow) am arriv'd at *Bellfont*; I have yet ſo much Patience about me, to ſuffer my ſelf to be conceal'd at *Dorillus* his Cottage; but if I ſee thee not to Night, or find no hopes of it——by Heav'n I'll ſet *Bellfont* all in a Flame but I will have my *Sylvia*; be ſure I'll do't——What? to be marry'd——*Sylvia* to be marry'd——and giv'n from *Philander*——Oh, never think it, thou forſworn fair Creature——What? give *Foſcario* that dear charming Body? Shall he be graſp'd

in thoſe dear naked Arms? taſte all thy Kiſſes, preſs thy ſnowy Breaſts, command thy Joys, and rifle all thy Heav'n? Furies and Hell environ me if he do——Oh, *Sylvia*, faithleſs, perjur'd, charming *Sylvia*——and canſt thou ſuffer it——Hear my Vows, oh fickle Angel——Hear me, thou faithleſs Raviſher! That fatal Moment that the daring Prieſt offers to join your Hands, and give thee from me, I'll ſacrifice your Lover; by Heaven I will, before the Altar, ſtab him at your Feet; the holy Place, nor the Numbers that attend ye, nor all your Prayers nor Tears, ſhall ſave his Heart; look to't, and be not falſe——yet I'll not truſt thy Faith; no, ſhe that can think but falſly, and ſhe that can ſo eaſily be perjur'd——for, but to ſuffer it is ſuch a Sin——ſuch an undoing Sin——that thou art ſurely damn'd! and yet, by Heav'n, that is not all the Ruin ſhall attend thee; no, lovely Miſchief, no——you ſhall not ſcape 'till the Damnation Day; for I will rack thee, torture thee and plague thee, thoſe few Hours I have to live, (if ſpiteful Fate prevent my juſt Revenge upon *Foſcario)* and when I'm dead——as I ſhall quickly be kill'd by thy Cruelty——know, thou fair Murtherer, I will haunt thy Sight, be ever with thee, and ſurround thy Bed, and fright thee from the Raviſher; fright all thy looſe Delights, and check thy Joys——Oh, I am mad!——I cannot think that Thought, no, thou ſhalt never advance ſo far in Wickedneſs, I'll ſave thee, if I can——Oh, my adorable, why doſt thou torture me? How haſt thou ſworn ſo often and ſo loud that Heav'n I'm ſure has heard thee, and will puniſh thee? How didſt thou ſwear that happy bleſſed Night, in which I ſaw thee laſt, claſp'd in my Arms, weeping with eager Love, with melting Softneſs on my Boſom——remember how thou ſwor'ſt——oh, that dear Night——let me recover Strength——and then I'll tell thee more——I muſt repeat the Story of that Night, which thou perhaps (oh faithleſs!) haſt forgot——that glorious Night, when all the Heav'ns were

gay

gay, and every favouring Power look'd down and ſmil'd upon our Thefts of Love, that gloomy Night, the firſt of all my Joys, the bleſſed'ſt of my Life—— trembling and fainting I approach'd your Chamber, and while you met and graſp'd me at the Door, taking my trembling Body in your Arms——remember how I fainted at your Feet, and what dear Arts you us'd to call me back to Life——Remember how you kiſs'd and preſs'd my Face——Remember what dear charming Words you ſpoke——and when I did recover, how I ask'd you with a feeble doubtful Voice—— Ah, *Sylvia*, will you ſtill continue thus, thus wondrous ſoft and fond? Will you be ever mine, and ever true? ——What did you then reply, when kneeling on the Carpet where I lay, what, *Sylvia*, did you vow? how invoke Heav'n? how call its Vengeance down if e'er you lov'd another Man again, if e'er you touch'd or ſmil'd on any other, if e'er you ſuffer'd Words or Acts of Love but from *Philander*? Both Heav'n and Hell thou didſt awaken with thy Oaths, one was an angry Liſtener to what it knew thou'dſt break, the other laugh'd to know thou would'ſt be perjur'd, while only I, poor I, was all the while a ſilent fond Believer; your Vows ſtopp'd all my Language as your Kiſſes did my Lips, you ſwore and kiſs'd, and vow'd and claſp'd my Neck——oh charming Flatterer! oh artful, dear Beguiler! Thus into Life, and Peace, and fond Security, you charm'd my willing Soul! 'Twas then, my *Sylvia*, (certain of your Heart, and that it never could be given away to any other) I preſs'd my eager Joys, but with ſuch tender Caution——ſuch Fear and Fondneſs, ſuch an awful Paſſion, as overcame your faint Reſiſtance; my Reaſons and my Arguments were ſtrong, for you were mine by Love, by ſacred Vow, and who could lay a better Claim to *Sylvia*? How oft I cry'd—— Why this Reſiſtance, *Sylvia*? My charming Dear, whoſe are you? not *Philander*'s? and ſhall *Philander* not command his own——you muſt——ah cruel——then a ſoft

Struggle follow'd, with half-breath'd Words, with Sighs and trembling Hearts, and now and then——Ah cruel and unreaſonable——was ſoftly ſaid on both Sides; thus ſtroye, thus argu'd——'till both lay panting in each others Arms, not with the Toil, but Rapture; I need not ſay what follow'd after this——what tender Showers of ſtrange indearing Mixtures 'twixt Joy and Shame, 'twixt Love and new Surprize, and ever when I dry'd your Eyes with Kiſſes, unable to repeat any other Language than——Oh my *Sylvia!* oh my charming Angel? while Sighs of Joy, and cloſely graſping thee——ſpoke all the reſt——while every tender Word, and every Sigh, was echo'd back by thee; you preſs'd me——and you vowed you lov'd me more than ever yet you did; then ſwore anew, and in my Boſom, hid your charming bluſhing Face, then with Exceſs of Love would call on Heav'n, be Witneſs, oh ye Powers (a thouſand times ye cry'd) if ever Maid e'er lov'd like *Sylvia*——puniſh me ſtrangely, oh eternal Powers, if e'er I leave *Philander*, if e'er I ceaſe to love him; no Force, no Art, not Intereſt, Honour, Wealth, Convenience, Duty, or what other neceſſary Cauſe——ſhall never be of force to make me leave thee——Thus haſt thou ſworn, oh charming, faithleſs Flatterer, thus 'twixt each raviſhing Minute thou would'ſt ſwear—and I as faſt believ'd—and lov'd thee more—Haſt thou forgot it all, oh fickle Charmer, haſt thou? Haſt thou forgot between each awful Ceremony of Love how you cry'd out, Farewel the World and mortal Cares, give me *Philander*, Heav'n, I ask no more——Haſt thou forgot all this? Did all the live-long Night hear any other Sound but thoſe our mutual Vows, of Invocations, broken Sighs, and ſoft and trembling Whiſpers? ſay, had we any other Buſineſs for the tender Hours? Oh all ye Hoſt of Heav'n, ye Stars that ſhone, and all ye Powers the faithleſs lovely Maid has ſworn by, be Witneſs how ſhe's perjur'd; revenge it all, ye injur'd Powers, revenge it, ſince by it ſhe

has

has undone the faithfulleſt Youth, and broke the tendereſt Heart———that ever fell a Sacrifice to Love; and all ye little weeping Gods of Love, revenge your murther'd Victim———your

PHILANDER.

To PHILANDER.

In the Leaves of a Table-Book.

OH, my *Philander*, how dearly welcome, and how needleſs were thy kind Reproaches? which I'll not endeavour to convince by Argument, but ſuch a Deed as ſhall at once ſecure thy Fears now and for the future. I have not a Minute to write in; place, my dear *Philander*, your Chariot in St. *Vincent*'s Wood, and ſince I am not able to fix the Hour of my Flight, let it wait there my coming; 'tis but a little Mile from *Bellfont*, *Dorillus* is ſuſpected there, remove thy ſelf to the High-way-Gate Cottage—— there I'll call on thee ——'twas lucky, that thy Fears, or Love, or Jealouſie brought thee ſo near me, ſince I'd reſolv'd before upon my Flight. Parents and Honour, Intereſt and Fame, farewel———I leave you all to follow my *Philander*—— Haſte the Chariot to the thickeſt Part of the Wood, for I'm impatient to be gone, and ſhall take the firſt Opportunity to fly to my *Philander*—— Oh, love me, love me, love me!

Under Pretence of reaching the Jeſſamin which ſhades my Window, I unperceiv'd let down and receive what Letters you ſend by the honeſt Weaver; by her ſend your Senſe of my Flight, or rather your Direction, for 'tis reſolv'd already.

To SYLVIA.

My lovely Angel,

SO careful I will be of this dear mighty Secret, that I will only ſay, *Sylvia* ſhall be obey'd;- no more ———nay, I'll not dare to think of it, leſt in my Rapture I ſhould name my Joy aloud, and buſie Winds ſhould bear it to ſome officious Liſtner, and undo me; no more, no more, my *Sylvia*, Extremes of Joy (as Grief) are ever dumb: Let it ſuffice, this Bleſſing which you proffer I had deſign'd to ask, as ſoon as you'd convinc'd me of your Faith; yes, *Sylvia*, I had ask'd it, though 'twas a Bounty too great for any Mortal to conceive Heav'n ſhould beſtow upon him; but if it do, that very Moment I'll reſign the World, and barter all for Love and charming *Sylvia*. Haſte, haſte, my Life; my Arms, my Boſom and my Soul are open to receive the lovely Fugitive; haſte, for this Moment I am going to plant my ſelf where you directed. *Adieu.*

To PHILANDER.

After her Flight.

AH, *Philander*, how have you undone a harmleſs poor unfortunate? Alas, where are you? why would you thus abandon me? Is this the Soul, the Boſom, theſe the Arms that ſhould receive me? I'll not upbraid thee with my Love, or charge thee with my Undoing; 'twas all my own, and were it yet to do, I ſhould again be ruin'd for *Philander*, and never find Repentance. No not for a Thought, a Word or Deed of Love, do the dear falſe forſworn; but I can die, yes, hopeleſs, friendleſs —— left by all, even by *Philander* —— all but Reſolution has abandon'd me, and

and that can lay me down, whene'er I pleaſe, in ſafe Repoſe and Peace: But oh, thou art not falſe, or if thou be'ſt, oh, let me hear it from thy Mouth, ſee thy repented Love, that I may know there's no ſuch thing on Earth, as Faith, as Honeſty, as Love or Truth; however be thou true, or be thou falſe, be bold and let me know it, for thus to doubt is Torture, worſe than Death. What Accident, thou dear, dear Man, has happen'd to prevent thee from purſuing my Directions, and ſtaying for me at the Gate? Where have I miſs'd thee, thou Joy of my Soul? By what dire Miſtake have I loſt thee? And where, oh, where art thou, my charming Lover? I ſought thee every where, but like the languiſhing abandon'd Miſtreſs in the *Canticles*, I ſought thee, but I found thee not, no Bed of Roſes would diſcover thee; I ſaw no Print of thy dear Shape, nor heard no amorous Sigh that could direct me———I ask'd the Wood and Springs, complain'd and call'd on thee through all the Groves, but they confeſs'd thee not; nothing but Echo's anſwer'd me, and when I cry'd *Philander*——cry'd——*Philander*; thus ſearch'd I 'till the coming Night and my increaſing Fears made me reſolve for Flight, which ſoon we did, and ſoon arriv'd at *Paris*, but whither then to go, Heav'n knows, I could not tell, for I was almoſt naked, friendleſs and forlorn; at laſt, conſulting *Brilliard* what to do, after a thouſand Revolutions, he concluded to truſt me with a Siſter he had, who was marry'd to a *Guidon* of the *Guard de Corps*, he chang'd my Name, and made me paſs for a Fortune he had ſtol'n; but oh, no Welcomes, nor my ſafe Retreat were ſufficient to repoſe me all the enſuing Night, for I had no News of *Philander*; no, not a Dream inform'd me; a thouſand Fears and Jealouſies have kept me waking, and *Brilliard*, who has been all Night in Purſuit of thee, is now return'd ſucceſsleſs and diſtracted as thy *Sylvia*, for Duty and Generoſity have almoſt the ſame Effects in him, with Love and Tenderneſs and Jealouſie in me; and ſince

Paris

Paris affords no News of thee, (which ſure it would if thou wert in it, for oh, the Sun might hide himſelf with as much Eaſe as great *Philander)* he is reſolved to ſearch St. *Vincent*'s Wood, and all the adjacent Cottages and Groves; he thinks that you, not knowing of my Eſcape, may yet be waiting thereabouts; ſince quitting the Chariot for fear of being ſeen, you might be ſo far advanc'd into the Wood, as not to find the way back to the Thicket where the Chariot waited: 'Tis thus he feeds my Hope, and flatters my poor Heart, that fain would think thee true——or if thou be'ſt not ——but curs'd be all ſuch Thoughts, and far from *Sylvia*'s Soul; no, no, thou art not falſe, it cannot be, thou art a God, and art unchangeable: I know, by ſome Miſtake, thou art attending me, as wild and impatient as I; perhaps thou think'ſt me falſe, and think'ſt I have not Courage to purſue my Love, and fly; and, thou perhaps art waiting for the Hour wherein thou think'ſt I'll give my ſelf away to *Foſcario:* Oh cruel and unkind! to think I loved ſo lightly, to think I would attend that fatal Hour; no, *Philander*, no, faithleſs, dear Enchanter: Laſt Night, the Eve to my intended Wedding-Day, having repos'd my Soul by my Reſolves for Flight, and only waiting the lucky Minute for Eſcape, I ſet a willing Hand to every thing that was preparing for the Ceremony of the enſuing Morning; with that Pretence I got me early to my Chamber, try'd on a thouſand Dreſſes, and ask'd a thouſand Queſtions, all impertinent, which would do beſt, which look'd moſt gay and rich, then dreſt my Gown with Jewels, deck'd my Apartment up, and left nothing undone that might ſecure 'em both of my being pleas'd, and of my Stay; nay, and to give the leſs Suſpicion, I undreſs'd my ſelf even to my Under-Petticoat and Night-gown; I would not take a Jewel, not a Piſtole, but left my Women finiſhing my Work, and careleſly, and thus undreſs'd, walk'd towards the Garden, and while every one was buſie in their Office,

get-

getting my ſelf out of Sight, I poſted o'er the Meadow to the Wood as ſwift as *Daphne* from the God of Day, 'till I arriv'd moſt luckily where I found the Chariot waiting, attended by *Brilliard*; of whom when I (all fainting and breathleſs with my ſwift Flight) demanded his Lord, he lifted me into the Chariot, and cry'd, A little farther, *Madam*, you will find him; for he, for fear of making a Diſcovery, took yonder ſhaded Path——towards which we went, but no dear Viſion of my Love appear'd——And thus, my charming Lover, you have my kind Adventure; ſend me ſome Tidings back that you are found, that you are well, and laſtly that you are mine, or this that ſhould have been my Wedding-Day, will ſee it ſelf that of the Death of

SYLVIA.

Paris, *Thurſday, from my Bed, for want of Cloaths, or rather News from* Philander.

To SYLVIA.

MY Life, my *Sylvia*, my eternal Joy, art thou then ſafe! and art thou reſerv'd for *Philander?* am I ſo bleſt by Heav'n, by Love, and my dear charming Maid? Then let me die in Peace, ſince I have liv'd to ſee all that my Soul deſires in *Sylvia*'s being mine; perplex not thy ſoft Heart with Fears or Jealouſies, nor think ſo baſely, ſo poorely of my Love, to need more Oaths or Vows; yet to confirm thee, I would ſwear my Breath away; but oh, it needs not here;——take then no Care, my lovely Dear, turn not thy charming Eyes or Thoughts on afflicting Objects; oh think not on what thou haſt abandon'd, but what thou art arriv'd to; look forward on the Joys of Love and Youth, for I will dedicate all my remaining

Life

Life to render thine ſerene and glad; and yet my *Sylvia*, thou art ſo dear to me, ſo wondrous precious to my Soul, that in my Extravagance of Love, I fear I ſhall grow a troubleſome and wearying Coxcomb, ſhall dread every Look thou giv'ſt away from me——a Smile will make me rave, a Sigh or touch make me commit a Murther on the happy Slave, or my own jealous Heart, but all the World beſides is *Sylvia*'s, all but another Lover; but I rave and run too faſt away; Ages muſt paſs a tedious Term of Years before I can be jealous, or conceive thou can'ſt be weary of *Philander* —— I'll be ſo fond, ſo doting and ſo playing, thou ſhalt not have an idle Minute to throw away a Look in, or a Thought on any 'other; no, no, I have thee now, and will maintain my Right by dint and force of Love —— Oh, I am wild to ſee thee —— but, *Sylvia*, I am wounded——do. not be frighted though, for 'tis not much or dangerous, but very troubleſome, ſince it permits me not to fly to *Sylvia*, but ſhe muſt come to me in order to it. *Brilliard* has a Bill on my Goldſmith in *Paris* for a thouſand Piſtoles to buy thee ſomething to put on; any thing that's ready, and he will conduct thee to me, for I ſhall rave my ſelf into a Feaver if I ſee thee not to Day ——I cannot live without thee now, for thou art my Life, my everlaſting Charmer: I have order'd *Brilliard* to get a Chariot and ſome unknown Livery for thee, and I think the Continuance of paſſing for what he has already render'd thee will do very well, 'till I have taken farther care of thy dear Safety, which will be as ſoon as I am able to riſe; for moſt unfortunately, my dear *Sylvia*, quitting the Chariot in the Thicket for fear of being ſeen with it, and walking down a ſhaded Path that ſuited with the Melancholy and Fears of Unſucceſs in thy Adventure; I went ſo far, as e'er I could return to the Place where I left the Chariot, 'twas gone —— it ſeems with thee; I know not how you miſs'd me——but poſſeſs'd my ſelf with a thouſand

falſe

falſe Fears, ſometimes that in thy Flight thou might'ſt be purſu'd and overtaken, ſeiz'd in the Chariot and return'd back to *Bellfont*; or that the Chariot was found and ſeiz'd on upon Suſpicion, though the Coachman and *Brilliard* were diſguis'd paſt Knowledge ——— or if thou wert gone, alas, I knew not whither; but that was a Thought my Doubts and Fears would not ſuffer me to eaſe my Soul with; no, I (as jealous Lovers do) imagin'd the moſt tormenting things for my own Repoſe, I imagin'd the Chariot taken, or at leaſt ſo diſcover'd as to be forc'd away without thee: I imagin'd that thou wert falſe——Heav'n forgive me, falſe, my *Sylvia*, and hadſt chang'd thy Mind; mad with this Thought (which I fancy'd moſt reaſonable, and fixt it in my Soul) I rav'd about the Wood, making a thouſand Vows to be reveng'd on all; in order to it I left the Thicket, and betook my ſelf to the high Road of the Wood, where I laid me down amongſt the Fern, cloſe hid, with Sword ready, waiting for the happy Bridegroom, whom I knew (it being the Wedding Eve) would that Way paſs that Evening; pleas'd with Revenge, which now had got even the Place of Love, I waited there not above a little hour but heard the trampling of a Horſe, and looking up with mighty Joy, I found it *Foſcario*'s; alone he was, and unattended, for he'd outſtripp'd his Equipage, and with a Lover's Haſte, and full of Joy, was making towards *Bellfont*; but I (now fir'd with Rage) leap'd from my Cover, cry'd, Stay, *Foſcario*, e'er you arrive to *Sylvia*, we muſt adjuſt an odd Account between us——at which he ſtopping, as nimbly alighted; —— in fine, we fought, and many Wounds were given and received on both Sides, till his People coming up, parted us juſt as we were fainting with Loſs of Blood in each others Arms; his Coach and Chariot were amongſt his Equipage; into the firſt his Servants lifted him, when he cry'd out with a feeble Voice, to have me, who now lay bleeding on the Ground, put

into

into the Chariot, and to be ſafely convey'd where-ever I commanded, and ſo in haſte they drove him towards *Bellfont*, and me, who was reſolved not to ſtir far from it, to a Village within a Mile of it; from whence I ſent to *Paris* for a Surgeon, and diſmiſs'd the Chariot, ordering, in the hearing of the Coachman, a Litter to be brought me immediately, to convey me that Night to *Paris*; but the Surgeon coming, found it not ſafe for me to be removed, and I am now willing to live, ſince *Sylvia* is mine; haſte to me then, my lovely Maid, and fear not being diſcover'd, for I have given Order here in the Cabaret where I am, if any Enquiry is made after me, to ſay, I went laſt Night for *Paris*: Haſte, my Love, haſte to my Arms, as feeble as they are, they'll graſp thee a dear Welcome: I'll ſay no more, nor preſcribe Rules to thy Love, that can inform thee beſt what thou muſt do to ſave the Life of thy moſt paſſionate Adorer,

PHILANDER.

To PHILANDER.

I Have ſent *Brilliard* to ſee if the Coaſt be clear, that we may come with Safety; he brings you, inſtead of *Sylvia*, a young Cavalier that will be altogether as welcome to *Philander*, and who impatiently waits his Return at a little Cottage at the end of the Village.

To SYLVIA.

From the Baſtill.

I Know my *Sylvia* expected me at home with her at Dinner to Day, and wonders how I could live ſo long as ſince Morning without the eternal Joy of my

my Soul; but know, my *Sylvia*, that a trivial Misfortune is now fallen upon me, which in the midſt of all our Heav'n of Joys, our ſofteſt Hours of Life, has ſo often chang'd thy Smiles into Fears and Sighings, and ruffled thy calm Soul with Cares: Nor let it now ſeem ſtrange or afflicting, ſince every Day for theſe three Months we have been alarm'd with new Fears that have made thee uneaſie even in *Philander*'s Arms; we knew ſome time or other the Storm would fall on us, though we had for three happy Months ſhelter'd our ſelves from its threatning Rage; but Love, I hope, has arm'd us both; for me——let me be depriv'd of all Joys, (but thoſe my Charmer can diſpenſe) all the falſe World's Reſpect, the dull Eſteem of Fools and formal Coxcombs, the grave Advice of the cenſorious Wiſe, the kind Opinion of ill judging Women, no matter, ſo my *Sylvia* remain but mine.

I am, my *Sylvia*, arreſted at the Suit of *Monſieur* the Count your Father for a Rape on my lovely Maid: I deſire, my Soul, you will immediately take Coach and go to the Prince *Ceſario*, and he will bail me out. I fear not a fair Trial; and, *Sylvia*, Theſts of mutual Love were never counted Felony; I may die for Love, my *Sylvia*, but not for Loving——go, haſte, my *Sylvia*, that I may be no longer detain'd from the ſolid Pleaſure and Buſineſs of my Soul——haſte, my lov'd Dear——haſte and relieve

PHILANDER.

Come not to me, leſt there ſhould be an Order to detain my Dear.

To PHILANDER.

I Am not at all ſurpriz'd, my *Philander*, at the Accident that has befallen thee, becauſe ſo long expected, and Love that has ſo well fortify'd my Heart, that I

ſupport our Misfortune with a Courage worthy of her that loves and is belov'd by the glorious *Philander*; I am arm'd for the worſt that can befal me, and that is my being render'd a publick Shame, who have been ſo in the private Whiſpers of all the Court for near theſe happy three Months, in which I have had the wondrous Satisfaction of being retir'd from the World with the charming *Philander*; my Father too knew it long ſince, at leaſt he could not hinder himſelf from gueſſing it, though his fond Indulgence ſuffer'd his Juſtice and his Anger to ſleep, and poſſibly had ſtill ſlept had not *Myrtilla*'s Spight and Rage (I ſhould ſay juſt Reſentment, but I cannot) rouz'd up his drowſie Vengeance: I know ſhe has ply'd him with her ſoftning Eloquence, her Prayers and Tears, to win him to conſent to make a publick Buſineſs of it; but I am enter'd, Love has arm'd my Soul, and I'll purſue my Fortune with that height of Fortitude as ſhall ſurprize the World; yes, *Philander*, ſince I have loſt my Honour, Fame and Friends, my Intereſt and my Parents, and all for mightier Love, I'll ſtop at nothing now; if there be any Hazards more to run, I'll thank the ſpiteful Fates that bring 'em on, and will even tire them out with my unweary'd Paſſion. Love on, *Philander*, if thou darſt, like me; let 'em purſue me with their Hate and Vengeance, let Priſons, Poverty and Tortures ſeize me, it ſhall not take one Grain of Love away from my reſolved Heart, nor make me ſhed a Tear of Penitence for loving thee; no, *Philander*, ſince I know what a raviſhing Pleaſure 'tis to live thine, I will never quit the Glory of dying alſo thy

SYLVIA.

Ceſario, *my Dear, is coming to be your Bail; with* Monſieur *the Count of*——*I die to ſee you after your ſuffering for* Sylvia.

To

To SYLVIA.

BElieve me, charming *Sylvia*, I live not thoſe Hours I am abſent from thee, thou art my Life, my Soul, and my Eternal Felicity; while you believe this Truth, my *Sylvia*, you will not entertain a thouſand Fears, if I but ſtay a Moment beyond my appointed Hour; eſpecially when *Philander*, who is not able to ſupport the Thought that any thing ſhould afflict his lovely Baby, takes care from Hour to Hour to ſatisfie her tender doubting Heart. My deareſt, I am gone into the City to my Advocate's, my Trial with *Monſieur* the Count, your Father, coming on to Morrow, and 'twill be at leaſt two tedious Hours e'er I can bring my Adorable her

PHILANDER.

To SYLVIA.

I Was call'd on, my deareſt Child, at my Advocate's by *Ceſario*; there is ſome great Buſineſs this Evening debated in the Cabal which is at *Monſieur*——in the City; *Ceſario* tells me there is a very diligent Search made by *Monſieur* the Count, your Father, for my *Sylvia*; I die if you are taken, leſt the Fright ſhould hurt thee; if poſſible, I would have thee remove this Evening from thoſe Lodgings, leſt the People, who are of the Royal Party, ſhould be induc'd thro' Malice or Gain to diſcover thee; I dare not come my ſelf to wait on thee, leſt my being ſeen ſhould betray thee, but I have ſent *Brilliard* (whoſe Zeal for thee ſhall be rewarded) to conduct thee to a little Houſe in the *Fauxburgh S. Germans*, where lives a pretty Woman, and Miſtreſs to *Chevalier Tomaſo*, call'd *Belinda*, a Woman of Wit, and diſcreet enough to underſtand what ought to be paid to a Maid of the Quality and Cha-

racter of *Sylvia*; ſhe already knows the Stories of our Loves; thither I'll come to thee, and bring *Ceſario* to Supper, as ſoon as the Cabal breaks up. Oh, my *Sylvia*, I ſhall one Day recompenſe all thy Goodneſs, all thy Bravery, thy Love and thy Suffering for thy Eternal Lover and Slave,

PHILANDER.

To PHILANDER.

SO haſty I was to obey *Philander's* Commands, that by the unweary'd Care and Induſtry of the faithful *Brilliard*, I went before three a Clock diſguis'd away to the Place whither you order'd us, and was well receiv'd by the very pretty young Woman of the Houſe, who has Senſe and Breeding as well as Beauty: But oh, *Philander*, this Flight pleaſes me not; alas, what have I done? my Fault is only Love, and that ſure I ſhould boaſt, as the moſt Divine Paſſion of the Soul; no, no, *Philander*, 'tis not my Love's the Criminal; no, not the placing it on *Philander* the Crime, but 'tis thy moſt unhappy Circumſtances, thy being marry'd, and that was no Crime to Heav'n 'till Man made Laws, and can Laws reach to Damnation? if ſo, curſe on the fatal Hour that thou wert marry'd, curſe on the Prieſt that join'd ye, and curſt be all that did contribute to the undoing Ceremony——except *Philander's* Tongue, that anſwer'd Yes——Oh, Heav'ns! was there but one dear Man of all your whole Creation that could charm the Soul of *Sylvia?* and could ye——oh, ye wiſe all-ſeeing Powers that knew my Soul, could ye give him away? How had my Innocence offended ye? Our Hearts you did create for mutual Love, how came the dire Miſtake? Another would have pleas'd the indifferent *Myrtilla's* Soul as well, but mine was fitted for no other Man; only *Philander*, the ador'd *Philander*, with that dear Form, that Shape, that charming Face, that

Hair,

Hair, thoſe lovely ſpeaking Eyes, that wounding Softneſs in his tender Voice, had Pow'r to conquer *Sylvia*; and can this be a Sin? oh, Heav'ns, can it? muſt Laws, which Man contriv'd for mere Conveniency, have Power to alter the divine Decrees at our Creation——Perhaps they argue to morrow at the Bar, that *Myrtilla* was ordain'd by Heaven for *Philander*; no, no, he miſtook the Siſter, 'twas pretty near he came, but by a fatal Error was miſtaken; his haſty Youth made him too negligently ſtop before his time at the wrong Woman, he ſhould have gaz'd a little farther on——and then it had been *Sylvia*'s Lot———'Tis fine Divinity they teach, that cry Marriages are made in Heav'n——— Folly and Madneſs grown into grave Cuſtom; ſhould an unheedy Youth in heat of Blood take up with the firſt convenient She that offers, though he be an Heir to ſome grave Politician, great and rich, and She the Outcaſt of the common Stews, coupled in Height of Wine, and ſudden Luſt, which once allay'd, and that the ſober Morning wakes him to ſee his Error, he quits with Shame the Jilt, and owns no more the Folly; ſhall this be called a heav'nly Conjunction? Were I in Height of Youth, as now I am, forc'd by my Parents, oblig'd by Intereſt and Honour, to marry the old, deform'd, diſeas'd, decrepid Count *Anthonio*, whoſe Perſon, Qualities and Principles I loath, and rather than ſuffer him to conſummate his Nuptials, ſuppoſe I ſhould (as ſure I ſhould) kill my ſelf, 'twere Blaſphemy to lay this fatal Marriage to Heav'ns Charge———Curſe on your Nonſenſe, ye impoſing Gownmen, curſe on your holy Cant; you may as well call Rapes and Murthers, Treaſon and Robbery, the Acts of Heav'n; becauſe Heav'n ſuffers 'em to be committed, is it Heav'n's Pleaſure therefore, Heav'ns Decree? A Trick, a wiſe Device of Prieſts, no more——to make the nauſeated, tir'd out Pair drag on the careful Buſineſs of Life, drudge for the dull got Family with greater Satisfaction, becauſe they're taught to think Marriage was made in Heav'n;

a mighty Comfort that, when all the Joys of Life are loſt by it: Were it not nobler far that Honour kept him juſt, and that Good-nature made him reaſonable Proviſion? Daily Experience proves to us, no Couple live with leſs Content, leſs Eaſe, than thoſe who cry Heav'n joins? who is't loves leſs than thoſe that marry? and where Love is not, there is Hate and Loathing at beſt, Diſguſt, Diſquiet, Noiſe and Repentance: No, *Philander*, that's a heav'nly Match when two Souls touch'd with equal Paſſion meet, (which is but rarely ſeen)——when willing Vows, with ſerious Conſideration, are weigh'd and made, when a true View is taken of the Soul, when no baſe Intereſt makes the haſty Bargain, when no Conveniency or Deſign or Drudge, or Slave, ſhall find it neceſſary, when equal Judgments meet that can eſteem the Bleſſings they poſſeſs, and diſtinguiſh the good of either's Love, and ſet a Value on each other's Merits, and where both underſtand to take and pay; who find the Beauty of each other's Minds, and rate 'em as they ought; whom not a formal Ceremony binds, (with which I've nought to do, but dully give a cold conſenting Affirmative) but well conſider'd Vows from ſoft inclining Hearts, utter'd with Love, with Joy, with dear Delight, when Heav'n is call'd to witneſs; ſhe is thy Wife, *Philander* he is my Husband; this is the Match, this Heav'n deſigns and means; how then, oh how came I to miſs *Philander?* or he his

SYLVIA.

Since I writ this, which I deſign'd not an Invective againſt Marriage, when I began, but to inform thee of my being where you directed; but ſince I writ this, I ſay, the Houſe where I am is broke open with Warrants and Officers for me, but being all undreſs'd and ill, the Officer has taken my Word for my Appearance to Morrow; it ſeems they ſaw me when I went from my Lodgings, and purſu'd me; haſte to me, for I ſhall need your Counſel.

To

To SYLVIA.

MY Eternal Joy, my Affliction is inexpreſſible at the News you ſend me of your being ſurpriz'd; I am not able to wait on thee yet——not being ſuffer'd to leave the Cabal, I only borrow this Minute to tell thee the Senſe of my Advocate in this caſe; which was, if thou ſhouldſt be taken there was no way, no Law to ſave thee from being raviſh'd from my Arms, but that of marrying thee to ſome Body whom I can truſt; this we have often diſcours'd, and thou haſt often vow'd thou'lt do any thing rather than kill me with a Separation; reſolve then, oh thou Charmer of my Soul, to do a Deed, that though the Name would fright thee, only can preſerve both thee and me; it is ———and tho' it have no other Terror in it than the Name, I faint to ſpeak it———to marry, *Sylvia*; yes, thou muſt marry; tho' thou art mine as faſt as Heav'n can make us, yet thou muſt marry; I've pitch'd upon the Property, 'tis *Brilliard*, him I can only truſt in this Affair; it is but joining Hands———no more, my *Sylvia*, ——— *Brilliard*'s a Gentleman, tho' a *Cadet*, and may be ſuppos'd to pretend to ſo great a Happineſs, and whoſe only Crime is want of Fortune; he's handſome too, well made, well bred, and ſo much real Eſteem he has for me, and I've ſo oblig'd him, that I am confident he'll pretend no farther than to the Honour of owning thee in Court; I'll time him from it, nay, he dares not do't, I'll truſt him with my Life—— but oh, *Sylvia* is more ——think of it, and this Night we will perform it, there being no other way to keep *Sylvia* eternally

PHILANDER's

To SYLVIA.

NOW, my adorable *Sylvia*, you have truly need of all that heroick Bravery of Mind I ever thought thee Miſtreſs of; for, *Sylvia*, coming from thee this Morning, and riding full ſpeed for *Paris*, I was met, ſtopt and ſeiz'd for High-Treaſon by the King's Meſſengers, and poſſibly may fall a Sacrifice to the Anger of an incens'd Monarch. My *Sylvia*, bear this laſt Shock of Fate with a Courage worthy thy great and glorious Soul; 'tis but a little Separation, *Sylvia*, and we ſhall one Day meet again; by Heav'n I find no other Sting in Death but parting with my *Sylvia*, and every Parting would have been the ſame; I might have dy'd by thy Diſdain, thou might'ſt have grown weary of thy *Philander*, have lov'd another, and have broke thy Vows, and tortur'd me to Death theſe crueller ways; but Fate is kinder to me, and I go bleſt with my *Sylvia*'s Love, for which Heav'n may do much, for her dear ſake, to recompenſe her Faith, a Maid ſo innocent and true to ſacred Love; expect the beſt, my lovely Dear, the worſt has this Comfort in't, that I ſhall die my charming *Sylvia*'s

PHILANDER.

To PHILANDER.

I'LL only ſay, thou dear Supporter of my Soul, that if *Philander* dies, he ſhall not go to Heav'n without his *Sylvia*——by Heav'n and Earth I ſwear it, I cannot live without thee, nor ſhalt thou die without thy

SYLVIA.

To

To SYLVIA.

SEE, ſee my adorable Angel, what Cares the Powers above take of Divine Innocence, true Love and Beauty; oh, ſee what they have done for their darling *Sylvia*; could they do leſs?

Know, my dear Maid, that after being examined before the King, I was found guilty enough to be committed to the *Baſtile*, (from whence, if I had gone, I had never return'd, but to my Death;) but the Meſſenger, into whoſe Hands I was committed, refuſing other Guards, being alone with me in my own Coach, I reſolv'd to kill if I could no other way oblige him to favour my Eſcape; I try'd with Gold before I ſhew'd my Dagger, and that prevail'd, a way leſs Criminal, and I have taken Sanctuary in a ſmall Cottage near the Sea-ſhore, where I wait for *Sylvia*; and tho' my Life depend upon my Flight, nay, more, the Life of *Sylvia*, I cannot go without her; dreſs your ſelf then, my deareſt, in your Boy's Cloaths, and haſte with *Brilliard*, whither this Seaman will conduct thee, whom I have hir'd to ſet us on ſome Shore of Safety; bring what News you can learn of *Ceſario*; I would not have him die poorly after all his mighty Hopes, nor be conducted to a Scaffold with Shouts of Joy, by that uncertain Beaſt the Rabble, who us'd to ſtop his Chariot-wheels with fickle Adorations whene'er he look'd abroad —— by Heav'n, I pity him; but *Sylvia*'s Preſence will chaſe away all Thoughts, but thoſe of Love, from

PHILANDER.

I need not bid thee haſte.

The End of the firſt Part.

Love-Letters

FROM A

NOBLEMAN

TO HIS

SISTER;

Mix'd with the

HISTORY

OF THEIR

ADVENTURES.

The SECOND PART.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR 1718.

TO

Lemuel Kingdon, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I *Beg you will give me leave to expreſs my Gratitude in ſome meaſure, for the Favours I have received of you, and to make an Acknowledgment where I cannot pay a Debt. 'Tis only what was long ſince deſign'd you, when poſſibly it might have found ſomething a better Welcome, by its having made (as then it muſt have done) a Voyage to have kiſs'd your Hands, and might perhaps then have contributed in ſome ſmall degree to your Diverſion, in a Place where there is found ſo little.——— In order to it, I ſent you the Firſt Part by one of your Officers, of which this is a Continuation. But being oblig'd to lay it by for other more material Buſineſs, it has had the Misfortune not to approach you 'till now, and to which Honour it has nothing to intitle it, but that of bearing your Name before it, which will put a Value upon it to the World. And ſince I never was of a Nature to hoard any Good to my peculiar Uſe, 'tis with great Satisfaction I am, by this ſhort Character of you, diſtributing a Bleſſing to that Part of Mankind who have not that of knowing you. For there is an unſpeakable Power and Pleaſure in obliging; and 'tis a Pain to the good-natur'd to conceal any thing, whoſe Communication may gratifie*

the

the World, and I am uneaſie when a good Man is not as well underſtood by every body as by my ſelf; and I boaſt that Honour here, with more Vanity than of any other Happineſs. Though I know I ſhall be cenſur'd by your Lovers, for ſaying ſo little where ſo much is due: But ſince I write to the Number that do not know you, rather than thoſe that do, this will at leaſt ſuffice to ſhew how fine a thing Man can be, ſo qualify'd and ſet out by Nature for eternal Eſteem. For, Sir, there is in you ſomething, beſides the common Virtues of your Sex, ſo engaging, ſome Art in Nature ſo peculiar to your ſelf, ſo inſinuating into the Soul, that there is not found any thing ſo dull in Human-kind, as not to love, honour, and value you: Nor is that Man born that is your Enemy, no not even amongſt thoſe Phanatical Diſpoſitions, whoſe Principles and Opinions are ſo diſtant from thoſe honeſt and generous ones of yours; at leaſt they love the Man, though they rail at his Notions, eſteem the Perſon though they abominate the Loyaliſt; nor can I reflect on the Excellency of your Temper, but I think you born to put the ill-natured World into good Humour. You are always eaſie without Affectation, merry without Extravagance, generous, liberal, and good without Vanity, ſedate and even without Conſtraint, chearful and calm as Innocence, though the World ſtorm and reel with mad Confuſion, ſtill from the Serenity of your Looks we read the fair Weather in your Mind, which Times or Seaſons can never diſcompoſe, while all goes well with your King and Countrey. You have a Greatneſs of Soul, which it ſeems as if Fate durſt not oppreſs; and he who is ſo truly magnificent within, needs not trouble the World for Elbow-room; and who is ambitious of more than you poſſeſs, does but purchaſe an empty Name at the Expence of his Repoſe and Senſe, and leſſens his Glory by equalling it to a Title. The Sun at Noon is no Wonder, but to ſee as great an Illumination in a Star, though of the firſt Magnitude, we gaze at with Admiration. Title (that Trifle which you can command when you pleaſe, and which 'tis far greater to

merit

merit than to wear,) ſerves rather to render Vice more apparent, than to elevate the Virtues. Heav'n has made you more truly happy, and has ſet no Bleſſing at too vaſt a Diſtance for your Reach; but has ſubdu'd even all your Wiſhes to your Power, and left you almoſt nothing to ask; having ſuited your Fame and Fortune to the Greatneſs of your Mind.

How ſoon, at the Choice of the moſt glorious Senate that ever bleſs'd the Land, was your valu'd Name ſnatch'd by every glad and giving Voice, and made the Muſick of the happy Day, when black Excluſions were juſtly damn'd from the Field, and only ſuch untainted Supporters of the Royal Cauſe thought worthy to bear a Part in ſo glorious a Concern, as Giving Cæſar his Due. *Here, Sir, you appear'd in your proper Sphere, diſperſing that darling Virtue of your Soul, laviſhly giving, generouſly diſpoſing and dealing out according to your mighty Mind, and had the Glory even of obliging a Monarch, than which nothing could be a greater Satisfaction to you. But, Sir, you do all things with a perfect good Grace, and even Buſineſs, that Toil of Life, you render ſoft and eaſie, and as if you alone was created to manage the Concerns of the World, you make Buſineſs your Pleaſure and Diverſion, and laugh at thoſe that fatigue themſelves with mighty Affairs, and who aſſume, like* Trinkilo, *a dull Gravity, to be eſteem'd great, wiſe, and buſie, while you diſcover only the beſt and nobleſt Part of Buſineſs, the Effects of it, the reſt the Gentleman ſo handſomly conceals, we perceive is no more than Fairy Houſwifery, which is ſtill acted in the Shades and Silence of the Night, when Mortals are aſleep, and who find all fair and clean in the Morning, but cannot gueſs at the inviſible hand that did it. I am ſo good a Subject, that I wiſh all his Majeſty's-Work done by ſuch Hands, Heads and Hearts, ſo effectual and ſo faithful; and then we ſhall fear no more Rebellions, but every Man ſhall bask ſecurely under his own Vine, that has one——For my part,*

part, I have only eſcap'd fleaing by the Rebels, to ſtarve more ſecurely in my own native Province of Poetry, *though I am as well pleas'd at our late Victory, and the growing Glories of my King, as he that has got a Commiſſion by it, if I may have this Happineſs added to it, of ſtill retaining the Honour of your Friendſhip, and be ſtill number'd in the Croud of,*

SIR,

Your moſt Obliged

Humble Servant,

A. B.

Love-Letters.

FROM A

NOBLE MAN

TO HIS

SISTER.

PART II.

AT the End of the firſt Part of theſe Letters, we left *Philander* impatiently waiting on the Sea-Shore for the Approach of the lovely *Sylvia*; who accordingly came to him dreſs'd like a Youth, to ſecure her ſelf from a Diſcovery. They ſtaid not long to careſs each other, but he taking the welcome Maid in his Arms, with a tranſported Joy bore her to a ſmall Veſſel, that lay ready near the Beach; where with only *Brilliard* and two Men Servants, they put to Sea, and paſt into *Holland*, landing at the neareſt Port; where, after having refreſh'd themſelves for two or three Days, they paſs'd forwards towards the *Brill*, *Sylvia* ſtill remaining under that amiable Diſguiſe: But in their Paſſage from Town to Town, which is ſometimes by Coach, and other times by Boat, they chanc'd one Day to encounter a young *Hollander* of a more than

ordinary Gallantry for that Countrey, ſo degenerate from good Manners, and almoſt common Civility, and ſo far ſhort of all the good Qualities that made themſelves appear in this young Nobleman. He was very handſome, well made, well dreſs'd and very well attended; and whom we will call *Octavio*, and who, young as he was, was one of the States of *Holland*; he ſpoke admirable good *French*, and had a Vivacity and Quickneſs of Wit unuſual with the Natives of that part of the World, and almoſt above all the reſt of his Sex: *Philander* and *Sylvia* having already agreed for the Cabin of the Veſſel that was to carry them to the next Stage, *Octavio* came too late to have any Place there but amongſt the common Croud; which the Maſter of the Veſſel, who knew him was much troubled at, and addreſs'd himſelf as civilly as he could to *Philander*, to beg Permiſſion for one Stranger of Quality to diſpoſe of himſelf in the Cabin for that Day: *Philander* being well enough pleas'd, ſo to make an Acquaintance with ſome of Power of that Countrey, readily conſented; and *Octavio* enter'd with an Addreſs ſo graceful and obliging, that at firſt ſight he inclin'd *Philander*'s Heart to a Friendſhip with him; and on the other ſide the lovely Perſon of *Philander*, the Quality that appear'd in his Face and Meiń, oblig'd *Octavio* to become no leſs his Admirer. But when he ſaluted *Sylvia*, who appear'd to him a Youth of Quality, he was extremely charm'd with her pretty Gaiety, and an unuſual Air and Life in her Addreſs and Motion, he felt a ſecret Joy and Pleaſure play about his Soul, he knew not why, and was almoſt angry that he felt ſuch an Emotion for a Youth, tho' the moſt lovely that he ever ſaw. After the firſt Complements, they fell into Diſcourſe of a thouſand indifferent things, and if he were pleas'd at firſt ſight with the two Lovers, he was wholly charm'd by their Converſation, eſpecially that of the amiable Youth; who well enough pleas'd with the young Stranger, or elſe hitherto having met nothing ſo accompliſh'd in her ſhort Travels;

Travels; and indeed deſpairing to meet any ſuch; ſhe put on all her Gaiety and Charms of Wit, and made as abſolute a Conqueſt as 'twas poſſible for her ſuppos'd Sex to do over a Man, who was a great Admirer of the other; and ſurely the lovely Maid never appear'd ſo charming and deſirable as that Day; they din'd together in the Cabin; and after Dinner repos'd on little Matreſſes by each other's ſide, where every Motion, every Limb, as careleſly ſhe lay, diſcover'd a thouſand Graces, and more and more enflam'd the now beginning Lover; ſhe could not move, nor ſmile, nor ſpeak, nor order any Charm about her, but had ſome peculiar Grace that begun to make him uneaſie; and from a thouſand little Modeſties, both in her Bluſhes and Motions, he had a ſecret Hope ſhe was not what ſhe ſeem'd, but of that Sex whereof ſhe diſcover'd ſo many Softneſſes and Beauties; tho' to what Advantage that Hope would amount to his Repoſe, was yet a Diſquiet he had not conſider'd nor felt: Nor could he by any Fondneſs between them or Indiſcretion of Love, conceive how the lovely Strangers were allied; he only hop'd, and had no thoughts of Fear, or any thing that could check his new beginning Flame. While thus they paſs'd the Afternoon, they ask'd a thouſand Queſtions, of Lovers, of the Countrey and Manners, and their Security and Civility to Strangers; to all which *Octavio* anſwer'd as a Man, who would recommend the Place and Perſons purely to oblige their Stay; for now Self-Intereſt makes him ſay all things in favour of it; and of his own Friendſhip, offers them all the Service of a Man in Power, and who could make an Intereſt in thoſe that had more than himſelf; much he proteſted, much he offer'd, and yet no more than he deſign'd to make good on all Occaſions, which they receiv'd with an Acknowledgment that plainly diſcover'd a Generoſity and Quality above the common rate of Men; ſo that finding in each other Occaſions for Love and Friendſhip, they mutually profeſs'd it, and nobly enter-

tain'd it. *Octavio* told his Name and Quality, left nothing unſaid that might confirm the Lovers of his Sincerity. This begot a Confidence in *Philander*, who in return told him ſo much of his Circumſtances as ſuffic'd to let him know he was a Perſon ſo unfortunate to have occaſion'd the Diſpleaſure of his King againſt him, and that he could not continue with any Repoſe in that Kingdom, whoſe Monarch thought him no longer fit for thoſe Honours he had before receiv'd: *Octavio* renew'd his Proteſtations of ſerving him with his Intereſt and Fortune, which the other receiving with all the gallant Modeſty of an unfortunate Man, they came aſhore, where *Octavio*'s Coaches and Equipage waiting his coming to conduct him to his Houſe, he offer'd his new Friends the beſt of 'em to carry them to their Lodging, which he had often preſs'd might be his own Palace; but that being refus'd as too great an Honour, he would himſelf ſee them plac'd in ſome one, which he thought might be moſt ſuitable to their Quality; they excus'd the Trouble, but he preſs'd too eagerly to be deny'd, and he conducted them to a Merchant's Houſe not far from his own, ſo Love had contriv'd for the better Management of this new Affair of his Heart, which he reſolv'd to purſue, be the fair Object of what Sex ſoever: But after having well enough recommended 'em to the Care of the Merchant, he thought it Juſtice to leave 'em to their Reſt, tho' with abundance of Reluctancy; ſo took his leave of both the lovely Strangers, and went to his own Home. And after a haſty Supper got himſelf put to Bed: Not to ſleep; for now he had other Buſineſs: Love took him now to task, and ask'd his Heart a thouſand Queſtions. Then 'twas he found the Idea of that fair unknown had abſolute Poſſeſſion there: Nor was he at all diſpleas'd to find he was a Captive; his Youth and Quality promiſe his Hopes a thouſand Advantages above all other Men: But when he reflected on the Beauty of *Philander*, on his charming Youth and Converſation, and every Grace

Grace that adorns a Conqueror, he grew inflam'd, diſorder'd, reſtleſs, angry, and out of Love with his own Attractions; conſider'd every Beauty of his own Perſon, and found 'em, or at leaſt thought 'em infinitely ſhort of thoſe of his now fancy'd Rival; yet 'twas a Rival that he could not hate, nor did his Paſſion abate one Thought of his Friendſhip for *Philander*, but rather more encreas'd it, inſomuch that he once reſolv'd it ſhould ſurmount his Love if poſſible, at leaſt he left it on the Upper-hand, 'till Time ſhould make a better Diſcovery. When tir'd with Thought we'll ſuppoſe him aſleep, and ſee how our Lovers far'd; who being lodg'd all on one Stair-Caſe (that is, *Philander*, *Sylvia*, and *Brilliard)* it was not hard for the Lover to ſteal into the longing Arms of the expecting *Sylvia*; no Fatigues of tedious Journies, and little Voyages, had abated her Fondneſs or his Vigour; the Night was like the firſt, all Joy! all Tranſport! *Brilliard* lay ſo near as to be a Witneſs to all their Sighs of Love, and little ſoft Murmurs, who now began from a Servant to be permitted as an humble Companion; ſince he had had the Honour of being marry'd to *Sylvia*, though yet he durſt not lift his Eyes or Thoughts that way; yet it might be perceiv'd he was melancholy and ſullen whene'er he ſaw their Dalliances; nor could he know the Joys his Lord nightly ſtole, without an Impatience, which if but minded or known perhaps had coſt him his Life. He began from the Thoughts ſhe was his Wife, to fancy fine Enjoyment, to fancy Authority which he durſt not aſſume, and often wiſh'd his Lord would grow cold, as poſſeſſing Lovers do, that then he might advance his Hope, when he ſhould even abandon or ſlight her: He could not ſee her kiſs'd without bluſhing with Reſentment, but if he has aſſiſted to undreſs him for her Bed, he was ready to die with Anger, and would grow Sick, and leave the Office to himſelf: He could not ſee her naked Charms, her Arms ſtretch'd out to receive a Lover, with impatient Joy, without Madneſs; to ſee her

claſp him faſt, when he threw himſelf into her ſoft, white Boſom, and ſmother him with Kiſſes: No, he could not bear it now, and almoſt loſt his Reſpect when he beheld it, and grew ſaucy unperceiv'd. And 'twas in vain that he look'd back upon the Reward he had to ſtand for that neceſſary Cypher a Husband. In vain he conſider'd the Reaſons why, and the Occaſion wherefore; he now ſeeks Preſidents of uſurp'd Dominion, and thinks ſhe is his Wife, and has forgot that he's her Creature, and *Philander's* Vaſſal. Theſe Thoughts diſturb'd him all the Night, and a certain Jealouſie, or rather Curioſity to liſten to every Motion of the Lovers, while they were employ'd after a different manner.

Next Day it was debated what was beſt to be done, as to their Conduct in that Place; or whether *Sylvia* ſhould yet own her Sex or not; but ſhe, pleas'd with the Cavalier in her ſelf, begg'd ſhe might live under that Diſguiſe, which indeed gave her a thouſand Charms to thoſe which Nature had already beſtow'd on her Sex; and *Philander* was well enough pleas'd ſhe ſhould continue in that agreeable Dreſs, which did not only add to her Beauty, but gave her a thouſand little Privileges, which otherwiſe would have been deny'd to Women, though in a Countrey of much Freedom. Every Day ſhe appear'd in the *Tour*, ſhe fail'd not to make a Conqueſt on ſome unguarded Heart of the fair Sex: Nor was it long e're ſhe receiv'd *Billet-Deux* from many of the moſt accompliſh'd who could ſpeak and write *French*. This gave them a Pleaſure in the midſt of her unlucky Exile, and ſhe fail'd not to boaſt her Conqueſts to *Octavio*, who every Day gave all his Hours to Love, under the Diſguiſe of Friendſhip, and every Day receiv'd new Wounds, both from her Converſation and Beauty, and every Day confirm'd him more in his firſt Belief, that ſhe was a Woman; and that confirm'd his Love. But ſtill he took care to hide his Paſſion with a Gallantry that was natural to him, and

to

to very few beſides; and he manag'd his Eyes, which were always full of Love, ſo equally to both, that when he was ſoft and fond it appear'd more his natural Humour, than from any particular Cauſe; and that you may believe that all the Arts of Gallantry, and Graces of good Management were more peculiarly his than another's, his Race was illuſtrious, being deſcended from that of the Princes of *Orange*, and great Birth will ſhine through and ſhew it ſelf in ſpight of Education and Obſcurity: But *Octavio* had all thoſe Additions that render a Man truly great and brave; and this is the Character of him that was next undone by our unfortunate and fatal Beauty. At this rate for ſome time they liv'd thus diſguis'd under feign'd Names, *Octavio* omitting nothing that might oblige 'em in the higheſt Degree, and hardly any thing was talk'd of but the new and beautiful Strangers, whoſe Conqueſts in all places over the Ladies are well worthy, both for their Rarity and Comedy, to be related entirely by themſelves in a Novel. *Octavio* ſaw every Day with abundance of Pleaſure the little Revenges of Love on thoſe Womens Hearts who had made before little Conqueſts over him, and ſtrove by all the gay Preſents he made a young *Fillmond* (for ſo they call'd *Sylvia,*) to make him appear unreſiſtible to the Ladies; and while *Sylvia* gave them new Wounds, *Octavio* fail'd not to receive 'em too among the Croud, till at laſt he became a confirm'd Slave, to the lovely unknown; and that which was yet more ſtrange, ſhe captivated the Men no leſs than the Women, who often gave her *Serenades* under her Window, with Songs fitted to the Courtſhip of a Boy, all which added to their Diverſion: But Fortune had ſmil'd long enough, and now grew weary of obliging, ſhe was reſolv'd to undeceive both Sexes, and let 'em ſee the Errors of their Love; for *Sylvia* fell into a Fever ſo violent that *Philander* no longer hop'd for her Recovery, inſomuch that ſhe was oblig'd to own her Sex, and take Women Servants out

of Decency. This made the firſt Diſcovery of who and what they were, and for which every Body languiſh'd under a ſecret Grief. But *Octavio*, who now was not only confirm'd ſhe was a Woman, but that ſhe was neither Wife to *Philander*, nor could in almoſt all poſſibility ever be ſo; that ſhe was his Miſtreſs, gave him hope that ſhe might one Day as well be conquer'd by him; and he found her Youth, her Beauty, and her Quality, merited all his Pains of laviſh Courtſhip. And now there remains no more than the Fear of her dying to oblige him immediately to a Diſcovery of his Paſſion, too violent now by his new Hope to be longer conceal'd, but Decency forbids he ſhould now purſue the dear Deſign; he waited and made Vows for her Recovery; viſited her, and found *Philander* the moſt deplorable Object that Deſpair and Love could render him, who lay eternally weeping on her Bed, and no Counſel or Perſuaſion could remove him thence; but if by chance they made him ſenſible 'twas for her Repoſe, he would depart to eaſe his Mind by new Torment, he would rave and tear his delicate Hair, ſigh and weep upon *Octavio*'s Boſom, and a thouſand times begin to unfold the Story, already known to the Generous Rival; Deſpair, and Hopes of Pity from him, made him utter all: And one Day, when by the Advice of the Phyſician he was forc'd to quit the Chamber to give her Reſt, he carry'd *Octavio* to his own, and told him from the Beginning, all the Story of his Love with the charming *Sylvia* and with it all the Story of his Fate: *Octavio* ſighing (tho' glad of the Opportunity) told him his Affairs were already but too well known, and that he feared his Safety from that Diſcovery, ſince the States had oblig'd themſelves to harbour no declar'd Enemy to the *French* King. At this News our young Unfortunate ſhew'd a Reſentment that was ſo moving, that even *Octavio*, who felt a ſecret Joy at the Thoughts of his Departure, could no longer refrain from Pity and Tenderneſs, even to a Wiſh that he

he were leſs unhappy, and never to part from *Sylvia*: But Love ſoon grew again triumphant in his Heart, and all he could ſay was, that he would afford him the Aids of all his Power in this Encounter; which with the Acknowledgments of a Lover, whoſe Life depended on it, he receiv'd, and parted with him, who went to learn what was decreed in Council concerning him. While *Philander* return'd to *Sylvia* the moſt dejected Lover that ever Fate produc'd, where he had not ſigh'd away above an Hour, but receiv'd a Billet by *Octavio*'s Page from his Lord; he went to his own Apartment to read it, fearing it might contain ſomething too ſad for him to be able to hold his Temper at the reading of, and which would infallible have diſturb'd the Repoſe of *Sylvia*, who ſhar'd in every cruel Thought of *Philander*'s: When he was alone he open'd it, and read this.

OCTAVIO *to* PHILANDER.

My Lord,

I Had rather die than be the ungrateful Meſſenger of News, which I am ſenſible will prove too fatal to you, and which will be beſt expreſs'd in feweſt Words: 'Tis decreed, that you *muſt retire from the United* Provinces in four and twenty Hours, if you will ſave a Life that is dear to me and *Sylvia*, there being no other Security againſt your being render'd up to the King of *France*. Support it well, and hope all things from the Aſſiſtance of your

OCTAVIO.

From the Council, Wedneſday.

Philander having finiſh'd the reading of this, remain'd a while wholly without Life or Motion, when coming to himſelf, he ſigh'd, and cry'd,——*Why*——*farewel trifling Life*——*If of the two Extreams one muſt be choſen, rather than I'll abandon* Sylvia, *I'll ſtay and*

be

be deliver'd up a Victim to incens'd France——*'Tis but a Life*——*at beſt I never valu'd thee*——*and now I ſcorn to preſerve thee at the Price of* Sylvia's *Tears!* Then taking a haſty Turn or two about his Chamber he pauſing, cry'd——*But by my Stay I ruin both* Sylvia *and my ſelf, her Life depends on mine; and 'tis impoſſible hers can be preſerv'd when mine is in Danger: By retiring I ſhall ſhortly again be bleſs'd with her Sight in more ſafe Security, by ſtaying I reſign my ſelf poorly to be made a publick Scorn to* France; *and the cruel Murderer of* Sylvia. Now, 'twas after an hundred Turns and Pauſes intermix'd with Sighs and Ravings, that he reſolv'd for both their Safeties to retire; and having a while longer debated within himſelf how, and where, and a little time ruminated on his hard purſuing Fate, grown to a Calm of Grief, (leſs eaſie to be born than Rage) he haſtes to *Sylvia* whom he found ſomething more chearful than before, but dares not acquaint her with the Commands he had to depart—— But ſilently he views her, while Tears of Love and Grief glide unperceivably from his fine Eyes, his Soul grows tenderer at every Look, and Pity and Compaſſion joining to his Love and his Deſpair, ſet him on the Wrack of Life; and now believing it leſs pain to die than to leave *Sylvia*, reſolves to diſobey, and dare the worſt that ſhall befal him; he had ſome glimmering Hope, as Lovers have, that ſome kind Chance will prevent his going, or being deliver'd up; he truſts much to the Friendſhip of *Octavio*, whoſe Power join'd with that of his Uncle, (who was one of the States alſo, and whom he had an Aſcendant over, as his Nephew and his Heir) might ſerve him; he therefore ventures to move him to Compaſſion by this following Letter.

PHILANDER *to* OCTAVIO.

I Know, my Lord, that the Exerciſe of Virtue and Juſtice is ſo innate to your Soul, and ſo fix'd to the very

very Principle of a generous Commonwealths-Man, that where thoſe are in Competition, 'tis neither Birth, Wealth, or glorious Merit, that can render the unfortunate condemn'd by you, worthy of your Pity or Pardon: Your very Sons and Fathers fall before your Juſtice, and 'tis Crime enough to offend (tho' innocently) the leaſt of your wholſome Laws, to fall under the Extremity of their Rigour. I am not ignorant neither how flouriſhing this neceſſary Tyranny, this lawful Oppreſſion, renders your State; how ſafe and glorious, how ſecure from Enemies at home, (thoſe worſt of Foes) and how fear'd by thoſe abroad: Purſue then, Sir, your juſtifiable Method, and ſtill be high and mighty, retain your ancient *Roman* Virtue, and ſtill be great as *Rome* her ſelf in her height of Glorious Commonwealths; rule your ſtubborn Natives by her excellent Examples, and let the height of your Ambition be only to be as ſeverely Juſt, as rigidly Good as you pleaſe, but like her too, be pitiful to Strangers, and diſpenſe a noble Charity to the diſtreſs'd, compaſſionate a poor wandring young Man, who flies to you for Refuge, loſt to his Native home, loſt to his Fame, his Fortune, and his Friends; and has only left him the Knowledge of his Innocence to ſupport him from falling on his own Sword, to end an unfortunate Life, purſu'd every where, and ſafe no where; a Life whoſe only Refuge is *Octavio*'s Goodneſs; nor is it barely to preſerve this Life that I have recourſe to that only as my Sanctuary, and like an humble Slave implore your Pity; Oh, *Octavio*, pity my Youth, and intercede for my Stay yet a little longer: Your ſelf makes one of the illuſtrious Number of the grave, the wiſe and mighty Council, your Uncle and Relations make up another conſiderable Part of it, and you are too dear to all, to find a Refuſal of your juſt and compaſſionate Application. Oh! what Fault have I committed againſt you, that I ſhould not find a Safety here; as well as thoſe charg'd with the ſame Crime

with

with me, tho' of leſs Quality? Many I have encounter'd here of our unlucky Party, who find a Safety among you: Is my Birth a Crime? Or does the Greatneſs of that augment my Guilt? Have I broken any of your Laws, committed any Outrage? Do they ſuſpect me for a Spy to *France?* Or do I hold any Correſpondence with that ungrateful Nation? Does my Religion, Principle, or Opinion differ from yours? Can I deſign the Subverſion of your glorious State? Can I plot, cabal, or mutiny alone? Oh charge me with ſome Offence, or your ſelves of Injuſtice. Say, why am I deny'd my Length of Earth amongſt you, if I die? Or why to breath the open Air, if I live, ſince I ſhall neither oppreſs the one, nor infect the other? but on the contrary am ready with my Sword, my Youth and Blood to ſerve you, and bring my little Aids on all Occaſions to yours: And ſhould be proud of the Glory to die for you in Battle, who would deliver me up a Sacrifice to *France.* Oh! where, *Octavio,* is the Glory or Virtue of this *Punctilio?* for 'tis no other: There are no Laws that bind you to it, no obligatory Article of Nations, but an unneceſſary Complement made a *Nemine contradicente* of your Senate, that argues nothing but ill Nature, and cannot redound to any ones Advantage; an ill Nature that's levell'd at me alone; for many I found here, and many ſhall leave under the ſame Circumſtances with me; 'tis only me whom you have mark'd out the Victim to attone for all: Well then, my Lord, if nothing can move you to a Safety for this Unfortunate, at leaſt be ſo merciful to ſuſpend your Cruelty a little, yet a little, and poſſibly I ſhall render you the Body of *Philander,* tho' dead, to ſend into *France,* as the Trophy of your Fidelity to that Crown: Oh yet a little ſtay your cruel Sentence, till my lovely Siſter, who purſu'd my hard Fortunes, declare my Fate by her Life or Death: Oh, my Lord, if ever the ſoft Paſſion of Love have touch'd your Soul, if you have felt the unre-

unreſiſtible Force of young Charms about your Heart, if ever you have known a Pain and Pleaſure from fair Eyes, or the tranſporting Joys of Beauty, pity a Youth undone by Love and Ambition, thoſe powerful Conquerors of the young.——Pity, oh pity a Youth that dies, and will e'er long no more complain upon your Rigours. Yes, my Lord, he dies without the Force of a terrifying Sentence, without the grim Reproaches of an angry Judge, without the ſoon conſulted Arbitrary——Guilty of a ſevere and haſty Jury, without the Ceremony of the Scaffold, Ax, and Hangman; and the Clamours of inconſidering Crouds; all which melancholy Ceremonies render Death ſo terrible, which elſe would fall like gentle Slumbers upon the Eye-Lids, and which in Field I would encounter with that Joy I would the ſacred thing I love! But oh, I fear my Fate is in the lovely *Sylvia*, and in her dying Eyes you may read it, in her languiſhing Face you'll ſee how near it is approach'd. Ah, will you not ſuffer me to attend it there? by her dear Side I ſhall fall as calmly as Flowers from their Stalks, without Regret or Pain: Will you, by forcing me to die from her, run me to a Madneſs? to wild Diſtraction? Oh think it ſufficient that I die here before half my Race of Youth be run, before the Light be half burnt out, that might have conducted me to a World of Glory! Alas, ſhe dies——the lovely *Sylvia* dies; ſhe is ſighing out a Soul to which mine is ſo intirely fix'd, that they muſt go upward together; yes, yes, ſhe breaths it ſick into my Boſom, and kindly gives mine its Diſeaſe of Death: Let us at leaſt then die in Silence quietly; and if it pleaſe Heav'n to reſtore the languiſh'd Charmer, I will reſign my ſelf up to all your rigorous Honour; only let me bear my Treaſure with me, while we wander o'er the World to ſeek us out a Safety in ſome Part of it, where Pity and Compaſſion is no Crime, where Men have tender Hearts, and have heard of the God of Love; where

Poli-

Politicks are not all the Buſineſs of the Powerful, but where Civility and good Nature reign.

Perhaps, my Lord, you'll wonder I plead no weightier Argument for my Stay than Love, or the Griefs and Tears of a languiſhing Maid: But, oh! they are ſuch Tears as every Drop would ranſom Lives, and nothing that proceeds from her charming Eyes can be valu'd at a leſs rate! in pity to her, to me, and your amorous Youths, let me bear her hence: For ſhould ſhe look abroad as her own Sex, ſhould ſhe appear in her natural and proper Beauty, alas they were undone. Reproach not (my Lord) the Weakneſs of this Confeſſion, and which I make with more Glory than could: I boaſt my ſelf Lord of all the Univerſe: If it appear a Fault to the more Grave and Wiſe, I hope my Youth will plead ſomething for my Excuſe. Oh ſay, at leaſt, 'twas pity that Love had the Aſcendant over *Philander*'s Soul, ſay 'twas his Deſtiny, but ſay withal, that it put no Stop to his Advance to Glory; rather it ſet an Edge upon his Sword, and gave Wings to his Ambition!——Yes, try me in your Councils, prove me in your Camps, place me in any Hazard ——but give me Love! and leave me to wait the Life or Death of *Sylvia*, and then diſpoſe as you pleaſe my Lord, of your unfortunate

PHILANDER

OCTAVIO *to* PHILANDER.

My Lord,

I Am much concern'd that a Requeſt ſo reaſonable as you have made, will be of ſo little Force with theſe Arbitrary Tyrants of State; and tho' youha ve addreſs'd and appeal'd to me as one of that grave and rigid Number, (tho' without one Grain of their Formalities, and I hope Age, which renders us leſs gallant, and more envious

envious of the Joys and Liberties of Youth, will never reduce me to ſo dull and thoughtleſs a Member of State) yet I have ſo ſmall and ſingle a Portion of their Power, that I am aſham'd of my Incapacity of ſerving you in this great Affair. I bear the Honour and the Name, 'tis true, of glorious Sway; but I can boaſt but of the worſt and moſt impotent Part of it, the Title only; but the buſy, abſolute, miſchievous Politician finds no Room in my Soul, my Humour, or Conſtitution; and plodding reſtleſs Power I have made ſo little the Buſineſs of my gayer and more careleſs Youth, that I have even loſt my Right of Rule, my Share of Empire amongſt them. That little Power (whoſe unregarded Loſs I never bemoan'd 'till it render'd me uncapable of ſerving *Philander*) I have ſtretch'd to the utmoſt Bound for your Stay; inſomuch that I have receiv'd many Reproaches from the wiſer Coxcombs, have had my Youth's little Debauches hinted on, and Judgments made of you (diſadvantagious) from my Friendſhip to you; a Friendſhip, which, my Lord, at firſt Sight of you found a being in my Soul, and which your Wit, your Goodneſs, your Greatneſs, and your Misfortunes have improv'd to all the degrees of it: Tho' I am infinitely unhappy that it proves of no Uſe to you here, and that the greateſt Teſtimony I can now render of it, is to warn you of your approaching Danger, and haſten your Departure, for there is no Safety in your Stay. I juſt now heard what was decreed againſt you in Council, which no pleading, nor Eloquence of Friendſhip had Force enough to evade. Alas, I had but one ſingle Voice in the Number, which I ſullenly and ſingly gave, and which unregarded paſt. Go then, my Lord, haſte to ſome Place where good Breeding and Humanity reigns: Go and preſerve *Sylvia*, in providing for your own Safety; and believe me, 'till ſhe be in a Condition to purſue your Fortunes, I will take ſuch Care that nothing ſhall be wanting to her Recovery here, in order to her follow-

ing after you. I am, alas, but too ſenſible of all the Pains you muſt endure by ſuch a Separation; for I am neither inſenſible, nor uncapable of Love, or any of its violent Effects: Go then, my Lord, and preſerve the lovely Maid in your Flight, ſince your Stay and Danger will ſerve but to haſten on her Death: Go and be ſatisfy'd ſhe ſhall find a Protection ſuitable to her Sex, her Innocence, her Beauty, and her Quality; and that wherever you fix your Stay, ſhe ſhall be reſign'd to your Arms by, my Lord, your eternal Friend and humble Servant

OCTAVIO.

Leſt in this ſudden Remove you ſhould want Money, I have ſent you ſeveral Bills of Exchange to what Place ſoever you arrive; and what you want more (make no Scruple to uſe me as a Friend and) command.

After this Letter finding no Hopes, but on the contrary a dire Neceſſity of departing, he told *Brilliard* his Misfortune, and ask'd his Counſel in this Extremity of Affairs. *Brilliard*, (who of a Servant was become a Rival) you may believe, gave him ſuch Advice as might remove him from the Object he ador'd. But after a great deal of diſſembled Trouble, the better to hide his Joy, he gave his Advice for his going, with all the Arguments that appear'd reaſonable enough to *Philander*; and at every Period urg'd, that his Life being dear to *Sylvia*, and on which hers ſo immediately depended, he ought no longer to debate, but haſten his Flight: To all which Counſel our amorous Hero with a Soul ready to make its way thro' his trembling Body, gave a ſighing unwilling Aſſent. 'Twas now no longer a Diſpute, but was concluded he muſt go; but how was the only Queſtion. How ſhould he take his Farewel? How he ſhould bid adieu, and leave the dear Object of his Soul in an Eſtate ſo hazardous? He form'd a thouſand ſad Ideas to torment himſelf with

fancy-

fancying he ſhould never ſee her more, that he ſhould hear that ſhe was dead, tho' now ſhe appear'd on this Side the Grave, and had all the Signs of a declining Diſeaſe. He fancy'd Abſence might make her cold, and abate her Paſſion to him; that her powerful Beauty might attract Adorers, and ſhe being but a Woman and no Part Angel but her Form, 'twas not expected ſhe ſhould want her Sex's Frailties. Now he could conſider how he had won her, how by Importunity and Opportunity ſhe had at laſt yielded to him, and therefore might to ſome new Gameſter, when he was not by to keep her Heart in continual Play: Then 'twas that all the Deſpair of jealous Love, the Throbs and Piercing of a violent Paſſion ſeiz'd his timorous and tender Heart, he fancy'd her already in ſome new Lover's Arms, and ran o'er all the ſoft Enjoyments he had had with her; and fancy'd with tormenting Thought, that ſo another would poſſeſs her; 'till rack'd with Tortures, he almoſt fainted on the Repoſe on which he was ſet: But *Brilliard* rous'd and endeavour'd to convince him, told him he hop'd his Fear was needleſs, and that he would take all the watchful Care imaginable of her Conduct, be a Spy upon her Virtue, and from time to time give him Notice of all that ſhould paſs! Bid him conſider her Quality, and that ſhe was no common Miſtreſs whom Hire could lead aſtray; and that if from the Violence of her Paſſion, or her moſt ſevere Fate, ſhe had yielded to the moſt charming of Men, he ought as little to imagine ſhe could be again a Lover, as that ſhe could find an Object of equal Beauty with that of *Philander*: In fine, he ſooth'd and flatter'd him into ſo much Eaſe, that he reſolves to take his Leave for a Day or two, under Pretence of meeting and conſulting with ſome of the Rebel Party; and that he would return again to her by that time it might be imagin'd her Fever might be abated, and *Sylvia* in a Condition to receive the News of his being gone for a longer time, and to know all his Affairs. While *Brilliard* prepar'd

all things neceſſary for his Departure, *Philander* went to *Sylvia*; from whom having been abſent two tedious Hours, ſhe caught him in her Arms with a Tranſport of Joy, reproach'd him with want of Love, for being abſent ſo long: But ſtill the more ſhe ſpoke ſoft ſighing Words of Love, the more his Soul was ſeiz'd with Melancholy, his Sighs redoubled, and he could not refrain from letting fall ſome Tears upon her Boſom—— which *Sylvia* perceiving, with a Look and a trembling in her Voice, that ſpoke her Fear, ſhe cry'd, Oh *Philander!* theſe are unuſual Marks of your Tenderneſs; oh tell me, tell me quickly what they mean. He anſwer'd with a Sigh, and ſhe went on—— 'Tis ſo, I am undone, 'tis your loſt Vows, your broken Faith you weep; yes, *Philander*, you find the Flower of my Beauty faded, and what you lov'd before you pity now, and theſe be the Effects of it. Then ſighing, as if his Soul had been departing on her Neck, he cry'd, By Heav'n, by all the Powers of Love, thou art the ſame dear Charmer that thou wert; then preſſing her Body to his Boſom, he ſigh'd anew as if his Heart were breaking——I know (ſays ſhe) *Philander*, there's ſome hidden Cauſe that gives theſe Sighs their way, and that dear Face a Paleneſs. Oh tell me all; for ſhe that could abandon all for thee, can dare the worſt of Fate: If thou muſt quit me——oh *Philander*, if it muſt be ſo, I need not ſtay the lingring Death of a feeble Feaver; I know a way more noble and more ſudden. Pleas'd at her Reſolution, which almoſt deſtroy'd his Jealouſie and Fears, a thouſand times he kiſs'd her, mixing his grateful Words and Thanks with Sighs; and finding her fair Hands (which he put often to his Mouth) to encreaſe their Fires, and her Pulſe to be more high and quick, fearing to relapſe her into her (abating) Feaver, he forc'd a Smile, and told her, he had no Griefs but what ſhe made him feel, no Torments but her Sickneſs, nor Sighs but for her Pain, and left nothing unſaid that might confirm her he was ſtill more and more

more her Slave; and concealing his Deſign in favour of her Health, he ceas'd not vowing and proteſting, 'till he had ſettled her in all the Tranquillity of a recovering Beauty. And as ſince her firſt Illneſs he had never departed from her Bed, ſo now this Night he ſtrove to appear in her Arms with all that uſual Gaiety of Love that her Condition would permit, or his Circumſtances could feign, and leaving her aſleep at Day-break (with a Force upon his Soul that cannot be conceiv'd but by parting Lovers) he ſtole from her Arms, and retiring to his Chamber, he ſoon got himſelf ready for his Flight, and departed. We will leave *Sylvia*'s Ravings to be expreſs'd by none but herſelf, and tell you that after about fourteen Days Abſence, *Octavio* receiv'd this Letter from *Philander*.

PHILANDER *to* OCTAVIO.

BEing ſafely arriv'd at *Collen*, and by a very pretty and lucky Adventure lodg'd in the Houſe of the beſt Quality in the Town, I find my ſelf much more at Eaſe than I thought it poſſible to be without *Sylvia*, from whom I am nevertheleſs impatient to hear; I hope Abſence appears not ſo great a Bugbear to her as 'twas imagin'd: For I know not what Effects it would have on me to hear her Griefs exceeded a few Sighs and Tears; thoſe my kind Abſence has taught me to allow and bear without much Pain, but ſhould her Love tranſport her to extremes of Rage and Deſpair, I fear I ſhould quit my Safety here, and give her the laſt Proof of my Love and my Compaſſion, throw my ſelf at her Feet, and expoſe my Life to preſerve hers. Honour would oblige me to't. I conjure you, my dear *Octavio*, by all the Friendſhip you have vow'd me, (and which I no longer doubt) let me ſpeedily know how ſhe bears my Abſence, for on that Knowledge depends a great deal of the Satisfaction of my Life; carry her this inclos'd which I have writ her and ſoft-

en my ſilent Departure, which poſſibly may appear rude and unkind, plead my Pardon, and give her the Story of my Neceſſity of offending, which none can ſo well relate as your ſelf; and from a Mouth ſo eloquent to a Maid ſo full of Love, will ſoon reconcile me to her Heart. With her Letter I ſend you a Bill to pay her 2000 Patacons, which I have paid *Vander Hanskin* here, as his Letter will inform you, as alſo thoſe Bills I receiv'd of you at my Departure, having been ſupply'd by an *Engliſh* Merchant here, who gave me Credit. 'Twill be an Age, 'till I hear from you, and receive the News of the Health of *Sylvia*, than which two Bleſſings nothing will be more welcome to, generous *Octavio*, your

Collen. *PHILANDER.*

Direct your Letters for me to your Merchant Vander Hanskin.

PHILANDER *to* SYLVIA.

THERE is no way left to gain my *Sylvia*'s Pardon for leaving her, and leaving her in ſuch Circumſtances, but to tell her 'twas to preſerve a Life which I believ'd entirely dear to her, but that unhappy Crime is too ſeverely puniſh'd by the Cruelties of my Abſence: Believe me, lovely *Sylvia*, I have felt all your Pains, I have burnt with your Fever, and ſigh'd with your Oppreſſions; ſay, has my Pain abated yours? Tell me, and haſten my Health by the Aſſurance of your Recovery, or I have fled in vain from thoſe dear Arms to ſave my Life, of which I know not what Account to give you, 'till I receive from you the Knowledge of your perfect Health, the true State of mine. I can only ſay I ſigh, and have a ſort of a Being in *Collen*, where I have ſome more Aſſurance of Protection than I could hope from thoſe intereſted Brutes, who ſent

ſent me from you; yet brutiſh as they are, I know thou art ſafe from their clowniſh Outrages. For were they ſenſleſs as their Fellow-Monſters of the Sea, they durſt not prophane ſo pure an Excellence as thine; the ſullen Boars would jouder out a Welcome to thee, and gape, and wonder at thy awful Beauty, tho' they want the tender Senſe to know to what uſe 'twas made. Or if I doubted their Humanity, I cannot the Friendſhip of *Octavio*, ſince he has given me too good a Proof of it to leave me any Fear, that he has not in my Abſence purſu'd thoſe generous Sentiments for *Sylvia*, which he vow'd to *Philander*, and of which the firſt Proof muſt be his relating the Neceſſity of my Abſence, to ſet me well with my adorable Maid, who, better than I, can inform her; and that I rather choſe to quit you only for a ſhort Space, than reduce my ſelf to the Neceſſity of loſing you eternally. Let the Satisfaction this ought to give you retrieve your Health and Beauty, and put you into a Condition of reſtoring to me all my Joys; that by purſuing the Dictates of your Love, you may again bring the greateſt Happineſs on Earth to the Arms of your

PHILANDER.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Affairs here are yet ſo unſettled, that I can take no Order for your coming to me, but as ſoon as I know where I can fix with Safety, I ſhall make it my Buſineſs and my Happineſs: Adieu. Truſt Octavio *with your Letters only.*

This Letter *Octavio* would not carry himſelf to her, who had omitted no Day, ſcarce any Hour, wherein he ſaw not or ſent not to the charming *Sylvia*; but he found in that which *Philander* had writ to him an Air of Coldneſs altogether unuſual with that paſſionate Lover, and infinitely ſhort in point of Tenderneſs to

thoſe he had formerly ſeen of his, and from what he had heard him ſpeak; ſo that he no longer doubted (and the rather becauſe he hop'd it) but that *Philander* found an Abatement of that Heat, which was wont to inſpire at a more amorous rate: This appearing Declenſion he could not conceal from *Sylvia*, at leaſt to let her know he took Notice of it; for he knew her Love was too quick-ſighted and ſenſible to paſs it unregarded; but he with Reaſon thought, that when ſhe ſhould find others obſerve the little Slight ſhe had put on her, her Pride (which is natural to Women in ſuch Caſes) would decline and leſſen her Love for his Rival. He therefore ſent his Page with the Letters inclos'd in this from himſelf.

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA.

Madam,

FROM a little neceſſary Debauch I made laſt Night with the Prince, I am forc'd to employ my Page in thoſe Duties I ought to have perform'd my ſelf; He brings you, Madam, a Letter from *Philander*, as mine, which I have alſo ſent you, informs me; I ſhould elſe have doubted it; 'tis I think, his Character, and all he ſays of *Octavio* confeſſes the Friend, but where he ſpeaks of *Sylvia* ſure he diſguiſes the Lover: I wonder the Maſk ſhould be put on now to me, to whom before he ſo frankly diſcover'd the Secrets of his amorous Heart. 'Tis a Myſtery I would fain perſuade my ſelf he finds abſolutely neceſſary to his Intereſt, and I hope you will make the ſame favourable Conſtructions of it, and not impute the leſſen'd Zeal wherewith he treats the charming *Sylvia* to any poſſible Change or Coldneſs, ſince I am but too fatally ſenſible, that no Man can arrive at the Glory of being belov'd by you, that had ever Power to ſhorten one Link of that dear Chain that holds him, and you need but ſurvey that adorable Face, to confirm your Tranquilli-

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ty; ſet a juſt Value on your Charms, and you need no Arguments to ſecure your everlaſting Empire, or to eſtabliſh it in what Heart you pleaſe. This fatal Truth I learn'd from your fair Eyes, e'er they diſcover'd to me your Sex, and you may as ſoon change to what I then believ'd you, as I from adoring what I now find you: If all then, Madam, that do but look on you become your Slaves, and languiſh for you, love on, even without Hope, and die, what muſt *Philander* pay you, who has the mighty Bleſſing of your Love, your Vows, and all that renders the Hours of amorous Youth, ſacred, glad, and triumphant? But you know the conquering Power of your Charms too well to need either this daring Confeſſion, or a Defence of *Philander*'s Virtue from, Madam, your obedient Slave,

OCTAVIO.

Sylvia had no ſooner read this with Bluſhes, and a thouſand Fears, and trembling of what was to follow in *Philander*'s Letters both to *Octavio* and to her ſelf, but with an Indignation agreeable to her haughty Soul, ſhe cry'd——*How*——*ſlighted! and muſt* Octavio *ſee it too! By Heav'n, if I ſhould find it true, he ſhall not dare to think it:* Then with a generous Rage ſhe broke open *Philander*'s Letter; and which ſhe ſoon perceiv'd did but too well prove the Truth of *Octavio*'s Suſpicion, and her own Fears. She repeated it again and again, and ſtill ſhe found more Cauſe of Grief and Anger; Love occaſion'd the firſt, and Pride the laſt: And, to a Soul perfectly haughty, as was that of *Sylvia*, 'twas hard to gueſs which had the Aſcendant: She conſider'd *Octavio* to all the Advantages that Thought could conceive in one, who was not a Lover of him; ſhe knew he merited a Heart, tho' ſhe had none to give him; ſhe found him charming without having a Tenderneſs for him; ſhe found him young and amorous without Deſire towards him; ſhe found him great, rich, powerful

and generous without deſigning on him; and tho ſhe knew her Soul free from all Paſſion, but that for *Philander*, nevertheleſs ſhe bluſh'd and was angry, that he had Thoughts no more advantagious to the Power of thoſe Charms, which ſhe wiſh'd might appear to him above her Sex, it being natural to Woman to deſire Conqueſts, tho' they hate the conquer'd; to glory in the Triumph, tho' they deſpiſe the Slave: And ſhe believ'd, while *Octavio* had ſo poor a Senſe of her Beauty as to believe it could be forſaken, he would adore it leſs: And firſt, to ſatisfie her Pride, ſhe left the ſofter Buſineſs of her Heart to the next tormenting Hour, and ſent him this careleſs Anſwer by his Page, believing, if ſhe appear'd too angry, it might look as if ſhe valu'd his Opinion, and therefore diſſembled her Thoughts, as Women in thoſe Caſes ever do, who when moſt angry ſeem the moſt Galliard, eſpecially when they have need of the Friendſhip of thoſe they flatter.

SYLVIA *to* OCTAVIO.

IS it indeed, *Octavio*, that you believe *Philander* cold, or would you make that a Pretext to the Declaration of your own Paſſion; we *French* Ladies are not ſo nicely ty'd up to the Formalities of Virtue, but we can hear Love at both Ears; and if we receive not the Addreſſes of both, at leaſt we are perhaps vain enough not to be diſpleas'd to find we make new Conqueſts. But you have made your Attack with ſo ill Conduct, that I ſhall find Force enough without more Aids to repulſe you. Alas, my Lord, did you believe my Heart was left unguarded when *Philander* departed? No, the careful charming Lover left a thouſand little Gods to defend it, of no leſs Power than himſelf; young Deities, who laugh at all your little Arts and Treacheries, and ſcorn to reſign their Empire to any feeble *Cupids* you can draw up againſt 'em: Your thick fog-

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gy Air breeds Love too dull and heavy for noble Flights, nor can I ſtoop to them. The *Flemiſh* Boy wants Arrows keen enough for Hearts like mine, and is a Bungler in his Art, too lazy and remiſs, rather a heavy *Bacchus* than a *Cupid*, a Bottle ſends him to his Bed of Moſs, where he ſleeps hard, and never dreams of *Venus*.

How poorly have you paid your ſelf, my Lord, (by this Purſuit of your diſcover'd Love) for all the little Friendſhip you have render'd me? How well you have explain'd, you can be no more a Lover than a Friend, if one may judge the firſt by the laſt: Had you been thus obſtinate in your Paſſion before *Philander* went, or you had believ'd me abandon'd, I ſhould perhaps have thought that you had lov'd indeed, becauſe I ſhould have ſeen you durſt, and ſhould have believ'd it true, becauſe it ran ſome Hazards for me, the Reſolution of it would have reconcil'd me then to the Temerity of it, and the greateſt Demonſtration you could have given of it, would have been the Danger you would have ran and contemn'd, and the Preference of your Paſſion above any other Conſideration. This, my Lord, had been generous, and like a Lover; but poorly thus to ſet upon a ſingle Woman in the Diſguiſe of a Friend, in the dark ſilent melancholy Hour of Abſence from *Philander*, then to ſurprize me, then to bid me deliver! to pad for Hearts! it is not like *Octavio*, that *Octavio Philander* made his Friend, and for whoſe dear ſake, my Lord, I will no farther reproach you, but from a Goodneſs, which, I hope, you will merit, I will forgive an Offence which your ill-timing has render'd almoſt inexcuſable, and expect you will for the future conſider better how you ought to treat

SYLVIA.

As ſoon as ſhe had diſmiſs'd the Page, ſhe haſted to her Buſineſs of Love, and again read over *Philander*'s Letter, and finds ſtill new Occaſion for Fear; ſhe had

had Recourſe to Pen and Paper for a Relief of that Heart which no other way could find; and after having wip'd the Tears from her Eyes, ſhe writ this following Letter.

SYLVIA *to* PHILANDER.

YES, *Philander*, I have receiv'd your Letter, and, but I found my Name there, ſhould have hop'd it was not meant for *Sylvia*: Oh! 'tis all cold——— ſhort———ſhort and cold as a dead Winter's Day. It chill'd my Blood, it ſhiver'd every Vein. Where, oh where haſt thou laviſh'd out all thoſe ſoft Words ſo natural to thy Soul, with which thou us'd to charm; ſo tun'd to the dear Muſick of thy Voice? What is become of all the tender things, which, as I us'd to read, made little nimble Pantings in my Heart, my Bluſhes riſe, and tremblings in my Blood, adding new Fire to the poor burning Victim! Oh where are all thy pretty Flatteries of Love, that made me fond and vain, and ſet a Value on this trifling Beauty? Haſt thou forgot thy wondrous Art of Loving? thy pretty Cunnings, and thy ſoft Deceivings? Haſt thou forgot 'em all? Or haſt thou forgot indeed to love at all? Has thy induſtrious Paſſion gather'd all the Sweets, and left the rifled Flowers to hang its wither'd Head, and die in Shades neglected? For who will prize it now, now when all its Perfumes are fled? Oh my *Philander*, oh my charming Fugitive! was't not enough you left me, like falſe *Theſeus*, on the Shore, on the forſaken Shore, departed from my fond, my claſping Arms; where I believ'd you ſafe, ſecure and pleas'd, when Sleep and Night, that favour'd you and ruin'd me, had render'd 'em incapable of their dear Loſs! Oh was it not enough, that when I found 'em empty and abandon'd, and the Place cold where you had lain, and my poor trembling Boſom unpoſſeſs'd of that dear Load it bore, that I almoſt expir'd with my firſt Fears: Oh,

Oh, if *Philander* lov'd, he would have thought that Cruelty enough, without the ſad Addition of a growing Coldneſs: I awak'd, I miſs'd thee, and I call'd aloud, *Philander!* my *Philander!* But no *Philander* heard; then drew the cloſe-drawn Curtains, and with a haſty and buſie View ſurvey'd the Chamber over; but oh! in vain I view'd, and call'd yet louder, but none appear'd to my Aſſiſtance but *Antonet* and *Brilliard* to torture me with dull Excuſes, urging a thouſand feign'd and frivolous Reaſons to ſatisfie my Fears: But I, who lov'd, who doted even to Madneſs, by Nature ſoft, and timorous as a Dove, and fearful as a Criminal eſcap'd, that dreads each little Noiſe, fancy'd their Eyes and guilty Looks confeſs'd the Treaſons of their Hearts and Tongues, while they, more kind than true, ſtrove to convince my killing Doubts, proteſted that you would return by Night, and feign'd a likely Story to deceive. Thus between Hope and Fear I languiſh'd out a Day; oh Heavens! a tedious Day without *Philander:* Who would have thought that ſuch a diſmal Day ſhould not, with the end of its Reign, have finiſh'd that of my Life! But then *Octavio* came to viſit me, and who 'till then I never wiſh'd to ſee, but now I was impatient for his coming, who by degrees told me that you were gone——— I never ask'd him where, or how, or why, that you were gone was enough to poſſeſs me of all I fear'd, your being apprehended and ſent into *France*, your delivering your ſelf up, your abandoning me; all, all I had an eaſie Faith for, without conſulting more than that thou wert gone———that very Word yet ſtrikes a Terror to my Soul, diſables my trembling Hand, and I muſt wait for Re-inforcements from ſome kinder Thoughts. But, oh! from whence ſhould they arrive? from what dear preſent Felicity, or Proſpect of a future, tho' never ſo diſtant, and all thoſe paſt ones ſerve but to increaſe my Pain; they favour me no more, they charm and pleaſe no more, and only preſent themſelves to my

Memory

Memory to compleat the number of my Sighs and Tears, and make me wiſh that they had never been, tho' even with *Philander?* Oh, ſay, thou Monarch of my panting Soul, How haſt thou treated *Sylvia*, to make her wiſh that ſhe had never known a tender Joy with thee? Is't poſſible ſhe ſhould repent her loving thee, and thou ſhouldſt give her Cauſe! ſay, dear falſe Charmer, is it? But oh, there is no laſting Faith in Sin! —— Ah —— What have I done? How dreadful is the Scene of my firſt Debauch, and how glorious that never to be regain'd Proſpect of my Virgin Innocence, where I ſate inthron'd in awful Virtue, crown'd with ſhining Honour, and adorn'd with unſully'd Reputation, 'till thou, O Tyrant *Love*, with a charming Uſurpation invaded all my Glories; and which I reſign'd with greater Pride and Joy than a young Monarch puts 'em on. Oh! why then do I repent? as if the waſt, the dear expence of Pleaſures paſt were not enough to recompenſe for all the Pains of Love to come? But why, oh why do I treat thee as a Lover loſt already: Thou art not, canſt not; no, I'll not believe it, 'till thou thy ſelf confeſs it: Nor ſhall the Omiſſion of a tender Word or two make me believe thou haſt forgot thy Vows. Alas, it may be I miſtake thy Cares, thy hard Fatigues of Life, thy preſent ill Circumſtances (and all the melancholy Effects of thine and my Misfortunes) for Coldneſs and declining Love. Alas, I had forgot my poor, my dear *Philander* is now oblig'd to contrive for Life as well as Love, thou perhaps (fearing the worſt) art preparing Eloquence for a Council Table; and in thy buſie and guilty Imaginations haranguing it to the grave Judges, defending thy Innocence, or evading thy Guilt: Feeing Advocates, excepting Juries, and confronting Witneſſes, when thou ſhouldſt be giving Satisfaction to my fainting Love-ſick Heart: Sometimes in thy labouring Fancy the Horror of a dreadful Sentence for an ignominious Death ſtrikes upon thy tender Soul

with

with a Force that frights the little God from thence, and I am perſuaded there are ſome Moments of this melancholy Nature, wherein your *Sylvia* is even quite forgotten, and this too ſhe can think juſt and reaſonable, without reproaching thy Heart with a declining Paſſion, eſpecially when I am not by to call thy Fondneſs up, and divert thy more tormenting Hours: But oh, for thoſe ſoft Minutes thou haſt deſign'd for Love, and haſt dedicated to *Sylvia*, *Philander* ſhould diſmiſs the dull Formalities of rigid Buſineſs, the preſſing Cares of Dangers, and have given a Looſe to Softneſs. Could my *Philander* imagine this ſhort and unloving Letter ſufficient to atone for ſuch an Abſence? And has *Philander* then forgotten the Pain with which I languiſh'd, when but abſent from him an Hour? How then can he imagine I can live, when diſtant from him ſo many Leagues, and ſo many Days? while all the ſcanty Comfort I have for Life is, that one Day we might meet again; but where, or when, or how——thou haſt not Love enough ſo much as to divine; but poorly leaveſt me to be ſatisfy'd by *Octavio*, committing the Buſineſs of thy Heart, the once great Importance of thy Soul, the moſt neceſſary Devoirs of thy Life, to be ſupply'd by another. Oh *Philander*, I have known a bleſſed Time in our Reign of Love, when thou wouldſt have thought even all thy own Power of too little Force to ſatisfie the doubting Soul of *Sylvia:* Tell me, *Philander*, haſt thou forgot that Time? I dare not think thou haſt, and yet (O God) I find an Alteration, but Heaven divert the Omen: Yet ſomething whiſpers to my Soul, I am undone! Oh, where art thou, my *Philander?* Where's thy Heart? And what has it been doing ſince it begun my Fate? How can it juſtifie thy Coldneſs, and thou this cruel Abſence, without accounting with me for every parting Hour? My charming Dear was wont to find me Buſineſs for all my lonely abſent ones; and writ the ſofteſt Letters——loading the Paper with fond Vows and Wiſhes, which e'er I had read o'er

another

another would arrive, to keep eternal Warmth about my Soul; nor wert thou ever weary'd more with writing, than I with reading or with ſighing after thee; but now——. Oh! there's ſome Myſtery in't I dare not underſtand. Be kind at leaſt and ſatisfie my Fears, for 'tis a wondrous Pain to live in Doubt if thou ſtill lov'ſt me, ſwear it o'er a-new! and curſe me if I do not credit thee. But——if thou art declining——or ſhouldſt be ſent a ſhameful Victim into *France*——Oh thou deceiving Charmer, yet be Juſt, and let me know my Doom: By Heav'n this laſt will find a Welcome to me, for it will end the Torment of my Doubts and Fears of loſing thee another way, and I ſhall have the Joy to die with thee; die belov'd, and die

Thy SYLVIA.

Having read over this Letter, ſhe fear'd ſhe had ſaid too much of her Doubts, and Apprehenſions of a Change in him; for now ſhe flies to all the little Stratagems and Artifices of Lovers, ſhe begins to conſider the worſt, and to make the beſt of that; but quite abandon'd ſhe could not believe her ſelf, without flying into all the Rage that diſappointed Woman could be poſſeſs'd with. She calls *Brilliard*, ſhews him his Lord's Letters, and told him (while he read) her Doubts and Fears; he being thus inſtructed by her ſelf in the way how to deceive her on, like Fortune-tellers who gather Peoples Fortune from themſelves, and then return it back for their own Divinity; tells her he ſaw indeed a Change! glad to improve her Fear, and feigns a Sorrow almoſt equal to hers: *'Tis evident*, ſays he, *'tis evident, that he's the moſt ungrateful of his Sex! Pardon, Madam*, (continu'd he, bowing) *if my Zeal for the moſt charming Creature on Earth, make me forget my Duty to the beſt of Maſters and Friends. Ah* Brilliard, cry'd ſhe, with an Air of Languiſhment that more enflam'd him, *have a care leſt that miſtaken Zeal for me ſhould make you prophane Virtue, which has not, but on this occaſion,*

occaſion, ſhew'd that it wanted Angels for its Guard. Oh, Brilliard, *if he be falſe —— if the dear Man be perjur'd, take, take, kind Heav'n, the Life you have preſerv'd, but for a greater Proof of your Revenge*——— and at that Word ſhe ſunk into his Arms, which he haſtily extended as ſhe was falling, both to ſave her from Harm, and to give himſelf the Pleaſure of graſping the loveliest Body in the World to his Boſom, on which her fair Face declin'd, cold, dead, and pale; but ſo tranſporting was the Pleaſure of that dear Burthen, that he forgot to call for, or to uſe any Aid to bring her back to Life, but trembling with his Love and eager Paſſion, he took a thouſand Joys, he kiſs'd a thouſand times her luke-warm Lips, ſuck'd her ſhort Sighs, and raviſh'd all the Sweets, her Boſom (which but guarded with a looſe Night-gown) yielded his impatient Touches. Oh Heav'n, who can expreſs the Pleaſures he receiv'd, becauſe no other way he ever could arrive to ſo much daring? 'Twas all beyond his Hope; looſe were her Robes, inſenſible the Maid, and Love had made him inſolent, he rov'd, he kiſs'd, he gaz'd, without Controul, forgetting all reſpect of Perſons, or of Place, and quite deſpairing by fair means to win her, reſolves to take this lucky Opportunity; the Door he knew was faſt, for the Counſel ſhe had to ask him admitted of no Lookers on, ſo that at his Entrance ſhe had ſecur'd that Paſs for him her ſelf, and being near her Bed, when ſhe fell into his Arms, at this laſt daring Thought he lifts her thither, and lays her gently down, and while he did ſo in one Minute ran o'er all the killing Joys he had been Witneſs to, which ſhe had given *Philander*; on which he never paus'd, but urg'd by a *Cupid* altogether malicious and wicked, he reſolves his cowardly Conqueſt, when ſome kinder God awaken'd *Sylvia*, and brought *Octavio* to the Chamber Door, who having been us'd to a Freedom, which was permitted to none but himſelf, with *Antonet* her Woman, waiting for Admittance, after having knock'd twice ſoftly:

ſoftly: *Brilliard* heard it, and redoubl'd his Diſorder, which from that of Love, grew to that of Surprize; he knew not what to do, whether to refuſe anſwering, or to re-eſtabliſh the reviving Senſe of *Sylvia*; in this Moment of perplexing Thought he fail'd not however to ſet his Hair in order, and adjuſt him, tho' there were no need of it, and ſtepping to the Door (after having rais'd *Sylvia*, leaning her Head on her Hand on the Bed-ſide,) he gave Admittance to *Octavio*; but, oh Heav'n, how was he ſurpriz'd when he ſaw it was *Octavio?* His Heart with more Force than before redoubled its Beats, that one might eaſily perceive every Stroak by the Motion of his Cravat, he bluſh'd, which to a Complexion perfectly fair, as that of *Brilliard* (who wants no Beauty either in Face or Perſon) was the more diſcoverable, add to this his trembling, and and you may eaſily imagine what a Figure he repreſented himſelf to *Octavio*; who almoſt as much ſurpriz'd as himſelf, to find the Goddeſs of his Vows and Devotions with a young *Endymion.* alone, a Door ſhut to, her Gown looſe (which from the late Fit ſhe was in, and *Brilliard's* Rape upon her Boſom) was ſtill open, and diſcover'd a World of unguarded Beauty, which ſhe knew not was in view, with ſome other Diſorders of her Head-cloaths, gave him in a Moment a thouſand falſe Apprehenſions: *Antonet* was no leſs ſurpriz'd; ſo that all had their Part of Amazement but the Innocent *Sylvia*, whoſe Eyes were beautified with a melancholy Calm, which almoſt ſet the generous Lover at eaſe, and took away his new Fears, however he could not chuſe but ask *Brilliard* what the Matter was with him, he look'd ſo out of Countenance, and trembled ſo? He told him, how *Sylvia* had been, and what extream Frights ſhe had poſſeſs'd him with, and told him the Occaſion, which the lovely *Sylvia* with her Eyes and Sighs aſſented to, and *Brilliard* departed; how well pleas'd you may imagine, or with what Guſto he left her to be with the lovely *Octavio*, whom he perceiv'd too well was a Lover

in

in the Diſguiſe of a Friend. But there are in Love thoſe wonderful Lovers who can quench the Fire one Beauty kindles with ſome other Object, and as much in Love as *Brilliard* was, he found *Antonet* an Antidote that diſpell'd the groſſer part of it; for ſhe was in Love with our amorous Friend, and courted him with that Paſſion thoſe of that Countrey do almoſt all handſome Strangers; and one convenient Principle of the Religion of that Countrey is, to think it no Sin to be kind while they are ſingle Women, tho' otherwiſe (when Wives) they are juſt enough, nor does a Woman that manages her Affairs thus diſcreetly meet with any Reproach; of this Humour was our *Antonet*, who purſu'd her Lover out, half jealous there might be ſome amorous Intrigue between her Lady and him, which ſhe ſought in vain by all the feeble Arts of her Countrey's Sex to get from him; while on the other ſide, he believing ſhe might be of uſe in the farther Diſcovery he deſired to make between *Octavio* and *Sylvia*, not only told her ſhe her ſelf was the Object of his Wiſhes, but gave her ſubſtantial Proofs on't, and told her his Deſign, after having her Honour for Security that ſhe would be ſecret, the beſt Pledge a Man can take of a Woman: After ſhe had promis'd to betray all things to him, ſhe departed to her Affairs, and he to giving his Lord an Account of *Sylvia*, as he deſir'd, in a Letter which came to him with that of *Sylvia*; and which was thus:

PHILANDER *to* BRILLIARD.

I doubt not but you will wonder that all this time you have not heard of me, nor indeed can I well excuſe it, ſince I have been in a Place whence with eaſe I could have ſent every Poſt, but a new Affair of Gallantry has engag'd my thoughtful Hours; not that I find any Paſſion here that has abated one Sigh for *Sylvia*, but a Man's Hours are very dull, when undi-

verted by an Intrigue of ſome kind or other, eſpecially to a Heart young and gay as mine is, and which would not, if poſſible, bend under the Fatigues of more ſerious Thought and Buſineſs; I ſhould not tell you this, but that I would have you feign all the dilatory Excuſes that poſſibly you can to hinder *Sylvia*'s coming to me, while I remain in this Town, where I deſign to make my Abode but a ſhort time, and had not ſtaid at all, but for this Stop to my Journey, and I ſcorn to be vanquiſh'd without taking my Revenge; 'tis a Sally of Youth, no more——a Flaſh, that blazes for a while and will go out with Enjoyment. I need not bid you keep this Knowledge to your ſelf, for I have had too good a Confirmation of your Faith and Friendſhip to doubt you now, and believe you have too much Reſpect for *Sylvia* to occaſion her any Diſquiet. I long to know how ſhe takes my Abſence, ſend me at large of all that paſſes, and give your Letters to *Octavio*, for none elſe ſhall know where I am, or how to ſend to me: Be careful of *Sylvia*, and obſerve her with Diligence, for poſſibly I ſhould not be extravagantly afflicted to find ſhe was inclin'd to love me leſs for her own Eaſe and mine, ſince Love is troubleſome when the Height of it, carries it to Jealouſies, little Quarrels and eternal Diſcontents; all which beginning Lovers prize, and pride themſelves on every Diſtruſt of the fond Miſtreſs, ſince 'tis not only a Demonſtration of Love in them, but of Power and Charms in us that occaſion it. But when we no longer find the Miſtreſs ſo deſirable, as our firſt Wiſhes form her, we value leſs their Opinion of our Perſons, and only endeavour to render it agreeable to new Beauties, and adorn it for new Conqueſts; but you, *Brilliard*, have been a Lover, and underſtand already this Philoſophy. I need ſay no more then to a Man who knows ſo well my Soul, but to tell him I am his conſtant Friend,

PHILANDER.

This

This came as *Brilliard*'s Soul could wiſh, and had he ſent him Word he had been choſen King of *Poland*, he could not have receiv'd the News with ſo great Joy, and ſo perfect a Welcome. How to manage this to his beſt Advantage was the Buſineſs he was next to conſult, after returning an Anſwer; now he fancy'd himſelf ſure of the lovely Prize, in ſpite of all other Oppoſitions: *For*, (ſays he, in reaſoning the Caſe) *if ſhe can by Degrees arrive to a Coldneſs to* Philander, *and conſider him no longer as a Lover, ſhe may perhaps conſider me as a Husband; or ſhould ſhe receive* Octavio's *Addreſſes, when once I have found her feeble, I will make her pay me for keeping of every Secret.* So either way he entertain'd a Hope, tho' never ſo diſtant from Reaſon and Probability; but all things ſeem poſſible to longing Lovers, who can on the leaſt Hope reſolve to outwait even Eternity (if poſſible) in Expectation of a promis'd Bleſſing; and now with more than uſual Care he reſolv'd to dreſs and ſet out all his Youth and Beauty to the beſt Advantage; and being a Gentleman well born, he wanted no Arts of dreſſing, nor any Advantage of Shape or Mien, to make it appear well: Pleas'd with this Hope, his Art was now how to make his Advances without appearing to have deſign'd doing ſo. And firſt to act the Hypocrite with his Lord was his Buſineſs; for he conſider'd rightly, if he ſhould not repreſent *Sylvia*'s Sorrows to the Life, and appear to make him ſenſible of 'em, he ſhould not be after credited if he related any thing to her Diſadvantage; for to be the greater Enemy you ought to ſeem to be the greateſt Friend. This was the Policy of his Heart, who in all things was inſpir'd with phanatical Notions. In order to this, being alone in his Chamber, after the Defeat he had in that of *Sylvia*'s, he writ this Letter.

BRILLIARD *to* PHILANDER.

My Lord,

YOU have done me the Honour to make me your Confident in an Affair that does not a little ſurprize me; ſince I believ'd, after *Sylvia*, no mortal Beauty could have touch'd your Heart, and nothing but your own Excuſes could have ſuffic'd to have made it reaſonable; and I only wiſh, that when the fatal News ſhall arrive to *Sylvia*'s Ear (as for me it never ſhall) that ſhe may think it as pardonable as I do; but I doubt it will add abundance of Grief to what ſhe is already poſſeſs'd of, if but ſuch a Fear ſhould enter in her tender Thoughts. But ſince 'tis not my Buſineſs, my Lord, to adviſe or counſel, but to obey, I leave you to all the Succeſs of happy Love, and will only give you an Account how Affairs ſtand here, ſince your Departure.

That Morning you left the *Brill*, and *Sylvia* in Bed, I muſt diſturb your more ſerene Thoughts with telling you, that her firſt Surprize and Griefs at the News of your Departure were moſt deplorable, where raging Madneſs and the ſofter Paſſion of Love, Complaints of Grief and Anger, Sighs, Tears and Cries were ſo mix'd together, and by turns ſo violently ſeiz'd her, that all about her wept and pity'd her; 'twas ſad, 'twas wonderous ſad, my Lord, to ſee it: Nor could we hope her Life, or that ſhe would preſerve it if ſhe could; for by many Ways ſhe attempted to have releas'd herſelf from Pain by a violent Death, and thoſe that ſtrove to preſerve that, could not hope ſhe would ever have return'd to Senſe again: Sometimes a wild extravagant Raving, would require all our Aid, and then again ſhe would talk and rail ſo tenderly——and expreſs her Reſentment in the kindeſt ſofteſt Words that ever Madneſs utter'd, and all of her *Philander*, 'till ſhe has ſet us all a weeping round her; ſometimes ſhe'd ſit as

calm

calm and ſtill as Death, and we have perceiv'd ſhe liv'd only by Sighs and ſilent Tears that fell into her Boſom; then on a ſudden wildly gaze upon us with Eyes that even then had wondrous Charms, and frantickly ſurvey us all, then cry aloud, *Where is my Lord* Philander? ——— *Oh, bring me my* Philander, Brilliard: *Oh,* Antonet, *where have you hid the Treaſure of my Soul?* then, weeping Floods of Tears, would ſink all fainting in our Arms. Anon with trembling Words and Sighs ſhe'd cry ——— *But oh, my dear* Philander *is no more, you have ſurrender'd him to* France ——— *Yes, yes, you've given him up, and he muſt die, publickly die, be led a ſad Victim through the joyful Croud* ——— *reproach'd and fall inglorioufly* ——— Then rave again, and tear her lovely Hair, and act ſuch Wildneſs, ——— ſo moving and ſo ſad, as even infected the pitying Beholders, and all we could do, was gently to perſuade her Grief, and ſooth her raving Fits; but ſo we ſwore, ſo heartily we vow'd that you were ſafe, that with the Aid of *Octavio*, who came that Day to viſit her, we made her capable of hearing a little Reaſon from us. *Octavio* kneel'd and begg'd ſhe would but calmly hear him ſpeak, he pawn'd his Soul, his Honour, and his Life, *Philander* was as ſafe from any Injury, either from *France* or any other Enemy, as he, as ſhe, or Heav'n it ſelf. In fine, my Lord, he vow'd; he ſwore, and pleaded, 'till ſhe with Patience heard him tell his Story, and the Neceſſity of your Abſence; this brought her Temper back, and dry'd her Eyes, then ſighing anſwer'd him ——— *that if for your Safety you were fled, ſhe would forgive your Cruelty and your Abſence, and endeavour to be her ſelf again:* But then ſhe would a thouſand times conjure him not to deceive her Faith, by all the Friendſhip that he bore *Philander*, not to poſſeſs her with falſe Hopes; then would he ſwear anew; and as he ſwore ſhe would behold him with ſuch charming Sadneſs in her Eyes that he almoſt forgot what he would ſay,

to gaze upon her, and to pay his Pity. But if with all his Power of Beauty and of Rhetorick he left her calm, he was no ſooner gone, but ſhe return'd to all the Tempeſts of deſpairing Love, to all the Unbelief of faithleſs Paſſion, would neither ſleep, nor eat, nor ſuffer Day to enter; but all was ſad and gloomy as the Vault that held the *Epheſian* Matron, nor ſuffer'd ſhe any to approach her but her Page, and Count *Octavio*, and he in the midſt of all was well receiv'd: Not that I think, my Lord, ſhe feign'd any Part of that cloſe Retirement to entertain him with any Freedom, that did not become a Woman of perfect Love and Honour; tho' I muſt own, my Lord, I believe it impoſſible for him to behold the lovely *Sylvia* without having a Paſſion for her. What Reſtraint his Friendſhip to you may put upon his Heart or Tongue I know not, but I conclude him a Lover, tho' without Succeſs; what Effects that may have upon the Heart of *Sylvia*, only Time can render an Account of: And whoſe Conduct I ſhall the more particularly obſerve from a Curioſity natural to me, to ſee if it may be poſſible for *Sylvia* to love again, after the adorable *Philander*, which Levity in one ſo perfect would cure me of the Diſeaſe of Love, while I liv'd amongſt the fickle Sex: But ſince no ſuch Thought can yet get Poſſeſſion of my Belief, I humbly beg your Lordſhip will entertain no Jealouſie, that may be ſo fatal to your Repoſe, and to that of *Sylvia*; doubt not but my Fears proceed perfectly from the Zeal I have for your Lordſhip, for whoſe Honour and Tranquillity none ſhall venture ſo far as, my Lord, your Lordſhip's moſt humble and obedient Servant

BRILLIARD.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Lord, the Groom ſhall ſet forward with your Coach-Horſes to Morrow Morning, according to your Order.

Having

Having writ this, he read it over; not to ſee whether it were witty or eloquent, or writ up to the Senſe of ſo good a Judge as *Philander*, but to ſee whether he had caſt it for his Purpoſe; for there his Maſter-Piece was to be ſhewn; and having read it, he doubted whether the Relation of *Sylvia*'s Griefs were not too moving, and whether they might not ſerve to revive his fading Love, which were intended only as a Demonſtration of his own Pity and Compaſſion, that from thence the deceiv'd Lover might with the more Eaſe entertain a Belief in what he hinted of her Levity, when he was to make that out, as he now had but touch'd upon it, for he would not have it thought the Buſineſs of Malice to *Sylvia*, but Duty and Reſpect to *Philander:* That Thought reconcil'd him to the firſt part without Alteration; and he fancy'd he had ſaid enough in the latter, to give any Man of Love and Senſe a Jealouſie which might inſpire a young Lover in purſuit of a new Miſtreſs, with a Revenge that might wholly turn to his Advantage; for now every Ray gave him Light enough to conduct him to Hope, and he believ'd nothing too difficult for his Love, nor what his Invention could not conquer: He fancy'd himſelf a very *Machiavel* already, and almoſt promis'd himſelf the charming *Sylvia*. With theſe Thoughts he ſeals up his Letters, and haſtes to *Sylvia*'s Chamber for her farther Commands, having in his Politick Tranſports forgotten he had left *Octavio* with her. *Octavio*, who no ſooner had ſeen *Brilliard* quit the Chamber all trembling and diſorder'd, after having given him Entrance, but the next Step was to the Feet of the new recovered languiſhing Beauty, who not knowing any thing of the Freedom the daring Husband Lover had taken, was not at all ſurpriz'd to hear *Octavio* cry (kneeling before her) *Ah Madam, I no longer wonder you uſe* Octavio *with ſuch Rigour*; then ſighing declin'd his melancholy Eyes, where Love and Jealouſie made themſelves too apparent; while ſhe

believing he had only reproach'd her Want of Ceremony at his Entrance, checking her ſelf, ſhe ſtarted from the Bed, and taking him by the Hands to raiſe him, ſhe cry'd, *Riſe, my Lord, and pardon the Omiſſion of that Reſpect which was not wanting but with even Life it ſelf. Octavio* anſwer'd, *Yes, Madam, but you took care, not to make the World abſolutely unhappy in your Eternal Loſs, and therefore made choice of ſuch a time to die in, when you were ſure of a skilful Perſon at Hand to bring you back to Life——My Lord*——ſaid ſhe (with an innocent Wonder in her Eyes, and an Ignorance that did not apprehend him) *I mean* Brilliard, ſaid he, *whom I found ſufficiently diſorder'd to make me believe he took no little Pains to reſtore you to the World again.* This he ſpoke with ſuch an Air as eaſily made her imagine he was a Lover to the Degree of Jealouſie, and therefore (beholding him with a Look that told him her Diſdain before ſhe ſpoke) ſhe reply'd haſtily, *My Lord, if* Brilliard *have expreſs'd, by any Diſorder or Concern, his kind Senſe of my Sufferings, I am more oblig'd to him for it, than I am to you for your Opinion of my Virtue; and I ſhall hereafter know how to ſet a Value both on the one and on the other, ſince what he wants in Quality and Ability to ſerve me, he ſufficiently makes good with his Reſpect and Duty.* At that ſhe would have quitted him, but he (ſtill kneeling) held her Train of her Gown, and beſought her with all the Eloquence of moving and petitioning Love, *That ſhe would pardon the Effect of a Paſſion that could not run into leſs Extravagancy at a Sight ſo new and ſtrange, as that ſhe ſhould in a Morning, with only her Night-Gown thrown looſely about her lovely Body, and which left a thouſand Charms to View, alone receive a Man into her Chamber, and make faſt the Door upon 'em, which when (from his Importunity) it was open'd he found her all ruffled, and almoſt fainting on her Bed, and a young bluſhing Youth ſtart from her Arms, with trembling Limbs, and a Heart that beat Time to the*

Tune

Tune of active Love, faultring in his Speech, as if ſcarce yet he had recruited the Senſe he had ſo happily loſt in the amorous Encounter: With that, ſurveying of herſelf, as ſhe ſtood, in a great Glaſs, which ſhe could not hinder herſelf from doing, ſhe found indeed her Night-Linen, her Gown, and the Boſom of her Shift in ſuch Diſorder, as, if at leaſt ſhe had yet any Doubt remaining that *Brilliard* had not treated her well, ſhe however found Cauſe enough to excuſe *Octavio*'s Opinion: Weighing all the Circumſtances together, and adjuſting her Linen and Gown with Bluſhes that almoſt appear'd Criminal, ſhe turn'd to *Octavio*, who ſtill held her, and ſtill begg'd her Pardon, aſſuring him upon her Honour, her Love to *Philander*, and her Friendſhip for him, that ſhe was perfectly innocent, and that *Brilliard*, though he ſhould have Quality and all other Advantages which he wanted to render him acceptable, yet that there was in Nature ſomething which compell'd her to a ſort of Coldneſs and Diſguſt to his Perſon; for ſhe had ſo much the more Abhorrence to him as he was a Husband, but that was a Secret to *Octavio*; but ſhe continu'd ſpeaking——— and cry'd, *No, could I be brought to yield to any but* Philander, *I own I find Charms enough in* Octavio *to make a Conqueſt; but ſince the Poſſeſſion of that dear Man is all I ask of Heav'n, I charge my Soul with a Crime, when I but hear Love from any other, therefore I conjure you, if you have any Satisfaction in my Converſation, never to ſpeak of Love more to me, for if you do, Honour will oblige me to make Vows againſt ſeeing you: All the Freedoms of Friendſhip I'll allow, give you the Liberties of a Brother, admit you alone by Night, or any way but that of Love; but that's a Reſerve of my Soul which is only for* Philander, *and the only one that ever ſhall be kept from* Octavio. She ended ſpeaking, and rais'd him with a Smile; and he with a Sigh told her, *ſhe muſt command:* Then ſhe fell to telling him how ſhe had ſent for *Brilliard*, and all the Diſcourſe that paſs'd; with the Rea-

ſon

ſon of her falling into a Swoon, in which ſhe continu'd a Moment or two; and while ſhe told it ſhe bluſh'd with a ſecret Fear, that in that Trance ſome Freedoms might be taken which ſhe durſt not confeſs: But while ſhe ſpoke, our ſtill more paſſionate Lover devour'd her with his Eyes, fix'd his very Soul upon her Charms of ſpeaking and looking, and was a thouſand times (urg'd by tranſporting Paſſion) ready to break all her Dictates, and vow himſelf her eternal Slave; but he fear'd the Reſult, and therefore kept himſelf within the Bounds of ſeeming Friendſhip; ſo that after a thouſand things ſhe ſaid of *Philander*, he took his Leave to go to Dinner; but as he was going out he ſaw *Brilliard* enter, who, as I ſaid, had forgot he left *Octavio* with her; but in a Moment recollecting himſelf, he bluſh'd at the Apprehenſion, that they might make his Diſorder the Subject of their Diſcourſe; ſo what with that, and the Sight of the dear Object of his late diſappointed Pleaſures, he had much ado to aſſume an Aſſurance to approach; but *Octavio* paſs'd out, and gave him a little Releaſe. *Sylvia*'s Confuſion was almoſt equal to his, for ſhe look'd on him as a Raviſher; but how to find that Truth, which ſhe was very curious to know, ſhe call'd up all the Arts of Women to inſtruct her in; by Threats ſhe knew it was in vain, therefore ſhe aſſum'd an Artifice, which indeed was almoſt a Stranger to her Heart, that of jilting him out of a Secret which ſhe knew he wanted Generoſity to give handſomely; and meeting him with a Smile, which ſhe forc'd, ſhe cry'd, *How now* Brilliard, *are you ſo faint-hearted a Soldier, you cannot ſee a Lady die, without being terrify'd? Rather, Madam,* (reply'd he bluſhing anew) *ſo ſoft-hearted I cannot ſee the loveliеſt Perſon in the World fainting in my Arms, without being diſorder'd with Grief and Fear, beyond the Power of many Days to reſettle again.* At which ſhe approach'd him, who ſtood near the Door, and ſhutting it, ſhe took him by the Hand, and ſmiling, cry'd,

cry'd, *And had you no other Buſineſs for your Heart but Grief and Fear, when a fair Lady throws herſelf into your Arms? It ought to have had ſome kinder Effect on a Perſon of* Brilliard's *Youth and Complexion.* And while ſhe ſpoke this ſhe held him by the Wriſt, and found on the ſudden his Pulſe to beat more high, and his Heart to heave his Boſom with Sighs, which now he no longer took care to hide, but with a tranſported Joy, he cry'd, *O Madam, do not urge me to a Confeſſion that muſt undo me, without making it criminal by my Diſcovery of it; you know I am your Slave* ——— when ſhe with a pretty wondring Smile, cry'd ——— *What, a Lover too, and yet ſo dull! O charming* Sylvia, (ſays he, and falling on his Knees) *give my profound Reſpect a kinder Name:* To which ſhe anſwer'd,——— *You that know your Sentiments may beſt inſtruct me by what Name to call 'em, and you* Brilliard *may do it without Fear* ——— *You ſaw I did not ſtruggle in your Arms, nor ſtrove I to defend the Kiſſes which you gave* ——— *O Heav'ns,* cry'd he, tranſported with what ſhe ſaid, *is it poſſible that you could know of my Preſumption, and favour it too? I will no longer then curſe thoſe unlucky Stars that ſent* Octavio *juſt in the Bleſſed Minute to ſnatch me from my Heav'n, the lovely Victim lay ready for the Sacrifice, all prepar'd to offer; my Hands, my Eyes, my Lips were tired with Pleaſure, but yet they were not ſatisfy'd; oh there was Joy beyond thoſe Raviſhments, of which one kind Minute more had made me abſolute Lord: Yes, and the next,* ſaid ſhe, *had ſent this to your Heart*——ſnatching a Penknife that lay on her Toylet, where ſhe had been writing, which ſhe offer'd ſo near to his Boſom, that he believ'd himſelf already pierc'd, ſo ſenſibly killing were her Words, her Motion, and her Look; he ſtarted from her, and ſhe threw away the Knife, and walking a Turn or two about the Chamber, while he ſtood immovable, with his Eyes fix'd on the Earth, and his Thoughts on nothing but a wild Confuſion, which he vow'd afterwards

terwards he could give no Account of. But as ſhe turn'd ſhe beheld him with ſome Compaſſion, and remembring how he had it in his Power to expoſe her in a ſtrange Countrey, and own her for a Wife, ſhe believ'd it neceſſary to hide her Reſentments; and cry'd, Brilliard, *for the Friendſhip your Lord has for you I forgive you; but have a care you never raiſe your Thoughts to a Preſumption of that Nature more: Do not hope I will ever fall below* Philander's *Love; go and repent your Crime——and expect all things elſe from my Favour*—— At this he left her with a Bow that had ſome Malice in it, and ſhe return'd into her Dreſſing-Room.—— After Dinner *Octavio* writes her this Letter, which his Page brought.

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA.

Madam,

'TIS true, that in Obedience to your Commands I begg'd your Pardon for the Confeſſion I made you of my Paſſion: But ſince you could not but ſee the Contradiction of my Tongue in my Eyes, and hear it but too well confirm'd by my Sighs, why will you confine me to the Formalities of a ſilent Languiſhment, unleſs to encreaſe my Flame with my Pain?

You conjure me to ſee you often, and at the ſame time forbid me ſpeaking my Paſſion, and this bold Intruder comes to tell you now, that 'tis impoſſible to obey the firſt, without diſobliging the laſt; and ſince the Crime of adoring you exceeds my Diſobedience in not waiting on you, be pleas'd at leaſt to pardon that Fault, which my profound Reſpect to the lovely *Sylvia* makes me commit; for 'tis impoſſible to ſee you, and not give you an Occaſion of reproaching me: If I could make a Truce with my Eyes, and, like a mortify'd Capuchin, look always downwards, not daring to behold the glorious Temptations of your Beauty, yet you wound a thouſand Ways beſides; your Touches

ches inflame me, and your Voice has Muſick in't, that ſtrikes upon my Soul with raviſhing Tenderneſs; your Wit is unreſiſtable and piercing; your very Sorrows and Complaints have Charms that make me ſoft without the Aid of Love: But Pity join'd with Paſſion raiſes a Flame too mighty for my Conduct! And I in Tranſports every way confeſs it: Yes, yes, upbraid me, call me Traitor and Ungrateful, tell me my Friendſhip's falſe; but, *Sylvia*, yet be juſt, and ſay my Love was true, ſay only he had ſeen the charming *Sylvia*; and who is he, that after that would not excuſe the reſt in one ſo abſolutely born to be undone by Love, as is her deſtin'd Slave,

OCTAVIO.

POSTSCRIPT.

Madam, among ſome Rarities I this Morning ſaw, I found theſe Trifles Florio *brings you, which becauſe uncommon I preſume to ſend you.*

Sylvia, notwithſtanding the ſeeming Severity of her Commands, was well enough pleas'd to be diſobey'd; and Women never pardon any Fault more willingly than one of this Nature, where the Crime gives ſo infallible a Demonſtration of their Power and Beauty; nor can any of their Sex be angry in their Hearts for being thought deſirable; and 'twas not with Pain that ſhe ſaw him obſtinate in his Paſſion, as you may believe by her anſwering his Letters, nor ought any Lover to deſpair when he receives Denial under his Miſtreſs's own Hand, which ſhe ſent in this to *Octavio*.

SYLVIA *to* OCTAVIO.

YOU but ill judge of my Wit, or Humour, *Octavio*, when you ſend me ſuch a Preſent, and ſuch a Billet, if you believe I either receive the one, or the other, as you deſign'd: In Obedience to me you will

no more tell me of your Love, and yet at the ſame time you are breaking your Word from one End of the Paper to the other. Out of reſpect to me you will ſee me no more, and yet are bribing me with Preſents, believing you have found out the ſureſt way to a Woman's Heart. I muſt needs confeſs, *Octavio*, there is great Eloquence in a Pair of Bracelets of five thouſand Crowns: 'Tis an Argument to prove your Paſſion, that has more prevailing Reaſon in't, than either *Seneca* or *Tully* could have urg'd; nor can a Lover write or ſpeak in any Language ſo ſignificant, and very well to be underſtood, as in that ſilent one of preſenting. The malicious World has a long time agreed to reproach poor Women with cruel, unkind, inſenſible, and dull; when indeed 'tis thoſe Men that are in Fault who want the right way of addreſſing, the true and ſecret Arts of moving, that ſovereign Remedy againſt Diſdain. 'Tis you alone, my Lord, like a young *Columbus*, that have found the direct, unpractis'd Way to that little and ſo much deſir'd World, the Favour of the Fair; nor could Love himſelf have pointed his Arrows with any thing more ſucceſsful for his Conqueſt of Hearts: But mine, my Lord, like *Scæva's* Shield, is already ſo full of Arrows, ſhot from *Philander's* Eyes, it has no room for any other Darts: Take back your Preſents then, my Lord, and when you make 'em next, be ſure you firſt conſider the Receiver: For know, *Octavio*, Maids of my Quality ought to find themſelves ſecure from Addreſſes of this nature, unleſs they firſt invite. You ought to have ſeen Advances in my Freedoms, conſenting in my Eyes, or (that uſual Vanity of my Sex) a thouſand little trifling Arts of Affectation to furniſh out a Conqueſt, a forward Complaiſance to every gaudy Coxcomb, to fill my Train with amorous cringing Captives, this might have juſtified your Pretenſions; but on the contrary my Eyes and Thoughts, which never ſtray'd from the dear Man I love, were always bent to Earth when gaz'd upon by you; and when I

did

did but fear you look'd with Love, I entertain'd you with *Philander*'s Praiſe, his wondrous Beauty, and his wondrous Love, and left nothing untold that might confirm you how much impoſſible it was, I e'er ſhould love again, that I might leave you no Room for Hope; and ſince my Story has been ſo unfortunate to alarm the whole World with a Conduct ſo fatal, I made no Scruple of telling you with what Joy and Pride I was undone; if this encourage you, if *Octavio* have Sentiments ſo meanly poor of me, to think becauſe I yielded to *Philander*, his Hopes ſhou'd be advanc'd, I baniſh him for ever from my Sight, and after that diſdain the little Service he can render the never to be alter'd

SYLVIA.

This Letter ſhe ſent him back by his Page, but not the Bracelets, which were indeed very fine, and very conſiderable: At the ſame time ſhe threaten'd him with Baniſhment, ſhe ſo abſolutely expected to be diſobeyed in all things of that kind, that ſhe dreſs'd her ſelf that Day to Advantage, which ſince her Arrival ſhe had never done in her own Habits: What with her Illneſs, and *Philander*'s Abſence, a careleſs Negligence had ſeiz'd her, 'till rouz'd and waken'd to the Thoughts of Beauty by *Octavio*'s Love, ſhe began to try its Force, and that day dreſs'd. While ſhe was ſo employ'd, the Page haſtes with the Letter to his Lord, who chang'd Colour at the Sight of it e'er he receiv'd it; not that he hop'd it brought Love, 'twas enough ſhe would but anſwer, tho' ſhe rail'd: *Let her* (ſaid he in opening it) *vow ſhe hates me: Let her call me Traytor, and Unjuſt, ſo ſhe take the Pains to tell it this way*; for he knew well thoſe that argue will yield, and only ſhe that ſends him back his own Letters without reading 'em can give Deſpair. He read therefore without a ſigh, nor complain'd he on her Rigours; and becauſe it was too early yet to make his Viſit, to ſhew the Impatience of his

Love,

Love, as much as the Reality and Reſolution of it, he bid his Page wait, and ſent her back this Anſwer.

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA.

FAIR angry *Sylvia*, how has my Love offended; Has its Exceſs betray'd the leaſt Part of that Reſpect due to your Birth and Beauty? Tho' I am young as the gay ruddy Morning, and vigorous as the gilded Sun at Noon, and amorous as that God, when with ſuch Haſte he chas'd young *Daphne* o'er the flow'ry Plain, it never made me guilty of a Thought that *Sylvia* might not pity and allow. Nor came that trifling Preſent to plead for any Wiſh, or mend my Eloquence; which you with ſuch Diſdain upbraid me with; the Bracelets came not to be raffled for your Love, nor Pimp to my Deſires; Youth ſcorns thoſe common Aids; no, let dull Age purſue thoſe ways of Merchandiſe, who only buy up Hearts at that vain Price, and never make a Barter, but a Purchaſe. Youth has a better way of trading in Love's Markets, and you have taught me too well to judge of, and to value Beauty, to dare to bid ſo cheaply for it: I found the Toy was gay, the Work was neat, and Fancy new; and know not any thing they would ſo well adorn as *Sylvia*'s lovely Hands: I ſay, if after this I ſhould have been the mercenary Fool to have dunn'd you for Return, you might have us'd me thus——Condemn me e'er you find me ſin in Thought! that Part of it was yet ſo far behind 'twas ſcarce arriv'd in Wiſh. You ſhould have ſtaid 'till it approach'd more near, before you damn'd it to eternal Silence. To love, to ſigh, to weep, to pray, and to complain; why one may be allow'd it in Devotion; but you, nicer than Heav'n it ſelf, make that a Crime, which all the Powers divine have ne'er decreed one. I will not plead, nor ask you leave to love; Love is my Right, my Buſineſs, and my Province; the Empire of the young, the vigorous, and the bold; and I will

will claim my Share; the Air, the Groves, the Shades are mine to ſigh in, as well as your *Philander*'s; the Echoes anſwer me as willingly, when I complain, or name the cruel *Sylvia*; Fountains receive my Tears, and the kind Spring's Reflexion agreeably flatters me to hope, and makes me vain enough to think it juſt and reaſonable I ſhould purſue the Dictates of my Soul——Love on in ſpite of Oppoſition, becauſe I will not loſe my Privilege; you may forbid me naming it to you, in that I can obey, becauſe I can; but not to love! not to adore the Fair! and not to languiſh for you, were as impoſſible as for you not to be lovely, not to be the moſt charming of your Sex. But I am ſo far from a pretending Fool, becauſe you have been poſſeſs'd, that often that Thought comes croſs my Soul, and checks my advancing Love; and I would buy that Thought off with almoſt all my Share of future Bliſs! Were I a God, the firſt great Miracle ſhould be to form you a Maid again: For oh, whatever Reaſons flattering Love can bring to make it look like juſt, the World! the World, fair *Sylvia*, ſtill will cenſure, and ſay——you were to blame; but 'twas that Fault alone that made you mortal, we elſe ſhould have ador'd you as a Deity, and ſo have loſt a generous Race of young ſucceeding Heroes that may be born of you! Yet had *Philander* lov'd but half ſo well as I, he would have kept your glorious Fame entire; but ſince alone for *Sylvia* I love *Sylvia*, let her be falſe to Honour, falſe to Love, wanton and proud, ill-natur'd, vain, fantaſtick, or what is worſe——let her purſue her Love, be conſtant, and ſtill doat upon *Philander*——Yet ſtill ſhe'll be the *Sylvia* I adore, that *Sylvia* born eternally to inſlave

OCTAVIO.

This he ſent by *Florio* his Page, at the ſame time that ſhe expected the Viſit of his Lord, and bluſh'd with a little Anger and Concern at the Diſappointment; however ſhe haſted to read the Letter, and was pleas'd with

the haughty Reſolution he made in ſpite of her, to love on as his Right by Birth; and ſhe was glad to find from theſe poſitive Reſolves that ſhe might the more ſafely diſdain, or at leaſt aſſume a Tyranny which might render her Virtue glorious, and yet at the ſame time keep him her Slave on all Occaſions when ſhe might have need of his Service, which, in the Circumſtances ſhe was in, ſhe did not know of what great Uſe it might be to her, ſhe having no other Deſign on him, bating the little Vanity of her Sex, which is an Ingredient ſo intermix'd with the greateſt Virtues of Womenkind, that thoſe who endeavour to cure 'em of that Diſeaſe rob 'em of a very conſiderable Pleaſure, and in moſt 'tis incurable: Give *Sylvia* then leave to ſhare it with her Sex, ſince ſhe was ſo much the more excuſable, by how much a greater Portion of Beauty ſhe had than any other, and had Senſe enough to know it too; as indeed whatever other Knowledge they want, they have ſtill enough to ſet a Price on Beauty, tho' they do not always rate it; for had *Sylvia* done that, ſhe had been the happieſt of her Sex: But as ſhe was ſhe waited the coming of *Octavio*, but not ſo as to make her quit one ſad Thought for *Philander*'s Love and Vanity, tho' they both reign'd in her Soul; yet the firſt ſurmounted the laſt, and ſhe grew to impatient Ravings whenever ſhe caſt a Thought upon her Fear that *Philander* grew cold; and poſſibly Pride and Vanity had as great a Share in that Concern of hers as Love it ſelf, for ſhe would oft ſurvey her ſelf in her Glaſs, and cry, *Gods! Can this Beauty be deſpis'd? this Shape? this Face! this Youth! this Air! and what's more obliging yet, a Heart that adores the Fugitive that languiſhes and ſighs after the dear Runaway. Is it poſſible he can find a Beauty,* added ſhe, *of greater Perfection—— But oh, 'tis Fancy ſets the Rate on Beauty, and he may as well love a third time as he has a ſecond. For in Love, thoſe that once break the Rules and Laws of that Deity ſet no Bounds to their Treaſons and Diſobedience. Yes, yes——*

would

would ſhe cry, *he that could leave* Myrtilla, *the fair, the young, the noble, chaſte and fond* Myrtilla, *what after that may he not do to* Sylvia, *on whom he has leſs Ties, leſs Obligations: O wretched Maid——what has thy Fondneſs done, he's ſatiated now with thee, as before with* Myrtilla, *and carries all thoſe dear, thoſe charming Joys, to ſome new Beauty, whom his Looks have conquer'd, and whom his ſoft bewitching Vows will ruin.* With that ſhe rav'd and ſtamp'd, and cry'd aloud, *Hell——Fires——Tortures——Daggers——Racks and Poiſon——come all to my Relief! Revenge me on the perjur'd lovely Devil——But I'll be brave——I will be brave and hate him*——This ſhe ſpoke in a Tone leſs fierce, and with great Pride, and had not paus'd and walk'd above a haſty Turn or two, but *Octavio*, as impatient as Love could make him, enter'd the Chamber, ſo dreſs'd, ſo ſet out for Conqueſt, that I wonder at nothing more than that *Sylvia* did not find him altogether charming, and fit for her Revenge, who was form'd by Nature for Love, and had all that could render him the Dotage of Women: But where a Heart is prepoſſeſs'd, all that is beautiful in any other Man ſerves but as an ill Compariſon to what it loves, and even *Philander*'s Likeneſs, that was not indeed *Philander*, wanted the Secret to charm. At *Octavio*'s Entrance ſhe was ſo fix'd on her Revenge of Love, that ſhe did not ſee him who preſented himſelf as ſo proper an Inſtrument, 'till he firſt ſighing ſpoke, *Ah*, Sylvia, *ſhall I never ſee that Beauty eaſie more? Shall I never ſee it reconcil'd to Content, and a ſoft Calmneſs fix'd upon thoſe Eyes, which were form'd for Looks all tender and ſerene; or are they reſolv'd* (continu'd he ſighing) *never to appear but in Storms when I approach? Yes*, reply'd ſhe, *when there's a Calm of Love in yours that raiſes it. Will you confine my Eyes*, ſaid he, *that are by Nature ſoft? May not their ſilent Language tell you my Heart's ſad Story?* But ſhe reply'd with a Sigh, *it is not generouſly done*, Octavio, *thus to purſue a poor unguarded Maid, left to your Care,*

your Promiſes of Friendſhip. Ah, will you uſe Philander *with ſuch Treachery?* Sylvia, ſaid he, *my Flame's ſo juſt and reaſonable, that I dare even to him pronounce I love you; and after that dare love you on* ——— *And would you* (ſaid ſhe) *to ſatisfie a little ſhort-liv'd Paſſion, forfeit thoſe Vows you've made of Friendſhip to* Philander? *That Heart that loves you,* Sylvia, (he reply'd) *cannot be guilty of ſo baſe a Thought;* Philander *is my Friend, and as he is ſo, ſhall know the deareſt Secrets of my Soul. I ſhould believe my ſelf indeed ungrateful* (continu'd he) *where'er I lov'd, ſhould I not tell* Philander; *he told me frankly all his Soul, his Loves, his Griefs, his Treaſons, and Eſcapes, and in return I'll pay him back with mine. And do you imagine* (ſaid ſhe) *that he would permit your Love? How ſhould he hinder me?* (reply'd he.) *I do believe* (ſaid ſhe) *he'd forfeit all his Safety and his Friendſhip, and fight you: Then I'd defend my ſelf,* (ſaid he) *if he were ſo ungrateful.* While they thus argued, *Sylvia* had her Thoughts apart, on the little Stratagems that Women in Love ſometimes make uſe of; and *Octavio* no ſooner told her he would ſend *Philander* Word of his Love, but ſhe imagin'd that ſuch a Knowledge might retrieve the Heart of her Lover, if indeed it were on the Wing, and revive the dying Embers in his Soul, as uſually it does from ſuch Occaſions; and on the other ſide ſhe thought that ſhe might more allowably receive *Octavio*'s Addreſſes, when they were with the Permiſſion of *Philander*, if he could love ſo well to permit it; and if he could not, ſhe ſhould have the Joy to undeceive her Fears of his Inconſtancy, tho' ſhe baniſh'd for ever the agreeable *Octavio*; ſo that on *Octavio*'s farther urging the Neceſſity of his giving *Philander* that ſure Mark of his Friendſhip ſhe permitted him to write, which he immediately did on her Table, where there ſtood a little Silver Scrutore which contain'd all things for his Purpoſe.

OCTA-

OCTAVIO *to* PHILANDER.

My Lord,

SINCE I have vow'd you my eternal Friendſhip, and that I abſolutely believe my ſelf honour'd with that of yours, I think my ſelf oblig'd by thoſe powerful Ties to let you know my Heart, not only now as that Friend from whom I ought to conceal nothing, but as a Rival too, whom in Honour I ought to treat as a generous one: Perhaps you will be ſo unkind as to ſay I cannot be a Friend and a Rival at the ſame time, and that Almighty Love, that ſets the World at odds, chaſes all things from the Heart where that reigns to eſtabliſh it ſelf the more abſolutely there; but, my Lord, I avow mine a Love of that Good-nature, that can endure the equal Sway of Friendſhip, where like two perfect Friends they ſupport each other's Empire there; nor can the Glory of one eclipſe that of the other, but both, like the Notion we have of the Deity, tho' two diſtinct Paſſions, make but one in my Soul; and tho' Friendſhip firſt enter'd, 'twas in vain I call'd it to my Aid, at the firſt ſoft Invaſion of *Sylvia*'s Power; and you, my charming Friend, are the moſt oblig'd to pity me, who already know ſo well the Force of her Beauty. I would fain have you think, I ſtrove at firſt with all my Reaſon againſt the irreſiſtible Luſtre of her Eyes: And at the firſt Aſſaults of Love, I gave him not a Welcome to my Boſom, but like Slaves unus'd to Fetters, I grew ſullen with my Chains, and wore 'em for your ſake uneaſily. I thought it baſe to look upon the Miſtreſs of my Friend with wiſhing Eyes; but ſofter Love ſoon furniſh'd me with Arguments to juſtifie my Claim, ſince Love is not the Choice but the Face of the Soul, who ſeldom regards the Object lov'd as 'tis, but as it wiſhes to have it be, and then kind Fancy makes it ſoon the ſame. Love, that almighty Creator of ſomething from nothing, forms a

Wit, a Hero, or a Beauty, Virtue, good Humour, Honour, any Excellence, when oftentimes there's neither in the Object, but where the agreeing World has fix'd all theſe; and 'tis by all reſolv'd, (whether they love or not) that this is ſhe, you ought no more, *Philander*, to upbraid my Flame, than to wonder at it: It is enough I tell you that 'tis *Sylvia* to juſtifie my Paſſion; Nor is't a Crime that I confeſs I love, ſince it can never rob *Philander* of the leaſt Part of what I've vow'd him: Or if his mere Honour will believe me guilty of a Fault, let this atone for all, that if I wrong my Friend in loving *Sylvia*, I right him in deſpairing; for oh, I am repuls'd with all the Rigour of the Coy and Fair, with all the little Malice of the witty Sex, and all the Love of *Sylvia* to *Philander*.——There, there's the Stop to all my Hopes and Happineſs, and yet by Heav'n I love thee, oh thou favour'd Rival!

After this frank Confeſſion, my *Philander*, I ſhould be glad to hear your Sentiment, ſince yet in ſpite of Love, in ſpite of Beauty, I am reſolv'd to die *Philander*'s conſtant Friend,

OCTAVIO.

After he had writ this, he gave it to *Sylvia: See charming Creature* (ſaid he in delivering it) *if after this you either doubt my Love or what I dare for* Sylvia. *I neither receive it* (ſaid ſhe) *as a Proof of the one or the other; but rather that you believe by this frank Confeſſion, to render it as a piece of Gallantry and Diverſion to* Philander; *for no Man of Senſe will imagine that Love true, or arriv'd to any height, that makes a publick Confeſſion of it to his Rival. Ah,* Sylvia, anſwer'd he, *how malicious is your Wit, and how active to turn its pointed Miſchief on me? had I not writ, you would have ſaid I durſt not; and when I make a Declaration of it, you call it only a ſlight piece of Gallantry: But,* Sylvia, *you have Wit enough to try it a thouſand Ways, and Power enough to make me obey; uſe the Extremity of both, ſo*

you

you recompenſe me at laſt with a Confeſſion that I was at leaſt found worthy to be number'd in the Croud of your Adorers. *Sylvia* reply'd, *He were a dull Lover indeed, that would need Inſtructions from the Wit of his Miſtreſs to give her Proofs of his Paſſion, whatever Opinion you have of my Senſe, I have too good a one of* Octavio's *to believe that when he's a Lover he'll want Aids to make it appear, 'till then we'll let that Argument alone, and conſider his Addreſs to* Philander. She then read over the Letter he had writ, which ſhe lik'd very well for her Purpoſe; for at this time our young *Dutch Hero* was made a Property of, in order to her Revenge on *Philander:* She told him, *He had ſaid too much both for himſelf and her.* He told her, *He had declar'd nothing with his Pen, that he would not make good with his Sword.* *Hold, Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *and do not imagine from the Freedom you have taken in owning your Paſſion to* Philander, *that I ſhall allow it here: What you declare to the World is your own Crime; but when I hear it, 'tis no longer yours but mine; I therefore conjure you, my Lord, not to charge my Soul with ſo great a Sin againſt* Philander, *and I confeſs to you I ſhall be infinitely troubled to be oblig'd to baniſh you my Sight for ever.* He heard her, and anſwer'd with a Sigh; for ſhe went from him to the Table, and ſeal'd her Letter, and gave it him to be inclos'd to *Philander,* and left him to conſider on her laſt Words, which he did not lay to Heart, becauſe he fancy'd ſhe ſpoke this as Women do that will be won with Induſtry: He, in ſtanding up as ſhe went from him, ſaw himſelf in the great Glaſs, and bid his Perſon anſwer his Heart, which from every View he took was reinforced with new Hope, for he was too good a Judge of Beauty not to find it in every Part of his own amiable Perſon, nor could he imagine from *Sylvia*'s Eyes, which were naturally ſoft and languiſhing, (and now the more ſo from her Fears and Jealouſies) that ſhe meant from her Hearts the Rigours ſhe expreſs'd: Much he allow'd for his ſhort time of Courtſhip, much

to her Sex's Modeſty, much from her Quality, and very much from her Love, and imagin'd it muſt be only Time and Aſſiduity, Opportunity and obſtinate Paſſion, that was only capable of reducing her to break her Faith with *Philander*; he therefore endeavour'd by all the good Dreſſing, the Advantage of laviſh Gaiety, to render his Perſon agreeable, and by all the Arts of Gallantry to charm her with his Converſation, and when he cou'd handſomely bring in Love, he fail'd not to touch upon it as far as it would be permitted, and every Day had the Vanity to fancy he made ſome Advances; for indeed every Day more and more ſhe found ſhe might have uſe for ſo conſiderable a Perſon, ſo that one may very well ſay, never any paſs'd their Time better than *Sylvia* and *Octavio*, tho' with different Ends. All he had now to fear was from the Anſwer *Philander*'s Letter ſhould bring, for whom he had in ſpite of Love, ſo intire a Friendſhip, that he even doubted whether (if *Philander* could urge Reaſons potent enough) he ſhould not chuſe to die and quit *Sylvia*, rather than be falſe to Friendſhip; one Poſt paſt, and another, and ſo eight ſucceſſive ones, before they receiv'd one Word of Anſwer to what they ſent; ſo that *Sylvia*, who was the moſt impatient of her Sex, and the moſt in Love, was raving and acting all the Extravagance of Deſpair, and even *Octavio* now became leſs pleaſing, yet he fail'd not to viſit her every Day, to ſend her rich Preſents, and to ſay all that a fond Lover, or a faithful Friend might urge, for her Relief: At laſt *Octavio* receiv'd this following Letter.

PHILANDER *to* OCTAVIO.

YOU have ſhew'd, *Octavio*, a Freedom ſo generous, and ſo beyond the uſual Meaſures of a Rival, that 'twere almoſt Injuſtice in me not to permit you to love on; if *Sylvia* can be falſe to me, and all her Vows, ſhe is not worth preſerving; if ſhe prefer *Octavio* to *Philander*,

Philander, then he has greater Merit, and deſerves her beſt: But if on the contrary ſhe be juſt, if ſhe be true, and conſtant, I cannot fear his Love will injure me, ſo either way *Octavio* has my leave to love the charming *Sylvia*; alas I know her Power, and do not wonder at thy Fate! for 'tis as natural for her to conquer, as 'tis for Youth to yield; oh ſhe has Faſcination in her Eyes! a Spell upon her Tongue, her Wit's a Philter, and her Air and Motion all Snares for heedleſs Hearts; her very Faults have Charms, her Pride, her Peeviſhneſs, and her Diſdain, have unreſiſted Power. Alas, you find it every Day ——— and every Night ſhe ſweeps the Toure along and ſhews the Beauty, ſhe inſlaves the Men, and rivals all the Women! How oft with Pride and Anger I have ſeen it; and was the inconſidering Coxcomb then to rave and rail at her, to curſe her Charms, her fair inviting and perplexing Charms, and bully'd every Gazer: By Heav'n I could not ſpare a Smile, a Look, and ſhe has ſuch a laviſh Freedom in her Humour, that if thou chance to love as I have done——'twill ſurely make thee mad; if ſhe but talk'd aloud, or put her little Affectation on, to ſhow the Force of Beauty, oh God! How loſt in Rage! How mad with Jealouſie, was my fond breaking Heart! my Eyes grew fierce, and clamorous my Tongue! and I have ſcarce contain'd my ſelf from hurting what I ſo much ador'd; but then the ſubtle Charmer had ſuch Arts to flatter me to Peace again——to claſp her lovely Arms about my Neck ——— to ſigh a thouſand dear confirming Vows into my Boſom, and kiſs, and ſmile, and ſwear——and talk away my Rage,——and then—— oh my *Octavio*, no human Fancy can preſent the Joy of the dear reconciling Moment, where little Quarrels rais'd the Rapture higher, and ſhe was always new. Theſe are the wondrous Pains, and wondrous Pleaſures that Love by turns inſpires, 'till it grows wiſe by Time and Repetition, and then the God aſſumes a ſerious Gravity, Injoyment takes off the uneaſie Keenneſs of the Paſſion,

Paſſion, the little jealous Quarrels riſe no more; Quarrels, the very Feathers of Love's Darts, that ſend 'em with more Swiftneſs to the Heart; and when they ceaſe, your Tranſports leſſen too, then we grow reaſonable, and conſider; we love with Prudence then, as Fencers fight with Foils; a ſullen Bruſh perhaps ſometimes or ſo; but nothing that can touch the Heart, and when we are arriv'd to love at that dull, eaſie rate, we never die of that Diſeaſe; then we've Recourſe to all the little Arts, the Aids of Flatterers, and dear Diſſimulation (that Help-meet to the Luke-warm Lover) to keep up a good Character of Conſtancy, and a right Underſtanding.

Thus, *Octavio*, I have ran thro' both the Degrees of Love; which I have taken ſo often, that I am grown moſt learn'd and able in the Art; my eaſie Heart is of the Conſtitution of thoſe whom frequent Sickneſs renders apt to take Relapſes from every little Cauſe, or Wind that blows too fiercely on 'em, it renders it ſelf to the firſt Effects of new ſurprizing Beauty, and finds ſuch Pleaſure in beginning Paſſion, ſuch dear delight of fancying new Enjoyment, that all paſt Loves, paſt Vows and Obligations, have Power to bind no more; no Pity, no Remorſe, no threatning Danger invades my amorous Courſe; I ſcour along the Flow'ry Plains of Love, view all the charming Proſpect at a Diſtance, which repreſents it ſelf all gay and glorious! and long to lay me down, to ſtretch and bask in thoſe dear Joys that Fancy makes ſo raviſhing: Nor am I one of thoſe dull whining Slaves, whom Quality or my Reſpect can awe into a ſilent Cringer, and no more; no, Love, Youth, and oft Succeſs has taught me Boldneſs and Art, Deſire and Cunning to attack, to ſearch the feeble ſide of Female Weakneſs, and there to play Love's Engines; for Women will be won, they will, *Octavio*, if Love and Wit find any Opportunity.

Perhaps, my Friend, you're wondring now, what this Diſcourſe, this odd Diſcovery of my own Inconſtancy tends to? Then ſince I cannot better pay you back

back the Secret you have told me of your Love, than by another of my own; take this Confeſſion from thy Friend —— I love! ——— I languiſh! and am dying, ———for a new Beauty. To you, *Octavio*, you that have liv'd twenty dull tedious Years, and never underſtood the Myſtery of Love, 'till *Sylvia* taught you to adore, this Change may ſeem a Wonder; you that have laſily run more than half your Youth's gay Courſe of Life away, without the Pleaſure of one nobler Hour of mine; who, like a Miſer, hoard your ſacred Store, or ſcantily have dealt it but to one, think me a laviſh Prodigal in Love, and gravely will reproach me with Inconſtancy ——but uſe me like a Friend, and hear my Story.

It happen'd in my laſt Day's Journey on the Road I overtook a Man of Quality, for ſo his Equipage confeſs'd; we join'd and fell into Diſcourſe of many things indifferent, 'till from a Chain of one thing to another we chanc'd to talk of *France*, and of the Factions there, and I ſoon found him a *Céſarian*; for he grew hot with his Concern for that Prince, and fiercely own'd his Intereſt: This pleas'd me, and I grew familiar with him; and I pleas'd him ſo well in my Devotion for *Ceſario*, that being arriv'd at *Collen* he invites me home to his Palace, which he begg'd I would make uſe of as my own during my Stay at *Collen*. Glad of the Opportunity I obey'd, and ſoon inform'd my ſelf by a *Spaniſh* Page (that waited on him) to whom I was oblig'd; he told me it was the Count of *Clarinau*, a *Spaniard* born, and of Quality, who for ſome Diſguſt at Court retir'd hither; that he was a Perſon of much Gravity, a great Politician, and very Rich; and tho' well in Years was lately marry'd to a very beautiful young Lady, and that very much againſt her Conſent; a Lady whom he had taken out of a Monaſtery, where ſhe had been penſioned from a Child, and of whom he was ſo fond and jealous, he never would permit her to ſee or be ſeen by any Man: And if ſhe took the Air in her Coach, or went to

Church,

Church, he oblig'd her to wear a Veil. Having learn'd thus much of the Boy, I diſmiſs'd him with a Preſent; for he had already inſpir'd me with Curioſity, that Prologue to Love, and I knew not of what uſe he might be hereafter; a Curioſity that I was reſolv'd to ſatisfie, though I broke all the Laws of Hoſpitality, and even that firſt Night I felt an Impatience that gave me ſome Wonder. In fine, three Days I languiſh'd out in a Diſorder that was very nearly ally'd to that of Love. I found my ſelf magnificently lodg'd; attended with a formal Ceremony; and indeed all things were as well as I could imagine, bating a kind Opportunity to get a Sight of this young Beauty: Now half a Lover grown, I ſigh'd and grew oppreſs'd with Thought, and had recourſe to Groves, to ſhady Walks and Fountains, of which the delicate Gardens afforded Variety, the moſt reſembling Nature that ever Art produc'd, and of the moſt melancholy Receſſes, fancying there, in ſome lucky Hour, I might encounter what I already ſo much ador'd in *Idea*, which ſtill I form'd juſt as my Fancy wiſh'd; there, for the firſt two Days, I walk'd and ſigh'd, and told my new-born Paſſion to every gentle Wind that play'd among the Boughs; for yet no Lady bright appear'd beneath 'em, no Viſionary Nymph the Groves afforded; but on the third Day, all full of Love and Stratagem, in the cool of the Evening, I paſs'd into a Thicket near a little Rivulet, that purl'd and murmur'd through the Glade, and paſs'd into the Meads; this pleas'd and fed my preſent Amorous Humour, and down I laid my ſelf on the ſhady Brink, and liſten'd to its melancholy Glidings, when from behind me I heard a Sound more raviſhing, a Voice that ſung theſe Words:

Alas, in vain, you Pow'rs above,
You gave me Youth, you gave me Charms,
And ev'ry tender Senſe of Love;
To deſtine me to old Phileno's *Arms.*

Ah

Ah how can Youth's gay Spring allow
The chilling Kiſſes of the Winter's Snow!

All Night I languiſh by his Side,
And fancy Joys I never taſte;
As Men in Dreams a Feaſt provide,
And waking find, with Grief, they faſt.
Either, ye Gods, my youthful Fires allay,
Or make the old Phileno *young and gay.*

Like a fair Flower in Shades Obſcurity,
Tho' every Sweet adorns my Head,
Ungather'd, unadmir'd I lie,
And wither on my ſilent gloomy Bed,
While no kind Aids to my Relief appear,
And no kind Boſom makes me triumph there.

By this you may eaſily gueſs, as I ſoon did, that the Song was ſung by Madam the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, as indeed it was; at the very Beginning of her Song my joyful Soul divin'd it ſo! I roſe and advanc'd by ſuch ſlow degrees as neither alarm'd the fair Singer, nor hinder'd me the Pleaſure of hearing any Part of the Song, 'till I approach'd ſo near as (behind the Shelter of ſome Jeſſamin that divided us) I, unſeen, compleated thoſe Wounds at my Eyes, which I had receiv'd before at my Ears. Yes, *Octavio*, I ſaw the lovely *Clarinau* leaning on a Pillow made of ſome of thoſe Jeſſamins which favour'd me, and ſerv'd her for a Canopy. But, oh my Friend! how ſhall I preſent her to thee in that Angel Form ſhe then appear'd to me? All young! all raviſhing as new-born Light to loſt benighted Travellers; her Face, the faireſt in the World, was adorn'd with Curles of ſhining Jet, ty'd up——I know not how, all careleſsly with Scarlet Ribbon mixt with Pearls; her Robe was gay and rich, ſuch as young Royal Brides put on when they undreſs for Joys; her Eyes were black, the ſofteſt Heav'n e'er made; her Mouth was ſweet, and form'd for all Delight;

light; ſo red her Lips, ſo round, ſo grac'd with Dimples, that without one other Charm, that was enough to kindle warm Deſires about a frozen Heart; a ſprightly Air of Wit compleated all, encreas'd my Flame, and made me mad with Love: Endleſs it were to tell thee all her Beauties: Nature all o'er was laviſh and profuſe; let it ſuffice, her Face, her Shape, her Mein, had more of Angel in 'em than Humanity! I ſaw her thus all charming! thus ſhe lay! a ſmiling Melancholy dreſs'd her Eyes, which ſhe had fix'd upon the Rivulet, near which I found her lying; juſt ſuch I fancy'd fam'd *Lucretia* was, when *Tarquin* firſt beheld her; nor was that Royal Raviſher more inflam'd than I! or readier for the Encounter. Alone ſhe was, which heighten'd my Deſires! Oh Gods! alone lay the young lovely Charmer, with wiſhing Eyes, and all prepar'd for Love! the Shade was gloomy, and the tell-tale Leaves combin'd ſo cloſe, they muſt have given us Warning if any had approach'd from either ſide! all favour'd my Deſign, and I advanc'd; but with ſuch Caution as not to inſpire her with a Fear, inſtead of that of Love! a ſlow, uneaſie Pace, with folded Arms, Love in my Eyes, and burning in my Heart —— At my Approach ſhe ſcarce contain'd her Cries, and roſe ſurpriz'd and bluſhing, diſcovering to me ſuch a proportion'd Height ——ſo lovely and majeſtick———that I ſtood gazing on her, all loſt in Wonder, and gave her time to dart her Eyes at me, and every Look pierc'd deeper to my Soul, and I had no Senſe but Love, ſilent admiring Love! immoveable I ſtood, and had no other Motion but that of a Heart all panting, which lent a feeble Trembling to my Tongue, and even when I would have ſpoke to her, it ſent a Sigh up to prevent my Boldneſs; and, O *Octavio*, tho' I have been bred in all the ſawcy Daring of a forward Lover, yet now I wanted a convenient Impudence; aw'd with a haughty Sweetneſs in her Look, like a Favebrave after a vigorous Onſet, finding the Danger fly ſo thick around him,

ſheers

ſheers off and dares not face the preſſing Foe, ſtruck with too fierce a Light'ning from her Eyes, whence the Gods ſent a thouſand winged Darts, I veil'd my own, and durſt not play with Fire: While thus ſhe hotly did purſue her Conqueſt, and I ſtood fix'd on the defenſive part, I heard a ruſſling amongſt the thick grown Leaves, and thro' their myſtick Windings ſoon perceiv'd the good old Count of *Clarinau* approaching, muttering and mumbling to old *Dormina*, the Dragon appointed to guard this lovely Treaſure, and which ſhe having left alone in the Thicket, and had retir'd but at an awful Diſtance, had moſt extreamly diſoblig'd her Lord. I only had time enough in this little Moment to look with Eyes that ask'd a thouſand Pities, and told her in their ſilent Language how loath they were to leave the charming Object, and with a Sigh———I vaniſh'd from the wondering fair One, nimble as Light'ning, ſilent as a Shade, to my firſt Poſt behind the Jeſſamins; that was the utmoſt that I could perſuade my Heart to do. You may believe, my dear *Octavio*, I did not bleſs the Minute that brought old *Clarinau* to that dear Receſs, nor him, nor my own Fate; and to compleat my Torment, I ſaw him (after having gravely reproach'd her for being alone without her Woman) yes, I ſaw him fall on her Neck, her lovely ſnowy Neck, and loll and kiſs, and hang his tawny wither'd Arms on her fair Shoulders, and preſs his nauſeous Load upon *Caliſta*'s Body, (for ſo I heard him name her) while ſhe was gazing ſtill upon the empty Place, whence ſhe had ſeen me vaniſh; which he perceiving, cry'd——*My little Fool, what is't thou gazeſt on, turn to thy none old Man, and buſs him ſoundly*—— When putting him by with a Diſdain that half made amends for the Injury he had done me by coming, *Ah, my Lord*, cry'd ſhe, *even now, juſt there I ſaw a lovely Viſion, I ne'er beheld ſo excellent a thing: How*, cry'd he, *a Viſion, a Thing———What Viſion? what Thing? where? how?*

and

and when—— Why there, ſaid ſhe, *with my Eyes, and juſt now is vaniſh'd behind yon Jeſſamins.* With that I drew my Sword ——— for I deſpair'd to get off unknown, and being well enough acquainted with the jealous Nature of the *Spaniards*, which is no more than ſee and ſtab, I prepar'd to ſtand on my Defence 'till I could reconcile him, if poſſible, to Reaſon; yet even in that Moment I was more afraid of the Injury he might do the innocent Fair One, than of what he could do to me: But he not ſo much as dreaming ſhe meant a Man by her lovely Viſion, fell a kiſſing her anew, and beck'ning *Dormina* off to Pimp at diſtance, told her, *The Grove was ſo ſweet, the River's Murmurs ſo delicate, and ſhe was ſo curiouſly dreſs'd, that all together had inſpir'd him with a Love-Fit*; and then aſſaulting her anew with a Sneer, which you have ſeen a Satyr make in Pictures, he fell to act the little Tricks of Youth, that look'd ſo goatiſh in him ——— inſtead of kindling 'twould have damp'd a Flame; which ſhe reſiſted with a Scorn ſo charming gave me new Hope and Fire, when to oblige me more, with Pride, Diſdain, and Loathing in her Eyes, ſhe fled like *Daphne* from the Raviſher; he being bent on Love purſu'd her with a feeble Pace, like an old Wood-God chaſing ſome coy Nymph; who wing'd with Fear outſtrips the flying Wind, and tho' a God he cannot overtake her; and left me fainting with new Love, new Hope, new Jealouſie, Impatience, Sighs, and Wiſhes, in the abandon'd Grove. Nor could I go without another View of that dear Place in which I ſaw her lye. I went——and laid me down juſt on the Print which her fair Body made, and preſs'd, and kiſs'd it o'er a thouſand times with eager Tranſports, and even fancy'd fair *Caliſta* there; there 'twas I found the Paper with the Song which I have ſent you; there I ran o'er a thouſand Stratagems to gain another View; no little Stateſmen had more Plots and Arts than I to gain this Object I ador'd, the ſoft Idea of my burning

Heart

Heart, now raging wild, abandon'd all to Love and looſe Deſire; but hitherto my Induſtry is vain; each Day I haunt the thickeſt Groves and Springs, the flowry Walks, cloſe Arbors; all the Day my buſie Eyes and Heart are ſearching her, but no Intelligence they bring me in: In fine, *Octavio*, all that I can ſince learn is, that the bright *Caliſta* had ſeen a Viſion in the Garden, and ever ſince was ſo poſſeſs'd with Melancholy, that ſhe had not ſince quitted her Chamber; ſhe is daily preſſing the Count to permit her to go into the Garden, to ſee if ſhe can again encounter the lovely *Phantom*, but whether from any Deſcription ſhe hath made of it, (or from any other Cauſe) he imagines how it was, I know not; but he endeavours all he can to hinder her, and tells her 'tis not lawful to tempt Heav'n by invoking an Apparition; ſo that 'till a ſecond View eaſes the Torments of my Mind, there is nothing in Nature to be conceiv'd ſo raving mad as I; as if my Deſpair of finding her again increas'd my impatient Flame, inſtead of leſſening it.

After this Declaration, judge, *Octavio*, who has given the greateſt Proofs of his Friendſhip, you or I; you being my Rival, truſt me with the Secret of loving my Miſtreſs, which can no way redound to your Diſadvantage; but I, by telling you the Secrets of my Soul, put it into your Power to ruin me with *Sylvia*, and to eſtabliſh your ſelf in her Heart; a Thought I yet am not willing to bear, for I have an Ambition in my Love, that would not, while I am toiling for Empire here, loſe my Dominion in another Place. But ſince I can no more rule a Woman's Heart, than a Lover's Fate; both you and *Sylvia* may deceive my Opinion in that, but ſhall never have Power to make me believe you leſs my Friend, than I am your

PHILANDER.

POSTSCRIPT.

The incloſ'd I need not oblige you to deliver; you ſee I give you Opportunity.

Octavio no ſooner arriv'd to that part of the Letter which nam'd the Count of *Clarinau*, but he ſtopp'd, and was ſcarce able to proceed, for the charming *Caliſta* was his Siſter, the only one he had, who having been bred in a Nunnery, was taken thence to be marry'd to this old rich Count, who had a great Fortune: Before he proceeded, his Soul divin'd this was the new Amour that had engag'd the Heart of his Friend; he was afraid to be farther convinc'd, and yet a Curioſity to know how far he had proceeded, made him read it out with all the Diſorder of a Man jealous of his Honour, and nicely careful of his Fame; he conſider'd her young, about eighteen, marry'd to an old, ill-favour'd, jealous Husband, no Parents but himſelf to right her Wrongs, or revenge her Levity; he knew tho' ſhe wanted no Wit, ſhe did Art, for being bred without the Converſation of Men, ſhe had not learnt the little Cunnings of her Sex; he gueſs'd by his own Soul that hers was ſoft and apt for Impreſſion, he judg'd from her Confeſſion to her Husband of the Viſion, that ſhe had a ſimple Innocence, that might betray a young Beauty under ſuch Circumſtances; to all this he conſider'd the Charms of *Philander* unreſiſtible, his unweary'd Induſtry in Love, and concludes his Siſter loſt. At firſt he upbraids *Philander*, and calls him ungrateful, but ſoon thought it unreaſonable to accuſe himſelf of an Injuſtice, and excus'd the Frailty of *Philander*, ſince he knew not that ſhe whom he ador'd was Siſter to his Friend; however it fail'd not to poſſeſs him with Inquietude that exercis'd all his Wit, to conſider how he might prevent an inſeparable Injury to his Honour, and an Intrigue that poſſibly might coſt his Siſter her Life, as well as Fame. In the midſt of all theſe Torments he forgot not the more important Buſineſs of his Love: For to a Lover, who has his Soul perfectly fix'd on the fair Object of its Adoration, whatever other Thoughts fatigue and cloud his Mind, that, like a ſoft Gleam of new ſprung Light,

Light, darts in and ſpreads a Glory all around, and like the God of Day, chears every drooping Vital; yet even theſe dearer Thoughts wanted not their Torments. At firſt he ſtrove to atone for the Fears of *Caliſta*, with thoſe of imagining *Philander* falſe to *Sylvia*: *Well*, cry'd he——*If thou be'ſt loſt*, Caliſta, *at leaſt thy Ruin has laid a Foundation for my Happineſs, and every Triumph* Philander *makes of thy Virtue, it the more ſecures my Empire over* Sylvia; *and ſince the Brother cannot be happy, but by the Siſter's being undone, yield thou*, O *faithleſs fair one, yield to* Philander, *and make me bleſt in* Sylvia! *And thou* (continu'd he) *oh perjur'd Lover and inconſtant Friend, glut thy inſatiate Flame* ——*riſle* Caliſta *of every Virtue Heav'n and Nature gave her, ſo I may but revenge it on thy* Sylvia! Pleas'd with this joyful Hope he traverſes his Chamber, glowing and bluſhing with new kindling Fire, his Heart that was all gay, diffus'd a Gladneſs, that expreſs'd it ſelf in every Feature of his lovely Face; his Eyes, that were by Nature languiſhing, ſhone now with an unuſual Air of Briskneſs, Smiles grac'd his Mouth, and Dimples dreſs'd his Face, inſenſibly his buſie Fingers trick and dreſs, and ſet his Hair, and without deſigning it, his Feet are bearing him to *Sylvia*, till he ſtept ſhort and wonder'd whither he was going, for yet it was not time to make his Viſit——*Whither, fond Heart*, (ſaid he) *O whither wouldſt thou hurry this Slave to thy ſoft Fires!* And now returning back he paus'd and fell to Thought——He remember'd how impatiently *Sylvia* waited the Return of the Anſwer he writ to him, wherein he own'd his Paſſion for that Beauty. He knew ſhe permitted him to write it, more to raiſe the little brisk Fires of Jealouſie in *Philander* and to ſet an Edge on his blunted Love, than from any Favours ſhe deſign'd *Octavio*: And that on this Anſwer depended all her Happineſs, or the Confirmation of her Doubts, and that ſhe would meaſure *Philander*'s Love by the Effects ſhe found

there of it: So that never Lover had ſo hard a Game to play, as our new one. He knew he had it now in his Power to ruin his Rival, and to make almoſt his own Terms with his fair Conqueresſ, but he conſider'd the Secret was not render'd him for ſo baſe an End, nor cou'd his Love advance it ſelf by ways ſo falſe, dull and criminal —— Between each Thought he paus'd, and now reſolves ſhe muſt know he ſent an Anſwer to his Letter; for ſhould ſhe know he had, and that he ſhould refuſe her the Sight of it, he believ'd with Reaſon ſhe ought to baniſh him for ever her Preſence, as the moſt diſobedient of her Slaves. He walks and pauſes on ——— but no kind Thought preſents it ſelf to ſave him; either way he finds himſelf undone, and from the moſt gay, and moſt triumphing Lover on the Earth, he now, with one ſerious Thought of right reaſoning, finds he is the moſt miſerable of all the Creation! He reads the Superſcription of that *Philander* writ to *Sylvia*, which was inclos'd in his, and finds it was directed only ——— For *Sylvia*, which would plainly demonſtrate it came not ſo into *Holland*, but that ſome other Cover ſecur'd it; ſo that never any but *Octavio*, the moſt nice in Honour, had ever ſo great a Conteſt with Love and Friendſhip: For his noble Temper was not one of thoſe that could ſacrifice his Friend to his little Luſts, or his more ſolid Paſſion, but truly brave, reſolves now rather to die than to confeſs *Philander*'s Secret; to evade which he ſent her Letter by his Page, with one from himſelf, and commanded him to tell her, that he was going to receive ſome Commands from the Prince of *Orange*, and that he would wait on her himſelf in the Evening. The Page obeys, and *Octavio* ſent him with a Sigh, and Eyes that languiſhingly told him he did it with Regret.

The Page haſting to *Sylvia*, finds her in all the Diſquiet of an expecting Lover; and ſnatching the Papers from his Hand, the firſt ſhe ſaw was that from *Philander*

der, at which ſhe trembled with Fear and Joy, for Hope, Love and Deſpair, at once ſeiz'd her, and hardly able to make a Sign with her Hand, for the Boy to withdraw, ſhe ſunk down into her Chair, all pale, and almoſt fainting; but re-aſſuming her Courage, ſhe open'd it, and read this.

PHILANDER *to* SYLVIA.

AH, *Sylvia!* Why all theſe Doubts and Fears? Why at this Diſtance do you accuſe your Lover, when he's uncapable to fall before you, and undeceive your little Jealouſies. Oh, *Sylvia*, I fear this firſt Reproaching me, is rather the Effects of your own Guilt, than any that Love can make you think of mine. Yes, yes, my *Sylvia*, 'tis the Waves that roll and glide away, and not the ſteady Shore. 'Tis you begin to unfaſten from the Vows that hold you, and float along the flattering Tide of Vanity. 'Tis you, whoſe Pride and Beauty ſcorning to be confin'd, give way to the admiring Croud, that ſigh for you. Yes, yes, you, like the reſt of your fair glorious Sex, love the Admirer though you hate the Coxcomb. 'Tis vain! 'tis great! and ſhews your Beauty's Power——Is't poſſible, that for the Safety of my Life I cannot retire, but you muſt think I'm fled from Love and *Sylvia*! Or is it poſſible that pitying Tenderneſs that made me uncapable of taking Leave of her ſhould be interpreted as falſe—— and baſe—— and that an Abſence of thirty Days, ſo forc'd, and ſo compell'd, muſt render me inconſtant—loſt——ungrateful——as if that after *Sylvia* Heav'n e'er made a Beauty that could charm me?

You charge my Letter with a thouſand Faults, 'tis ſhort, 'tis cold, and wants thoſe uſual Softneſſes that gave them all their Welcome, and their Graces. I fear my *Sylvia* loves the Flatterer, and not the Man, the Lover only, not *Philander*. And ſhe conſiders him not for himſelf, but the gay, glorious Thing he makes

of her! Ah! too Self-intereſted! Is that your Juſtice? You ne'er allow for my unhappy Circumſtances; you never think how Care oppreſſes me, nor what my Love contributes to that Care. How Buſineſs, Danger, and a thouſand Ills, take up my harraſs'd Mind: By every Power I love thee ſtill, my *Sylvia*, but Time has made us more familiar now, and we begin to leave of Ceremony, and come to cloſer Joys, to join our Intereſt now, as People fix'd, reſolv'd to live and die together; to weave our Thoughts, and be united ſtronger. At firſt we ſhew the gayeſt Side of Love, dreſs and be nice in every Word and Look, ſet out for Conqueſt all; ſpread every Art, uſe every Stratagem ——— But when the Toil is paſt, and the dear Victory gain'd, we then propoſe a little idle Reſt, a little eaſie Slumber: We then embrace, lay by the gaudy Shew, the Plumes and gilded Equipage of Love, the Trappings of the Conqueror, and bring the naked Lover to your Arms; we ſhew him then uncas'd with all his little Diſadvantages; perhaps the flowing Hair, (thoſe Ebony Curles you have ſo often comb'd, and dreſs'd, and kiſs'd) are then put up, and ſhew a fiercer Air, more like an Antique *Roman* than *Philander*: And ſhall I then, becauſe I want a Grace, be thought to love you leſs? Becauſe the embroider'd Coat, the Point and Garniture's laid by, muſt I put off my Paſſion with my Dreſs? No, *Sylvia*, Love allows a thouſand little Freedoms, allows me to unboſom all my Secrets; tell thee my Wants, my Fears, Complaints and Dangers, and think it great Relief if thou but ſigh and pity me: And oft thy charming Wit has aided me, but now I find thee adding to my Pain. O where ſhall I unload my weight of Cares, when *Sylvia*, who was wont to ſigh and weep, and ſuffer me to eaſe the heavy Burden, now grows diſpleas'd and peeviſh with my Moans, and calls them the Effects of dying Love! Inſtead of thoſe dear Smiles, that fond bewitching Prattle, that us'd to calm my roughest Storm of Grief, ſhe now reproaches me with Coldneſs,

Want

Want of Concern, and Lover's Rhetorick: And when I ſeem to beg Relief, and ſhew my Soul's Reſentment, 'tis then I'm falſe; 'tis my Averſion, or the Effects of ſome new kindling Flame: Is this fair dealing, *Sylvia?* Can I not ſpare a little Sigh from Love, but you muſt think I rob you of your Due? If I omit a tender Name, by which I us'd to call you, muſt I be thought to loſe that Paſſion that taught me ſuch Endearments? And muſt I ne'er reflect upon the Ruin both of my Fame and Fortune, but I muſt run the risk of loſing *Sylvia* too? Oh Cruelty of Love! Oh too too fond and jealous Maid, what Crimes thy innocent Paſſion can create, when it extends beyond the Bounds of Reaſon! Ah too too nicely tender *Sylvia*, that will not give me leave to caſt a Thought back on my former Glory; yet even that Loſs I could ſupport with Tameneſs and Content, if I believ'd my Suffering reach'd only to my Heart; but *Sylvia*, if ſhe love, muſt feel my Torments too muſt ſhare my Loſs, and want a thouſand Ornaments, my ſinking Fortune cannot purchaſe her: Believe me, charming Creature, if I ſhould love you leſs, I have a Senſe ſo juſt of what you've ſuffer'd for *Philander*, I'd be content to be a Gally-Slave, to give thy Beauty, Birth and Love their due; but as I am thy faithful Lover ſtill, depend upon that Fortune Heav'n has left me; which if thou canſt (as thou haſt often ſworn) then thou would'ſt ſubmit to be chearful ſtill, be gay and confident, and do not judge my Heart by little Words; my Heart——too great and fond for ſuch poor Demonſtrations.

You ask me, *Sylvia*, where I am, and what I do; and all I can ſay is, that at preſent I am ſafe from any Fears of being deliver'd up to *France*, and what I do is ſighing, dying, grieving; I want my *Sylvia*; but my Circumſtances yet have nothing to incourage that Hope; when I reſolve where to ſettle, you ſhall ſee what haſte I will make to have you brought to me: I am impatient to hear from you, and to know how that dear

Pledge of our ſoft Hours advances. I mean what I believe I left thee poſſeſs'd of, a young *Philander:* Cheriſh it, *Sylvia*, for that's a certain Obligation to keep a dying Fire alive; be ſure you do it no Hurt by your unneceſſary Grief, tho' there needs no other Tie but that of Love to make me more entirely

Your PHILANDER.

If *Sylvia*'s Fears were great before ſhe open'd the Letter, what were her Pains when all thoſe Fears were confirm'd from that never-failing Mark of a declining Love, the Coldneſs and Alteration of the Style of Letters, that firſt Symptom of a dying Flame! *Oh, where*, ſaid ſhe, *where, oh perjur'd Charmer, is all that Ardency that us'd to warm the Reader? Where is all that natural Innocence of Love that could not, even to diſcover and expreſs a Grace in Eloquence, force one ſoft Word, or one Paſſion? Oh*, continu'd ſhe, *he is loſt and gone from* Sylvia *and his Vows; ſome other has him all, claſps that dear Body, hangs upon that Face, gazes upon his Eyes, and liſtens to his Voice, when he is looking, ſighing, ſwearing, dying, lying and damning of himſelf for ſome new Beauty——— He is, I'll not endure it; aid me*, Antonet! *Oh where's the perjur'd Traitor! Antonet*, who was waiting on her, ſeeing her riſe on the ſudden in ſo great a Fury would have ſtaid her haſty Turns and Ravings, beſeeching her to tell her what was the Occaſion, and by a Diſcovery to eaſe her Heart; but ſhe with all the Fury imaginable flung from her Arms, and ran to the Table, and ſnatching up a Penknife, had certainly ſent it to her Heart, had not *Antonet* ſtepp'd to her and caught her Hand, which ſhe reſiſted not, but bluſhing reſign'd, with telling her ſhe was aſham'd of her own Cowardice; *For*, ſaid ſhe, *if it had deſign'd to have been Brave, I had ſent you off, and by a noble Reſolution have freed this Slave within* (ſtriking her Breaſt) *from a Tyranny which it ſhould diſdain to ſuffer under:* With that ſhe rag'd about the Chamber with broken Words and imperfect

perfect Threatnings, unconsider'd Imprecations, and unheeded Vows and Oaths; at which *Antonet* redoubled her Petition to know the Cause and she reply'd —— Philander! *the dear, the soft, the fond and charming* Philander *is now no more the same. O*, Antonet, said she, *didst thou but see this Letter compared to those of heretofore, when Love was gay and young, when new Desire dress'd his soft Eyes in Tears, and taught his Tongue the Harmony of Angels; when every tender Word had more of Passion, than Volumes of this forc'd, this trifling Business. O thou wouldst say I were the wretchedst Thing that ever Nature made —— Oh, thou wouldst curse as I do ——— Not the dear Murderer, but thy frantick self, thy mad, deceiv'd, believing, easie self; if thou wert so undone* ——— Then while she wept she gave *Antonet* liberty to speak, which was to persuade her, her Fears were vain; she urg'd every Argument of Love she had been Witness to, and could not think it possible he could be false. To all which the still weeping *Sylvia* lent a willing Ear; for Lovers are much enclin'd to believe every thing they wish. *Antonet*, having a little calm'd her, continu'd telling her, that to be better convinc'd of his Love, or his Perfidy, she ought to have Patience 'till *Octavio* should come to visit her; *For you have forgotten, Madam*, said she, *that the generous Rival has sent him Word he is your Lover:* For *Antonet* was waiting at the reading of that Letter, nor was there any thing the open-hearted *Sylvia* conceal'd from that Servant; and Women who have made a Breach in their Honour, are seldom so careful of their rest of Fame, as those who have a Stock entire; and *Sylvia* believ'd after she had entrusted the Secret of one Amour to her Discretion, she might conceal none. *See, Madam*, says *Antonet*, *here is a Letter yet unread: Sylvia*, who had been a great while impatient for the Return of *Octavio*'s Answer from *Philander*, expecting from thence the Confirmation of all her Doubts, hastily snatch'd the Letter out of *Antonet*'s Hand, and read it,

hoping

hoping to have found ſomething there to have eas'd her Soul one way or other; a Soul the moſt raging and haughty by Nature that ever poſſeſs'd a Body: The Words were theſe.

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA.

AT leaſt you'll pity me, oh charming *Sylvia*, when you ſhall call to mind the cruel Services I am oblig'd to render you, to be the Meſſenger of Love from him whom Beauty and that God plead ſo ſtrongly for already in your Heart.

If, after this, you can propoſe a Torture that yet may ſpeak my Paſſion and Obedience in any higher Meaſure, command and try my Fortitude; for I too well divine, O rigorous Beauty, the Buſineſs of your Love-ſick Slave will be only to give you Proofs how much he does adore you, and never to taſte a Joy, even in a diſtant Hope; like Lamps in Urns my laſting Fire muſt burn, without one kind Material to ſupply it. Ah *Sylvia*, if ever it be thy wretched Fate to ſee the Lord of all your Vows given to another's Arms ——when you ſhall ſee in thoſe ſoft Eyes that you adore, a Languiſhment and Joy if you but name another Beauty to him;——when you behold his Bluſhes fade and riſe at the Approaches of another Miſtreſs,—— hear broken Sighs and unaſſur'd Replies, whene'er he anſwers ſome new Conquereſs; Tremblings, and Pantings ſeizing every Part at the warm Touch as of a ſecond Charmer: Ah, *Sylvia*, do but do me Juſtice then, and ſighing ſay———I pity poor *Octavio*.

Take here a Letter from the bleſt *Philander*, which I had brought my ſelf, but cannot bear the Torment of that Joy that I ſhall ſee advancing in your Eyes when you ſhall read it o'er—— no——'tis too much that I imagine all! Yet bleſs that patient Fondneſs of my Paſſion that makes me ſtill your Slave, and your Adorer,

OCTAVIO.

At

At finiſhing this, the jealous Fair One redoubled her Tears with ſuch violence, that 'twas in vain her Woman ſtrove to abate the flowing Tide by all the reaſonable Arguments ſhe cou'd bring to her Aid; and *Sylvia*, to encreaſe it, read again the latter Part of the ominous Letter; which ſhe wet with the Tears that ſtream'd from her bright Eyes. *Yes, yes,* (cry'd ſhe, laying the Letter down) *I know,* Octavio, *this is no Propheſie of yours, but a known Truth: Alas, you know too well the fatal Time's already come, when I ſhall find theſe Changes in* Philander! *Ah Madam,* reply'd *Antonet, how curious are you to ſearch out Torments for your own Heart, and as much a Lover as you are, how little do you underſtand the Arts and Politicks of Love? Alas, Madam,* continu'd ſhe, *you your ſelf have arm'd my Lord* Octavio *with thoſe Weapons that wound you: The laſt time he writ to my Lord* Philander, *he found you poſſes'd with a thouſand Fears and Jealouſies; of theſe he took Advantage to attack his Rival: For what Man is there ſo dull that wou'd not aſſault his Enemy in that Part where the moſt conſiderable Miſchief may be done him? 'Tis now* Octavio's *Intereſt, and his Buſineſs, to render* Philander *falſe, to give you all the Umbrage that is poſſible of ſo powerful a Rival, and to ſay any thing that may render him hateful to you, or at leaſt to make him love you leſs. Away,* reply'd *Sylvia* (with an uneaſie Smile) *how fooliſh are thy Reaſonings, for were it poſſible I cou'd love* Philander *leſs, is it to be imagin'd that ſhou'd make way for* Octavio *in my Heart, or any, after that dear Deceiver? No doubt of it,* reply'd *Antonet, but that very Effect it would have on your Heart; for Love in the Soul of a witty Perſon is like a Skain of Silk; to unwind it from the Bottom, you muſt wind it on another, or it runs into Confuſion and becomes of no uſe, and then of courſe, as one leſſens the other encreaſes, and what* Philander *loſes in Love,* Octavio, *or ſome one induſtrious Lover, will moſt certainly gain. Oh,* reply'd *Sylvia, you are a great Philoſopher in Love. I ſhou'd Madam,* cry'd *Antonet, had I but had a good Memory,*

mory, for I had a young Churchman once in Love with me, who has read many a Philoſophical Lecture to me upon Love; among the reſt he us'd to ſay the Soul was all compos'd of Love. I us'd to ask him then, if it were form'd of ſo ſoft Materials, how it came to paſs that we were no oftner in Love, or why ſo many were ſo long before they lov'd, and others who never lov'd at all? No queſtion but he anſwer'd you wiſely, ſaid *Sylvia* careleſly and ſighing, with her Thoughts but half attentive. *Marry, and ſo he did,* cry'd *Antonet, at leaſt I thought ſo then, becauſe I loved a little. He ſaid Love of it ſelf was unactive, but 'twas inform'd by Object; and then too that Object muſt depend on Fancy; (for Souls tho' all Love, are not to love all.) Now Fancy, he ſaid, was ſometimes nice, humorous, and fantaſtick, which is the Reaſon we ſo often love thoſe of no Merit, and deſpiſe thoſe that are moſt excellent; and ſometimes Fancy guides us to like neither; he us'd to ſay, Women were like Miſers, though they had always Love in ſtore, they ſeldom car'd to part with it, but on very good Intereſt and Security,* Cent. per Cent. *moſt commonly, Heart for Heart at leaſt; and for Security, he ſaid, we were moſt times too unconſcionable, we ask'd Vows at leaſt, at worſt Matrimony* ——Half angry, *Silvia* cry'd——*And what's all this to my loving again? Oh* Madam, reply'd *Antonet, He ſaid a Woman was like a Gameſter, if on the winning Hand, Hope, Intereſt, and Vanity made him play on, beſides the Pleaſure of the Play it ſelf; if on the loſing, then he continu'd throwing at all to ſave a Stake at laſt, if not to recover all; ſo either way they find occaſion to continue the Game. But oh,* ſaid *Sylvia* ſighing, *what ſhall that Gameſter ſet, who has already play'd for all ſhe had, and loſt it at a Caſt? Oh, Madam,* reply'd *Antonet, the Young and Fair find Credit every where, there's ſtill a Proſpect of a Return and that Gameſter that plays thus upon the ſtick is ſure to loſe but little; and if they win 'tis all clear Gains. I find,* ſaid *Sylvia, you are a good Manager in Love; you are for the frugal Part of it. Faith Madam,* ſaid *Antonet, I am*

indeed

indeed of that Opinion, that Love and Intereſt always do beſt together, as two moſt excellent Ingredients in that rare Art of preſerving of Beauty. Love makes us put on all our Charms, and Intereſt gives us all the advantage of Dreſs, without which Beauty is loſt, and of little uſe. Love wou'd have us appear always new, always gay, and magnificent, and Mony alone can render us ſo; and we find no Women want Lovers ſo much as thoſe who want Petticoats, Jewels, and all the neceſſary Trifles of Gallantry. Of this laſt Opinion I find you your ſelf to be; for even when Octavio *comes, on whoſe Heart you have no Deſign, I ſee you dreſs to the beſt Advantage, and put on many, to like one: Why is this, but that even unknown to your ſelf, you have a ſecret Joy and Pleaſure in gaining Conqueſts, and of being ador'd and thought the moſt charming of your Sex. That is not from the Inconſtancy of my Heart,* cry'd *Sylvia, but from the little Vanity of our Natures. Oh, Madam,* reply'd *Antonet, there is no Friend to Love like Vanity; it is the falſeſt Betrayer of a Woman's Heart of any Paſſion, not Love it ſelf betrays her ſooner to Love than Vanity or Pride; and Madam, I wou'd I might have the pleaſure of my next Wiſh, when I find you only liſtening to the Love of* Octavio, *but even approving it too. Away,* reply'd *Sylvia,* in frowning, *your Mirth grows rude and troubleſome ——— Go bid the Page wait while I return an Anſwer to what his Lord has ſent me.* So ſitting at the Table ſhe diſmiſs'd *Antonet,* and writ this following Letter.

SYLVIA *to* OCTAVIO.

I Find, *Octavio,* this little Gallantry of yours, of ſhewing me the Lover, ſtands you in very great ſtead, and ſerves you upon all Occaſions for abundance of uſes; amongſt the reſt, 'tis no ſmall Obligation you have to it, for furniſhing you with handſom Pretences to keep from thoſe who importune you, and from giving 'em that Satisfaction by your Counſel and Converſation, which

which poſſibly the unfortunate may have need of ſometimes; and when you are preſs'd and oblig'd to render me the Friendſhip of your Viſits, this neceſſary ready Love of yours is the only Evaſion you have for the anſwering a thouſand little Queſtions I ask you of *Philander*; whoſe Heart I am afraid you know much better than *Sylvia* does. I cou'd almoſt wiſh, *Octavio*, that all you tell me of your Paſſion were true, that my Commands might be of Force ſufficient to compel you to reſolve my Heart in ſome Doubts that oppreſs it. And indeed if you would have me believe the one, you muſt obey me in the other; to which end I conjure you to haſten to me, for ſomething of an unuſual Coldneſs in *Philander*'s Letter, and ſome ominous Divinations in yours, have put me on a rack of Thought; from which nothing but Confirmation can relieve me; this you dare not deny, if you value the Repoſe of

SYLVIA.

She read it over; and was often about to tear it, fancying it was too kind: But when ſhe conſider'd 'twas from no other Inclination of her Heart than that of getting the Secrets out of his, ſhe pardon'd her ſelf the little Levity ſhe found it guilty of; all which, conſidering as the Effects of the Violent Paſſion ſhe had for *Philander*, ſhe found it eaſie to do; and ſealing it ſhe gave it to *Antonet* to deliver to the Page, and ſet her ſelf down to eaſe her Soul of its heavy weight of Grief by her Complaints to the dear Author of her Pain; for when a Lover is inſupportably afflicted, there is no Eaſe like that of writing to the Perſon lov'd; and that all that comes uppermoſt in the Soul: For true Love is all unthinking artleſs Speaking, incorrect Diſorder, and without Method, as 'tis without Bounds or Rules; ſuch were *Sylvia*'s unſtudy'd Thoughts, and ſuch her following Letter.

SYL-

SYLVIA, *to* PHILANDER.

OH my *Philander*, how hard it is to bring my Soul to doubt, when I conſider all thy paſt tender Vows, when I reflect how thou haſt lov'd and ſworn. Methinks I hear the Muſick of thy Voice ſtill whiſpering in my Boſom; methinks the charming Softneſs of thy Words remain like leſs'ning Echo's on my Soul, whoſe diſtant Voices by degrees decay, 'till they be heard no more! Alas, I've read thy Letter o'er and o'er, and turn'd the Senſe a thouſand ſeveral ways, and all to make it ſpeak and look like Love——O I have flatter'd it with all my Art. Sometimes I fancy'd my ill reading ſpoil'd it, and then I tun'd my Voice to ſofter Notes, and read it o'er again; but ſtill the Words appear'd too rough and harſh for any moving Air, which way ſoe'er I chang'd, which way ſoe'er I queſtion'd it of Love, it anſwer'd in ſuch Language ——— as others wou'd perhaps interpret Love, or ſomething like it; but I who've heard the very God himſelf ſpeak from thy wondrous Lips, and known him guide thy Pen, when all the Eloquence of moving Angels flow'd from thy charming Tongue! when I have ſeen thee fainting at my Feet, (whilſt all Heav'n open'd in thy glorious Face) and now and then ſigh out a trembling Word, in which there was contain'd more Love, more Soul, than all the Arts of ſpeaking ever found; what Senſe? oh what Reflections muſt I make on this Decay, this ſtrange—— this ſudden Alteration in thee? But that the Cauſe is fled, and the Effect is ceas'd, the God retir'd, and all the Oracles ſilenc'd! Confeſs ——— oh thou Eternal Conqueror of my Soul, whom every Hour, and every tender Joy, renders more dear and lovely —— Tell me why (if thou ſtill lov'ſt me, and lov'ſt as well) does Love not dictate to thee as before! Doſt thou want Words? Oh then begin again, repeat the old one's o'er ten thouſand times; ſuch Repetitions are Loves Rhetorick!

rick! How often have I ask'd thee in an Hour, when my fond Soul was doating on thy Eyes, when with my Arms claſping thy yielding Neck, my Lips imprinting Kiſſes on thy Cheeks, and taking in the Breath that ſigh'd from thine? How often have I ask'd this little but important Queſtion of thee? *Does my* Philander *love me?* then kiſs thee for thy *Yes* and Sighs, and ask again; and ſtill my Soul was raviſht with new Joy, when thou wouldſt anſwer, *Yes, I love thee dearly*! and if I thought you ſpoke it with a Tone that ſeem'd leſs ſoft and fervent than I wiſh'd, I ask'd ſo often, 'till I made thee anſwer in ſuch a Voice as I wou'd wiſh to hear it; all this had been impertinent and fooliſh in any thing but Love, to any but a Lover: But oh——— give me the Impertinence of Love! talk little Nonſenſe to me all the Day, and be as wanton as a playing *Cupid*, and that will pleaſe and charm my Love-ſick Heart better than all fine Senſe and Reaſoning.

Tell me, *Philander*, what new Accident, what powerful Misfortune has befallen thee, greater than what we have experienc'd yet, to drive the little God out of thy Heart, and make thee ſo unlike my ſoft *Philander?* What Place contains thee, or what Pleaſures eaſe thee, that thou art now contented to live a tedious Day without thy *Sylvia?* How then the long long Age of forty more, and yet thou liv'ſt, art patient, tame and well; thou talk'ſt not now of Ravings, or of Dying, but look'ſt about thee like a well pleas'd Conqueror after the Toils of Battel——Oh, I have known a time——but let me never think upon it more! it cannot be remembred without Madneſs! What, think thee fallen from Love! to think that I muſt never hear thee more pouring thy Soul out in ſoft Sighs of Love? a thouſand dear Expreſſions by which I knew the Story of thy Heart, and while you tell it, bid me feel it panting——Never to ſee thy Eyes fix'd on my Face——— 'till the ſoft Showers of Joy would gently fall and hang their ſhining Dew upon thy Looks, then in a Tranſport

ſport ſnatch me to thy Boſom, and ſigh a thouſand times e'er thou couldſt utter——*Ah* Sylvia, *how I love thee*——Oh the dear Eloquence thoſe few ſhort Words contain, when they are ſent with Lovers Accents to a Soul all languiſhing! but now——alas, thy Love is more familiar grown——oh take the other Part of the Proverb too, and ſay it has bred Contempt, for nothing leſs than that your Letter ſhews, but more it does, and that's Indifference, leſs to be born than Hate, or any thing——.

At leaſt be juſt, and let me know my Doom: Do not deceive the Heart that truſted all thy Vows, if thou be'ſt generous——if thou let'ſt me know——thy Date of Love——is out (for Love perhaps as Life has Dates) and equally uncertain, and thou no more canſt ſtay the one than t'other; yet if thou art ſo kind for all my Honour loſt, my Youth undone, my Beauty tarniſh'd, and my laſting Vows to let me fairly know thou art departing, my worthleſs Life will be the only Loſs: But if thou ſtill continueſt to impoſe upon my eaſie Faith, and I ſhould any other way learn my approaching Fate——look to't *Philander*——She that had the Courage to abandon all for Love and faithleſs thee, can, when ſhe finds her ſelf betray'd and loſt, nobly revenge the Ruin of her Fame, and ſend thee to the other World with

SYLVIA.

She having writ this, read it over, and fancy'd ſhe had not ſpoke half the Senſe of her Soul——fancy'd if ſhe were again to begin ſhe could expreſs her ſelf much more to the Purpoſe ſhe deſign'd, than ſhe has done. She began again, and writ two or three new ones, but they were either too kind or too rough; the firſt ſhe fear'd would ſhew a Weakneſs of Spirit, ſince he had given her Occaſion of Jealouſie; the laſt ſhe fear'd would diſoblige if all thoſe Jealouſies were falſe; ſhe therefore tore thoſe laſt ſhe had writ, and before ſhe ſeal'd up

the firſt ſhe read *Philander*'s Letter again, but ſtill ended it with Fears that did not leſſen thoſe ſhe had firſt conceiv'd; ſtill ſhe thought ſhe had more to ſay, as Lovers do, who are never weary of ſpeaking or writing to the dear Object of their Vows; and having already forgotten what ſhe had juſt ſaid before——and her Heart being by this time as full as e'er ſhe began, ſhe took up her complaining Pen, and made it ſay this in the Covert of the Letter.

Oh *Philander!* oh thou eternal Charmer of my Soul, how fain I would repent me of the cruel Thoughts I have of thee: When I had finiſh'd this inclos'd I read again thy chilling Letter, and ſtrove with all the force of Love and ſoft Imagination to find a dear Occaſion of asking Pardon for thoſe Fears which preſs my breaking Heart: But oh, the more I read, the more they ſtrike upon my tendereſt Part,——ſomething ſo very cold, ſo careleſs and indifferent you end your Letter with——I will not think of it——by Heav'n it makes me rave——and hate my little Power, that could no longer keep thee ſoft and kind. Oh if thoſe killing Fears (bred by Exceſs of Love) are vainly taken up, in Pity, my Adorable——in Pity to my tortur'd Soul convince 'em, redreſs the Torment of my jealous Doubts, and either way confirm me; be kind to her that dies and languiſhes for thee, return me all the Softneſs that firſt charm'd me, or frankly tell me my approaching Fate. Be generous or be kind to the unfortunate and undone

SYLVIA.

She thought ſhe had ended here, but here again ſhe read *Philander*'s Letter, as if on purpoſe to find new Torments out for a Heart too much preſs'd already; a Sour that is always mixt with the Sweets of Love, a Pain that ever accompanies the Pleaſure. Love elſe were not to be number'd among the Paſſions of Men, and was at firſt ordain'd in Heav'n for ſome divine Motion of the Soul, 'till *Adam*, with his Loſs of *Paradiſe*, debauch'd

debauch'd it with Jealouſies, Fears and Curioſities, and mixt it with all that was afflicting; but you'll ſay he had reaſon to be jealous, whoſe Woman for want of other Seducers liſten'd to the Serpent, and for the Love of Change, would give way even to a Devil; this little love of Novelty and Knowledge has been intail'd upon her Daughters ever ſince, and I have known more Women render'd unhappy and miſerable from this Torment of Curioſity, which they bring upon themſelves, than have ever been undone by leſs villainous Men. One of this Humour was our haughty and charming *Sylvia*, whoſe Pride and Beauty poſſeſſing her with a Belief that all men were born to die her Slaves, made her uneaſie at every Action of the Lover (whether belov'd or not) that did but ſeem to ſlight her Empire: But where indeed ſhe lov'd and doted, as now in *Philander*, this Humour put her on the rack at every Thought or Fancy that he might break his Chains, and having laid the laſt Obligation upon him, ſhe expected him to be her Slave for ever, and treated him with all the haughty Tyranny of her Sex, in all thoſe Moments when Softneſs was not predominant in her Soul. She was chagrin at every thing, if but diſpleas'd with one thing; and while ſhe gave Torments to others, ſhe fail'd not to feel 'em the moſt ſenſibly her ſelf; ſo that ſtill ſearching for new Occaſion of Quarrel with *Philander*, ſhe drew on her ſelf moſt intolerable Pains, ſuch as doubting Lovers feel after long Hopes and confirm'd Joy; ſhe reads and weeps, and when ſhe came to that Part of it that inquir'd of the Health and Being of the Pledge of Love——ſhe grew ſo tender that ſhe was almoſt fainting in her Chair, but recovering from the ſoft Reflection, and finding ſhe had ſaid nothing of it already, ſhe took her Pen again and writ.

You ask me, oh charming *Philander*, how the Pledge of our ſoft Hours thrives: Alas, as if it meant to brave the worſt of Fate! it does advance my Sorrows, and all your Cruelties have not deſtroy'd that: But

I ſtill bear about me the Deſtiny of many a ſighing Maid, that this (who will, I am ſure, be like *Philander)* will ruin with his Looks.

Thou ſacred Treaſure of my Soul, forgive me, if I have wrong'd thy Love. *Adieu.*

She made an end of writing this, juſt when *Antonet* arriv'd, and told her *Octavio* was alighted at the Gate, and coming to viſit her, which gave her occaſion to ſay this of him to *Philander.*

I think I had not ended here, but that *Octavio*, the braveſt and the beſt of Friends, is come to viſit me. The only Satisfaction I have to ſupport my Life in *Philander*'s Abſence. Pay him thoſe Thanks that are due to him from me; pay him for all the generous Cares he has taken of me; beyond a Friend! almoſt *Philander* in his blooming Paſſion, when 'twas all new and young, and full of Duty, could not have render'd me his Service with a more awful Induſtry: Sure he was made for Love and glorious Friendſhip. Cheriſh him then, preſerve him next your Soul, for he's a Jewel fit for ſuch a Cabinet: His Form, his Parts, and every noble Action, ſhew us the Royal Race from whence he ſprung, and the victorious *Orange* confeſſes him his own in every Virtue, and in every Grace; nor can the Illegitimacy eclipſe him: Sure he was got in the firſt Heat of Love, which form'd him ſo a *Hero* ——But no more. *Philander* is as kind a Judge as

SYLVIA.

She had no ſooner finiſh'd this and ſeal'd it, but *Octavio* came into the Chamber, and with ſuch an Air, with ſuch a Grace and Mien he approach'd her——— with all the Languiſhment of ſoft trembling Love in his Face, which with the Addition of the Dreſs he was that Day in, (which was extremely rich and advantagious, and altogether ſuch as pleaſes the Vanity of Women,) I have ſince heard the charming *Sylvia* ſay, in ſpite of her Tenderneſs for *Philander*, ſhe found

found a ſoft Emotion in her Soul, a kind of Pleaſure at his Approach, which made her bluſh with ſome kind of Anger at her own Eaſineſs. Nor could ſhe have bluſh'd in a more happy Seaſon; for *Octavio* ſaw it, and it ſerv'd at once to add a Luſtre to her paler Beauty, and to betray ſome little kind Sentiment, which poſſeſs'd him with a Joy that had the ſame Effects on him: *Sylvia* ſaw it; and the Care ſhe took to hide her own, ſerv'd but to increaſe her Bluſhes, which put her into a Confuſion ſhe had much ado to reclaim: She caſt her Eyes to Earth, and leaning her Cheek on her Hand, ſhe continu'd on her Seat without paying him that uſual Ceremony ſhe was wont to do; while he ſtood ſpeechleſs for a Moment, gazing on her with infinite Satisfaction: When ſhe, to aſſume a Formality as well as ſhe could, roſe up and cry'd, (fearing he had ſeen too much) Octavio, *I have been conſidering after what manner I ought to receive you? and while I was ſo, I left thoſe Civilities unpaid, which your Quality and my good Manners ought to have render'd you. Ah, Madam*, reply'd he ſighing, *if you would receive me as I merited, and you ought, at leaſt you would receive me as the moſt paſſionate Lover that ever ador'd you. I was rather believing*, ſaid *Sylvia, that I ought to have receiv'd you as my Foe; ſince you conceal from me ſo long what you cannot but believe I am extreamly impatient of hearing, and what ſo nearly concerns my Repoſe.* At this, he only anſwering with a Sigh, ſhe purſu'd, *Sure*, Octavio, *you underſtand me:* Philander's *Anſwer to the Letter of your confeſſing Paſſion, has not ſo long been the Subject of our Diſcourſe and Expectation, but you gueſs at what I mean? Octavio*, who on all Occaſions wanted not Wit, or Reply, was here at a loſs what to anſwer; notwithſtanding he had conſider'd before what he would ſay: But let thoſe in Love fancy, and make what fine Speeches they pleaſe, and believe themſelves furniſh'd with abundance of eloquent Harangues; at the Sight of the dear Object

they loſe 'em all, and Love teaches 'em a Dialect much more prevailing, without the Expence of duller Thought: And they leave unſaid all they had ſo floridly form'd before, and ſigh a thouſand things with more Succeſs: Love, like Poetry, cannot be taught, but uninſtructed flows without painful Study, if it be true; 'tis born in the Soul, a noble Inſpiration, not a Science! Such was *Octavio*'s, he thought it diſhonourable to be guilty of the Meanneſs of a Lie; and ſay he had no Anſwer: He thought it rude to ſay he had one and would not ſhew it *Sylvia*; and he believ'd it the Height of ungenerous Baſeneſs to ſhew it. While he remain'd this Moment ſilent, *Sylvia*, whoſe Love, Jealouſie, and Impatience endur'd no Delay, with a malicious half Smile, and a Tone all angry, Scorn in her Eyes and Paſſion on her Tongue, ſhe cry'd——— *'Tis well*, Octavio, *that you ſo early let me know, you can be falſe, unjuſt, and faithleſs; you knew your Power, and in Pity to that Youth and Eaſineſs you found in me, have given a civil Warning to my Heart. In this I muſt confeſs*, continu'd ſhe, *you have given a much greater Teſtimony of your Friendſhip for* Philander, *than your Paſſion for* Sylvia, *and I ſuppoſe you came not here to reſolve your ſelf which you ſhould prefer, that was decided e'er you arriv'd, and this Viſit I imagine was only to put me out of Doubt: A piece of Charity you might have ſpar'd.* She ended this with a Scorn, that had a thouſand Charms, becauſe it gave him a little Hope; and he anſwer'd with a Sigh, *Ah, Madam, how very eaſie you find it to entertain Thoughts diſadvantagious of me: And how ſmall a Fault your Wit and Cruelty can improve to a Crime. You are not offended at my Friendſhip for* Philander. *I know you do not value my Life, and my Repoſe ſo much, as to be concern'd who, or what ſhares this Heart that adores you! No, it has not merited that Glory; nor dare I preſume to hope, you ſhould ſo much as wiſh my Paſſion for* Sylvia, *ſhould ſurmount my Friendſhip to* Philander. *If I did*, reply'd ſhe with a Scorn,

Scorn, *I perceive I might wiſh in vain. Madam,* anſwer'd he, *I have too Divine an Opinion of the Juſtice of the charming* Sylvia *to believe I ought, or could make my Approaches to her Heart, by Ways ſo baſe and ungenerous, the Reſult of even tolerated Treaſon is to hate the Traytor. Oh, you are very nice,* Octavio, reply'd *Sylvia, in your Punctilio to* Philander; *but I perceive you are not ſo tender in thoſe you ought to have for* Sylvia: *I find Honour in you Men, is only what you pleaſe to make it, for at the ſame time you think it ungenerous to betray* Philander, *you believe it no Breach of Honour to betray the eternal Repoſe of* Sylvia. *You have promis'd* Philander *your Friendſhip; you have avow'd your ſelf my Lover, my Slave, my Friend, my every thing; and yet not one of theſe has any Tye to oblige you to my Intereſt: Pray tell me,* continu'd ſhe, *when you laſt writ to him; was it not in order to receive an Anſwer from him? And was not I to ſee that Anſwer? And here you think it no Diſhonour to break your Word or Promiſe; by which I find your falſe Notions of Virtue and Honour, with which you ſerve your ſelves, when Intereſt, Deſign, or Self-Love makes you think it neceſſary. Madam,* reply'd *Octavio, you are pleas'd to purſue your Anger, as if indeed I had diſobey'd your Command, or refus'd to ſhew you what you imagine I have from* Philander: *Yes, I do,* reply'd ſhe haſtily; *and wonder why you ſhould have a greater Friendſhip for* Philander, *than for* Sylvia; *eſpecially if it be true that you ſay, you have join'd Love to Friendſhip: Or are you of the Opinion of thoſe, that cry, they cannot be a Lover and a Friend of the ſame Object. Ah, Madam,* cry'd our perplex'd Lover, *I beg you to believe, I think it ſo much more my Duty and Inclination to ſerve and obey* Sylvia, *than I do* Philander, *that I ſwear to you, oh charming Conquereſs of my Soul, if* Philander *have betray'd* Sylvia, *he has at the ſame time betray'd* Octavio, *and that I would revenge it with the loſs of my Life: In injuring the adorable* Sylvia, *believe me, lovely Maid, he injures ſo much more than a Friend, as Honour*

is above the Inclinations; if he wrong you, by Heav'n he cancels all! he wrongs my Soul, my Honour, Miſtreſs, and my Siſter: Fearing he had ſaid too much, he ſtopp'd and ſigh'd at the Word Siſter, and caſting down his Eyes, bluſhing with Shame and Anger, he continu'd, *Oh give me leave to ſay a Siſter, Madam, leaſt Miſtreſs had been too daring and preſumptuous; and a Title that wou'd not juſtifie my Quarrel half ſo well, ſince 'twould take the Honour from my juſt Reſentment, and blaſt it with the Scandal of Self-Intereſt or jealous Revenge. What you ſay,* reply'd ſhe, *deſerves abundance of Acknowledgment; but if you wou'd have me believe you, you ought to hide nothing from me; and he, methinks, that was ſo daring to confeſs his Paſſion to* Philander, *may after that, venture on any Diſcovery: In ſhort,* Octavio, *I demand to ſee the Return you have from* Philander, *for poſſibly*——ſaid ſhe, ſweetning her charming Face into a Smile deſign'd, *I ſhou'd not be diſpleas'd to find I might with more Freedom receive your Addreſſes, and on the Coldneſs of* Philander's *Reaſoning may depend a great Part of your Fate, or Fortune: Come, come, produce your Credentials, they may recommend your Heart more effectually than all the fine things you can ſay; you know how the leaſt Appearance of a Slight from a Lover may advance the Pride of a Miſtreſs; and Pride in this Affair will be your beſt Advocate.* Thus ſhe inſinuated with all her Female Arts, and put on all her Charms of Looks and Smiles, ſweetned her Mouth, ſoftned her Voice and Eyes, aſſuming all the Tenderneſs and little Affectations her ſubtle Sex was capable of, while he lay all raviſh'd and almoſt expiring at her Feet; ſometimes tranſported with imagin'd Joys in the Poſſeſſion of the dear flattering Charmer, he was ready to unravel all the Secrets of *Philander's* Letter; but Honour yet was ever above his Paſſion, and made him bluſh at his firſt haſty Thought; and now he ſtrove to put her off with all the Art he cou'd, who had ſo very little in his Nature, and whoſe real Love and perfect Ho-

nour

nour had ſet him above the little Evaſions of Truth, who ſcorn'd in all other Caſes the Baſeneſs and Cowardice of a Lie; and ſo unſucceſsful now was the little honeſt Cheat, which he knew not how to manage well, that 'twas ſoon diſcover'd to the witty, jealous, and angry *Sylvia:* So that after all the Rage a paſſionate Woman cou'd expreſs, who believ'd her ſelf injur'd by the only two Perſons in the World from whom ſhe expected moſt Adoration; ſhe had recourſe to that natural and ſoftning Aid of her Sex, her Tears, and having already reproach'd *Octavio* with all the Malice of a defeated Woman, ſhe now continued it in ſo moving a manner, that our *Hero* cou'd no longer remain unconquer'd by that powerful way of Charming, but unfix'd to all he had reſolv'd, gave up, at leaſt, a part of the Secret, and own'd he had a Letter from *Philander*; and after this Confeſſion knowing very well he cou'd not keep her from the Sight of it; no, tho' an Empire were render'd her to buy it off; his Wit was next employ'd how he ſhou'd defend the Senſe of it, that ſhe might not think *Philander* falſe. In order to this, he, forcing a Smile, told her, that *Philander* was the moſt malicious of his Sex, and had contriv'd the beſt Stratagem in the World to find whether *Sylvia* ſtill lov'd, or *Octavio* retain'd his Friendſhip for him: *And but that,* continued he, *I know the Nature of your curious Sex to be ſuch, that if I ſhou'd perſuade you not to ſee it, it would but the more inflame your Deſire of ſeeing it; I wou'd ask no more of the charming* Sylvia, *than that ſhe wou'd not oblige me to ſhew what wou'd turn ſo greatly to my own Advantage: If I were not too ſenſible, 'tis but to entrap me, that* Philander *has taken this Method in his Anſwer. Believe me, adorable* Sylvia, *I plead againſt my own Life, while I beg you not to put my Honour to the Teſt, by commanding me to ſhew this Letter, and that I join againſt the Intereſt of my own Eternal Repoſe while I plead thus.* She hears him with a hundred Changes of Countenance. Love, Rage, and Jealouſie ſwell in her

fiercer

fierce Eyes, her Breath beats ſhort, and ſhe was ready to burſt into ſpeaking before he had finiſh'd what he had to ſay; ſhe call'd up all the little Diſcretion and Reaſon Love had left her to manage her ſelf as ſhe ought in this great Occaſion; ſhe bit her Lips and ſwallow'd her riſing Sighs; but he ſoon ſaw the Storm he had rais'd, and knew not how to ſtand the Shock of its Fury; he ſighs, he pleads in vain, and the more he endeavours to excuſe the Levity of *Philander*, the more he rends her Heart, and ſets her on the Rack; and concluding him falſe, ſhe cou'd no longer contain her Rage, but broke out into all the Fury that Madneſs can inſpire, and from one degree to another wrought her Paſſion to the height of Lunacy: She tore her Hair, and bit his Hands that endeavour'd to reſtrain hers from Violence, ſhe rent the Ornaments from her fair Body, and diſcover'd a thouſand Charms and Beauties; and finding now that both his Strength and Reaſon was too weak to prevent the Miſchiefs he found he had brought on her, he calls for Help: When *Brilliard* was but too ready at Hand, with *Antonet*, and ſome others, who came to his Aſſiſtance. *Brilliard*, who knew nothing of the Occaſion of all this, believ'd it the ſecond Part of his own late Adventure, and fancy'd that *Octavio* had us'd ſome Violence to her; upon this he aſſumes the Authority of his Lord, and ſecretly that of a Husband or Lover, and upbraiding the innocent *Octavio* with his Brutality, they fell to ſuch Words as ended in a Challenge the next Morning, for *Brilliard* appear'd a Gentleman, Companion to his Lord; and one whom *Octavio* cou'd not well refuſe: This was not carry'd ſo ſilently but *Antonet*, buſie as ſhe was about her raving Lady, heard the Appointment, and *Octavio* quitted the Chamber almoſt as much diſturb'd as *Sylvia*, whom, with much ado, they perſuaded him to leave; but before he did ſo, he on his Knees offer'd her the Letter, and implor'd her to receive it; ſo abſolutely his Love had vanquiſh'd his Nobler Part, that of Honour. But ſhe attending no

Motions

Motions but thoſe of her own Rage, had no regard either to *Octavio*'s Proffer, or his Arguments of Excuſe; ſo that he went away with the Letter in all the Extremity of Diſorder. This laſt Part of his Submiſſion was not ſeen by *Brilliard*; who immediately left the Chamber, upon receiving *Octavio*'s Anſwer to his Challenge; ſo that *Sylvia* was now left with her Woman only; who by Degrees brought her to more Calmneſs; and *Brilliard*, impatient to hear the Reproaches he hop'd ſhe wou'd give *Octavio* when ſhe was return'd to Reaſon, being curious of any thing that might redound to his Diſadvantage, whom he took to be a powerful Rival, return'd again into her Chamber: But in lieu of hearing what he wiſh'd, *Sylvia* being recover'd from her Paſſion of Madneſs, and her Soul in a State of thinking a little with Reaſon, ſhe miſſes *Octavio* in the Croud, and with a Voice her Rage had infeebled to a Languiſhment, ſhe cry'd ——— ſurveying carefully thoſe about her, *Oh where's* Octavio? *Where is that Angel Man? he who of all his Kind can give me Comfort? Madam*, reply'd *Antonet*, *he is gone; while he was here, he kneel'd and pray'd in vain, but for a Word, or Look his Tears are yet remaining wet upon your Feet, and all for one ſenſible Reply, but Rage had deafen'd you; what has he done to merit this? Oh* Antonet, cry'd *Sylvia* ——— *'Twas what he wou'd not do that makes me rave; run, haſte and fetch him back——— But let him leave his Honour all behind: Tell him he has too much Conſideration for* Philander, *and none for my Repoſe. Oh*, Brilliard——— *Have I no Friend in view dares carry a Meſſage from me to* Octavio? *Bid him return, oh inſtantly return ——— I die, I languiſh for a Sight of him——— Deſcending Angels wou'd not be ſo welcome——— Why ſtand ye ſtill ——— have I no Power with you ——— Will none obey———* Then running haſtily to the Chamber Door, ſhe call'd her Page; to whom ſhe cry'd ——— *Haſte, haſte, dear Youth, and find* Octavio *out, and bring him to me inſtantly: Tell him I die to ſee him.* The Boy, glad

glad of ſo kind a Meſſage to ſo liberal a Lover, runs on his Errand, while ſhe returns to her Chamber, and endeavours to recollect her Senſes againſt *Octavio*'s coming as much as poſſibly ſhe cou'd: She diſmiſſes her Attendant with different Apprehenſions; ſometimes *Brilliard* believ'd this was the ſecond Part of her firſt Raving, and having never ſeen her thus, but for *Philander*, concludes it the height of Tenderneſs and Paſſion for *Octavio*; but becauſe ſhe made ſo publick a Declaration of it he believ'd he had given her a Philter, which had rais'd her Flame ſo much above the Bounds of Modeſty and Diſcretion; concluding it ſo, he knew the uſual Effects of things of that Nature, and that nothing cou'd allay the Heat of ſuch a Love but Poſſeſſion; and eaſily deluded with every Fancy that flatter'd his Love, mad, ſtark mad by any way to obtain the laſt Bleſſing with *Sylvia*, he conſults with *Antonet* how to get one of *Octavio*'s Letters out of her Lady's Cabinet, and feigning many frivolous Reaſons, which deluded the Amorous Maid, he perſuaded her to get him one, which ſhe did in half an Hour after; for by this time *Sylvia* being in as much Tranquillity as 'twas poſſible a Lover could be in, who had the Hopes of knowing all the Secrets of the falſe Betrayer, ſhe had call'd *Antonet* to dreſs her; which ſhe reſolv'd ſhould be in all the careleſs Magnificence that Art or Nature cou'd put on; to charm *Octavio* wholly to Obedience, whom ſhe had ſent for, and whom ſhe expected! but ſhe was no ſooner ſet to her Toylet, but *Octavio*'s Page arriv'd with a Letter from his Maſter, which ſhe greedily ſnatch'd, and read this.

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA

BY this time, oh charming *Sylvia*, give me leave to hope your Rage is abated, and your Reaſon return'd, and that you will hear a little from the moſt unfortunate of Men, whom you have reduc'd to this miſerable

miſerable Extremity of loſing either the Adorable Object of his Soul, or his Honour: If you can prefer a little Curioſity that will ſerve but to afflict you, before either that or my Repoſe, what Eſteem ought I to believe you have for the unfortunate *Octavio*: and if you hate me, as 'tis evident, if you compel me to the Extremity of loſing my Repoſe or Honour, what Reaſon or Argument have I to prefer ſo careleſs a Fair One above the laſt. 'Tis certain you neither do nor can love me now; and how much below that Hope ſhall the expos'd and abandon'd *Octavio* be, when he ſhall pretend to that Glory without his Honour? Believe me, charming Maid, I wou'd ſacrifice my Life, and my entire Fortune at your leaſt Command to ſerve you; but to render you a Devoir that muſt point me out the baſeſt of my Sex, is what my Temper muſt reſiſt in ſpight of all the Violence of my Love; and I thank my happier Stars that they have given me Reſolution enough rather to fall a Sacrifice to the laſt, then be guilty of the Breach of the firſt: This is the laſt and preſent Thought and Pleaſure of my Soul; and leſt it ſhou'd, by the Force of thoſe Divine Ideas which eternally ſurround it, be ſooth'd and flatter'd from its noble Principles, I will to Morrow put my ſelf out of the hazard of Temptation, and divert if poſſible, by Abſence, to the Campagne, thoſe ſoft importunate Betrayers of my Liberty, that perpetually ſollicit in favour of you: I dare not ſo much as bid you Adieu, one Sight of that bright Angel's Face wou'd undo me, unfix my Nobler Reſolution, and leave me a deſpicable Slave, ſighing my unrewarded Treaſon at your inſenſible Feet: My Fortune I leave to be diſpos'd by you; but the more uſeleſs Neceſſary I will for ever take from thoſe lovely Eyes, who can look on nothing with Joy, but the happy *Philander*: If I have deny'd you one Satisfaction, at leaſt I have given you this other of ſecuring you eternally from the Trouble and Importunity of, Madam, your faithful

OCTAVIO.

This

This Letter to any other leſs ſecure of her Power than was our fair Subject, would have made them impatient and angry; but ſhe found that there was ſomething yet in her Power, the Diſpenſation of which could ſoon recall him from any Reſolution he was able to make of abſenting himſelf. Her Glaſs ſtood before her, and every Glance that way was an Aſſurance and Security to her Heart; ſhe cou'd not ſee that Beauty, and doubt its Power of Perſuaſion. She therefore took her Pen, and writ him this Anſwer, being in a Moment furniſh'd with all the Art and Subtilty that was neceſſary on this Occaſion.

SYLVIA *to* OCTAVIO.

My Lord,

THO' I have not Beauty enough to command your Heart; at leaſt allow me Senſe enough to oblige your Belief, that I fancy and reſent all that the Letter contains which you have deny'd me, and that I am not of that ſort of Women, whoſe want of Youth or Beauty renders ſo conſtant to purſue the Ghoſt of a departed Love: It is enough to juſtifie my Honour, that I was not the firſt Aggreſſor. I find my ſelf purſu'd by too many Charms of Wit, Youth, and Gallantry, to bury my ſelf beneath the Willows, or to whine away my Youth by murmuring Rivers, or betake me to the laſt Refuſe of a declining Beauty, a Monaſtery: No, my Lord, when I have reveng'd and recompens'd my ſelf for the Injuries of one Inconſtant, with the Joys a thouſand imploring Lovers offer, it will be time to be weary of a World, which yet every Day preſents me new Joys; and I ſwear to you, *Octavio*, that it was more to recompenſe what I ow'd your Paſſion that I deſir'd a convincing Proof of *Philander*'s Falſhood, than for any other Reaſon, and you have too much Wit not to know it; for what other Uſe could I make of the Secret? If he be falſe he's gone, unworthy of me, and impoſſible

impoſſible to be retriev'd, and I would as ſoon dye my ſully'd Garments and wear them over again, as take to my Embraces a reform'd Lover, the Native firſt Luſtre of whoſe Paſſion is quite extinct, and is no more the ſame; no, my Lord, ſhe muſt be poor in Beauty that has Recourſe to Shifts ſo mean; if I would know the Secret, by all that's good it were to hate him heartily, and to diſpoſe of my Perſon to the beſt Advantage; which in Honour I cannot do, while I am unconvinc'd of the Falſeneſs of him with whom I exchang'd a thouſand Vows of Fidelity; but if he unlink the Chain, I am at perfect Liberty; and why by this Delay you ſhould make me looſe my Time, I am not able to conceive, unleſs you fear I ſhould then take you at your Word, and expect the Performance of all the Vows of Love you have made me——If that be it——my Pride ſhall be your Security, or if other Recompence you expect, ſet the Price upon your Secret, and ſee at what Rate I ſhall purchaſe the Liberty it will procure me; poſſibly it may be ſuch as may at once infranchize me, and revenge me on the perjur'd Ingrate, than which nothing can be a greater Satisfaction to

SYLVIA.

She ſeals this Letter with a Wafer, and giving it to *Antonet* to give the Page, believing ſhe had writ what would not be in vain to the quick-ſighted *Octavio*; *Antonet* takes both that and the other which *Octavio* had ſent, and left her Lady buſie in dreſſing her Head, and went to *Brilliard*'s Chamber, who thought every Moment an Age 'till ſhe came, ſo vigorous he was on his new Deſign. That which was ſent to *Octavio*, being ſeal'd with a wet Wafer, he neatly opens, as 'twas eaſie to do, and read, and ſeal'd again, and *Antonet* deliver'd it to the Page. After receiving what Pay *Brilliard* could force himſelf to beſtow upon her, ſome Flatteries of diſſembled Love, and ſome cold Kiſſes, which even Imagination could not render better, ſhe return'd

return'd to her Lady, and he to his Stratagem, which was to counterfeit a Letter from *Octavio*; ſhe having in hers given him a Hint, by bidding him ſet a Price upon the Secret, which he had heard was that of a Letter from *Philander*, with all the Circumſtances of it, from the faithleſs *Antonet*, whom Love had betray'd; and after blotting much Paper to try every Letter through the Alphabet, and to produce them like thoſe of *Octavio*, which was not hard for a Lover of Ingenuity, he fell to the Buſineſs of what he would write; and having finiſh'd it to his Liking, his next Trouble was how to convey it to her; for *Octavio* always ſent his by his Page, whom he could truſt. He now was certain of Love between 'em; for tho' he often had perſuaded *Antonet* to bring him Letters, yet ſhe could not be wrought on 'till now to betray her Truſt; and what he long apprehended, he found too true on both Sides, and now he waited but for an Opportunity to ſend it ſeaſonably, and in a lucky Minute. In the mean time *Sylvia* adorns her ſelf for an abſolute Conqueſt, and diſpoſing herſelf in the moſt charming, careleſs, and tempting Manner ſhe could deviſe, ſhe lay expecting her coming Lover, on a Repoſe of rich Embroidery of Gold on blue Sattin, hung within ſide with little amorous Pictures of *Venus* deſcending in her Chariot naked to *Adonis*, ſhe embracing, while the Youth, more eager of his Rural Sports, turns half from her in a Poſture of purſuing his Dogs, who are on their Chace: Another of *Armida*, who is dreſſing the ſleeping Warrior up in Wreaths of Flowers, while a hundred little Loves are playing with his gilded Armour; this puts on his Helmet too big for his little Head that hides his whole Face; another makes a Hobby-Horſe of his Sword and Lance; another fits on his Breaſt-piece, while three or four little *Cupids* are ſeeming to heave and help him to hold it an end, and all turn'd the Emblems of the Hero into Ridicule. Theſe, and ſome other of the like Nature, adorn'd the Pavilion of the languiſhing Fair One, who lay

lay careleſly on her Side, her Arm leaning on little Pillows of Point of *Venice*, and a Book of Amours in her other Hand. Every Noiſe alarm'd her with trembling Hope that her Lover was come, and I have heard ſhe ſaid, ſhe verily believ'd that acting and feigning the Lover poſſeſs'd her with a Tenderneſs againſt her Knowledge and Will; and ſhe found ſomething more in her Soul than a bare Curioſity of ſeeing *Octavio* for the Letter's ſake: But in lieu of her Lover, ſhe found her ſelf once more approach'd with a Billet from him, which brought this.

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA.

AH, *Sylvia*, he muſt be more than human that can withſtand your Charms; I confeſs my Frailty, and fall before you the weakeſt of my Sex, and own I am ready to believe all your dear Letter contains, and have Vanity enough to wreſt every hopeful Word to my own Intereſt, and in Favour of my own Heart: What will become of me, if my eaſie Faith ſhould only flatter me, and I with Shame ſhould find it was not meant to me, or if it were, 'twas only to draw me from a Virtue which has been hitherto the Pride and Beauty of my Youth, the Glory of my Name, my Comfort and Refuge in all Extremes of Fortune; the eternal Companion, Guide and Counſellor of all my Actions: Yet this Good you only have Power to rob me of, and leave me expos'd to the Scorn of all the laughing World; yet give me Love! Give me but Hope in lieu of it, and I am content to diveſt my ſelf of all beſides.

Perhaps you will ſay I ask too mighty a Rate for ſo poor a Secret? But even in that there lyes one of my own, that will more expoſe the Feebleneſs of my Blood and Name, than the Diſcovery will me in particular, ſo that I know not what I do, when I give you up the Knowledge you deſire. Still you will ſay all this is to inhance its Value, and raiſe the Price: And oh, I fear

you have taught my Soul every Quality it fears and dreads in yours, and learnt it to chaffer for every Thought, if I could fix upon the Rate to ſell it at: And I with Shame confeſs I would be mercenary, could we but agree upon the Price; but my Reſpect forbids me all things but ſilent Hope, and that, in ſpite of me and all my Reaſon, will predominate; for the reſt I will wholly reſign my ſelf, and all the Faculties of my Soul, to the charming Arbitrator of my Peace, the powerful Judge of Love, the adorable *Sylvia*; and at her Feet render all ſhe demands; yes, ſhe ſhall find me there to juſtifie all the Weakneſs this proclaims; for I confeſs, oh too too powerful Maid, that you have abſolutely ſubdu'd

Your OCTAVIO.

She had no ſooner read this Letter, but *Antonet*, inſtead of laying it by, carry'd it to *Brilliard*, and departed the Chamber to make way for *Octavio*, who ſhe imagin'd was coming to make his Viſit, and left *Sylvia* conſidering how ſhe ſhould manage him to the beſt Advantage, and with moſt Honour acquit herſelf of what ſhe had made him hope; but inſtead of his coming to wait on her, an unexpected Accident arriv'd to prevent him; for a Meſſenger from the Prince came with Commands that he ſhould forthwith come to his Highneſs, the Meſſenger having Command to bring him along with him: So that not able to diſobey, he only begg'd time to write a Note of Buſineſs, which was a Billet to *Sylvia* to excuſe himſelf 'till the next Day; for it being five Leagues to the Village where the Prince waited his coming, he could not return that Night; which was the Buſineſs of the Note, with which his Page haſted to *Sylvia*. *Brilliard*, who was now a vigilant Lover, and waiting for every Opportunity that might favour his Deſign, ſaw the Page arrive with the Note; and, as 'twas uſual, he took it to carry to his Conquereſs; but meeting *Antonet* on the Stairs, he gave her

her what he had before counterfeited with ſuch Art, after he had open'd what *Octavio* had ſent, and found Fortune was wholly on his ſide, he having learn'd from the Page beſides, that his Lord had taken Coach with Monſieur——to go to his Highneſs, and would not return that Night: *Antonet* not knowing the Deceit, carry'd her Lady the forg'd Letter, who open'd it with eager haſte, and read this.

To the charming SYLVIA.

Madam,

SINCE I have a Secret, which none but I can unfold, and that you have offer'd at any rate to buy it of me, give me leave to ſay, that you, fair Creature, have another Secret, a Joy to diſpenſe, which none but you can give the languiſhing *Octavio*: If you dare purchaſe this of mine, with that infinitely more valuable one of yours, I will be as ſecret as Death, and think my ſelf happier than a fancy'd God! Take what Methods you pleaſe for the Payment, and what Time, order me, command me, conjure me, I will wait, watch, and pay my Duty at all Hours, to ſnatch the moſt convenient one to reap ſo raviſhing a Bleſſing. I know you will accuſe me with all the Confidence and Rudeneſs in the World: But oh! conſider, lovely *Sylvia*, that that Paſſion which could change my Soul from all the Courſe of Honour, has Power to make me forget that nice Reſpect your Beauty awes me with, and my Paſſion is now arriv'd at ſuch a Height, it obeys no Laws but its own; and I am obſtinately bent on the Purſuit of that vaſt Pleaſure I fancy to find in the dear, the raviſhing Arms of the adorable *Sylvia*: Impatient of your Anſwer, I am, as Love compels me, Madam, your Slave,

OCTAVIO.

The Page, who waited no Anſwer, was departed; but *Sylvia*, who believ'd he attended, was in a thouſand Minds what to ſay or do: She bluſh'd, as ſhe read, and then look'd pale with Anger and Diſdain, and, but that ſhe had already given her Honour up, it would have been ſomething more ſurprizing: But ſhe was us'd to Queſtions of that Nature, and therefore receiv'd this with ſo much the leſs Concern; nevertheleſs, 'twas ſufficient to fill her Soul with a thouſand Agitations; but when ſhe would be angry, the Conſideration of what ſhe had writ to him, to encourage him to this Boldneſs, ſtopp'd her Rage: When ſhe would take it ill, ſhe conſider'd his Knowledge of her loſt Fame, and that took off a great Part of her Reſentment on that ſide; and in midſt of all ſhe was raving for the Knowledge of *Philander's* Secret. She roſe from the Bed, and walk'd about the Room in much Diſorder, full of Thought and no Concluſion; ſhe is aſham'd to conſult of this Affair with *Antonet*, and knows not what to fix on: The only thing ſhe was certain of, and which was fully and undiſputably reſolv'd in her Soul, was never to conſent to ſo falſe an Action, never to buy the Secret at ſo dear a Rate; ſhe abhors *Octavio*, whom ſhe regards no more as that fine thing which before ſhe thought him; and a thouſand Times ſhe was about to write her Deſpite and Contempt, but ſtill the dear Secret ſtaid her Hand, and ſhe was fond of the Torment: At laſt *Antonet*, who was afflicted to know the Cauſe of this Diſorder, ask'd her Lady if *Octavio* would not come; *No*, reply'd *Sylvia*, bluſhing at the Name, *nor never ſhall the ungrateful Man dare to behold my Face any more. Jeſu*, reply'd *Antonet*, *what has he done, Madam, to deſerve this Severity?* For he was a great Benefactor to *Antonet*, and had already by his Gifts and Preſents made her a Fortune for a Burgomaſter. *He has*, ſaid *Sylvia*, *committed ſuch an Impudence as deſerves Death from my Hand*: This ſhe ſpoke in Rage, and walk'd away croſs the Chamber

Chamber, *Why, Madam,* cry'd *Antonet, does he deny to give you the Letter? No,* reply'd *Sylvia, but asks me ſuch a Price for it, as makes me hate my ſelf, that am reduc'd by my ill Conduct to Addreſſes of that Nature: Heav'ns, Madam, what can he ask you to afflict you ſo! The preſumptuous Man,* ſaid ſhe (in Rage) *has the Impudence to ask what never Man, but* Philander, *was ever poſſeſs'd of* ——At this *Antonet* laugh'd——*Good Lord, Madam,* ſaid ſhe, *and are you angry at ſuch Deſires in Men towards you? I believe you are the firſt Lady in the World that was ever offended for being deſirable: Can any thing proclaim your Beauty more, or your Youth, or Wit? Marry, Madam, I wiſh I were worthy to be ask'd the Queſtion by all the fine Dancing, Dreſſing, Song-making Fops in Town. And you would yield,* reply'd *Sylvia: Not ſo neither,* reply'd *Antonet, but I would ſpark my ſelf, and value my ſelf the more upon it. Oh,* ſaid *Sylvia, ſhe that is ſo fond of hearing of Love, no doubt but will find ſome one to practiſe it with. That's as I ſhould find my ſelf inclin'd,* reply'd *Antonet. Sylvia* was not ſo intent on *Antonet*'s Raillery, but ſhe imploy'd all her Thought the while on what ſhe had to do: And thoſe laſt Words of *Antonet*'s jogg'd a Thought that ran on to one very advantagious, at leaſt her preſent and firſt Apprehenſion of it was ſuch: And ſhe turn'd to *Antonet* with a Face more gay than it was the laſt Minute, and cry'd, *Prithee, good Wench, tell me what ſort of Man would ſooneſt incline you to a yielding: If you command me, Madam, to be free with your Ladyſhip,* reply'd *Antonet, I muſt confeſs there are two ſorts of Men that would moſt villainouſly incline me: The firſt is he that would make my Fortune beſt; the next, he that would make my Pleaſure; the young, the handſom, or rather the well-bred and good-humour'd; but above all the Man of Wit. But what would you ſay,* Antonet, reply'd *Sylvia, if all theſe made up in one Man ſhould make his Addreſſes to you? Why then moſt certainly, Madam,* reply'd *Antonet, I ſhould yield him*

my Honour, after a reaſonable Siege. This tho' the wanton young Maid ſpoke poſſibly at firſt more to put her Lady in good Humour, than from any Inclination ſhe had to what ſhe ſaid; yet after many Arguments upon that Subject, *Sylvia*, cunning enough to purſue her Deſign, brought the Buſineſs more home, and told her in plain terms, that *Octavio* was the Man who had been ſo preſumptuous as to ask ſo great a Reward as the Poſſeſſion of her ſelf for the Secret ſhe deſir'd; and, after a thouſand little Subtleties, having made the forward Girl confeſs with Bluſhes ſhe was not a Maid, ſhe inſinuated into her an Opinion, that what ſhe had done already (without any other Motive than that of Love, as ſhe confeſs'd, in which Intereſt had no part) would make the Trick the eaſier to do again, eſpecially if ſhe brought to her Arms a Perſon of Youth, Wit, Gallantry, Beauty, and all the charming Qualities that adorn a Man, and that beſides ſhe ſhould find it turn to good Account; and for her Secreſie ſhe might depend upon it, ſince the Perſon, to whoſe Embraces ſhe ſhould ſubmit her ſelf, ſhould not know but that ſhe her ſelf was the Woman: So that, ſays *Sylvia*, *I will have all the Infamy, and you the Reward every way with unblemiſh'd Honour.* Whilſt ſhe ſpoke, the willing Maid gave an inward pleaſing Attention, tho' at firſt ſhe made a few faint modeſt Scruples: Nor was ſhe leſs joy'd to hear it ſhould be *Octavio*, whom ſhe knew to be rich, and very handſome; and ſhe immediately found the Humour of Inconſtancy ſeize her; and *Brilliard* appear'd a very Husband Lover in Compariſon of this new brisker Man of Quality; ſo that after ſome Pro's and Con's the whole Matter was thus concluded on between theſe two young Perſons, who neither wanted Wit nor Beauty; and both crow'd over the Contrivance, as a moſt diverting piece of little Malice, that ſhould ſerve their preſent Turn, and make 'em Sport for the future. The next thing that was conſider'd was a Letter, which was to be ſent in Anſwer,

ſwer, and that *Sylvia* being to write with her own Hand begot a new Doubt, inſomuch as the whole Buſineſs was at a ſtand: For when it came to that Point that ſhe her ſelf was to conſent, ſhe found the Project look with a Face ſo foul, that ſhe a hundred times reſolv'd and unreſolv'd. But *Philander* fill'd her Soul, Revenge was in her view, and that one Thought put her on new Reſolves to purſue the Deſign, let it be never ſo baſe and diſhonourable: *Yes*, cry'd ſhe at laſt, *I can commit no Action that is not more juſt, excuſable and honourable, than that which* Octavio *has done to me who uſes me like a common Miſtreſs of the Town, and dares ask me that which he knows he durſt not do, if he had not mean and abject Thoughts of me; his Baſeneſs deſerves Death at my Hand, if I had Courage to give it him, and the leaſt I can do is to deceive the Deceiver. Well then, give me my Scrutore*, ſays ſhe; ſo ſitting down, ſhe writ this, not without Abundance of Guilt and Confuſion; for yet a certain Honour, which ſhe had by Birth, check'd the Cheat of her Pen.

SYLVIA *to* OCTAVIO.

THE Price, *Octavio*, which you have ſet upon your Secret, I (more generous than you) will give your Merit, to which alone 'tis due: If I ſhould pay ſo high a Price for the firſt, you would believe I had the leſs Eſteem for the laſt, and I would not have you think me ſo poor in Spirit to yield on any other Terms. If I valu'd *Philander* yet——after his confirm'd Inconſtancy, I would have you think I ſcorn to yield a Body where I do not give a Soul, and am yet to be perſuaded there are any ſuch Brutes amongſt my Sex; but as I never had a Wiſh but where I lov'd, ſo I never extended one 'till now to any but *Philander*; yet ſo much my Senſe of Shame is above my growing Tenderneſs, that I could wiſh you would be ſo generous

to think no more of what you ſeem to purſue with ſuch Earneſtneſs and Haſte. But leſt I ſhould retain any ſort of former Love for *Philander*, whom I am impatient to raſe wholly from my Soul, I grant you all you ask, provided you will be diſcreet in the Management: *Antonet* therefore ſhall only be truſted with the Secret; the outward Gate you ſhall find at twelve only ſhut to, and *Antonet* wait you at the Stairs-foot to conduct you to me; come alone. I bluſh and gild the Paper with their Reflections, at the Thought of an Encounter like this, before I am half enough ſecur'd of your Heart. And that you may be made more abſolutely the Maſter of mine, ſend me immediately *Philander*'s Letter inclos'd, that if any Remains of Chagrin poſſeſs me, they may be totally vanquiſh'd by twelve a Clock.

SYLVIA.

She having, with much difficulty, writ this, read it to her truſty Confident; for this was the only Secret of her Lady's ſhe was reſolv'd never to diſcover to *Brilliard*, and to the end he might know nothing of it ſhe ſeal'd the Letter with Wax: but before ſhe ſeal'd it, ſhe told her Lady ſhe thought ſhe might have ſpar'd abundance of her Bluſhes, and have writ a leſs kind Letter; for a Word of Invitation or Conſent would have ſerv'd as well. To which *Sylvia* reply'd, her Anger againſt him was too high not to give him all the Defeat imaginable, and the greater the Love appear'd, the greater would be the Revenge when he ſhould come to know (as in time he ſhould) how like a falſe Friend ſhe had treated him: This Reaſon, or any at that time would have ſerv'd *Antonet*, whoſe Heart was ſet upon a new Adventure, and in ſuch haſte ſhe was (the Night coming on a-pace) to know how ſhe ſhould dreſs, and what more was to be done, that ſhe only went out to call the Page, and meeting *Brilliard* (who watch'd every Bodies Motion) on the Stair-Caſe, he ask'd

ask'd her what that was? and ſhe ſaid, to ſend by *Octavio*'s Page: *You need not look in it*, ſaid ſhe (when he ſnatch'd it haſtily out of her Hand:) *For I can tell you the Contents, and 'tis ſeal'd ſo, it muſt be known if you unrip it*: *Well, well*, ſaid he, *if you tell it me it will ſatisfie my Curioſity as well; therefore I'll give it the Page.* She returns in again to her Lady, and he to his own Chamber to read what Anſwer the dear Object of his deſire had ſent to his forg'd one: So opening it, he found it ſuch as his Soul wiſh'd, and was all Joy and Ecſtaſie; he views himſelf a hundred times in the Glaſs, and ſet himſelf in order with all the Opinion and Pride, as if his own good Parts had gain'd him the Bleſſing; he enlarg'd himſelf as he walk'd, and knew not what to do, ſo extreamly was he raviſh'd with his coming Joy; he bleſs'd himſelf, his Wit, his Stars, his Fortune; then read the dear obliging Letter, and kiſs'd it all over, as if it had been meant to him; and after he had forc'd himſelf to a little more ſerious Conſideration, he bethought himſelf of what he had to do in order to this dear Appointment: He finds in her Letter, that in the firſt Place he was to ſend her the Letter from *Philander*: I told you before he took *Octavio*'s Letter from the Page, when he underſtood his Lord was going five Leagues out of Town to the Prince. *Octavio* could not avoid his going, and write to *Sylvia*; in which he ſent her the Letter *Philander* writ, wherein was the firſt Part of the Confeſſion of his Love to Madam the Counteſs of *Clarinau*: Generouſly *Octavio* ſent it without Terms; but *Brilliard* ſlid his own forg'd one into *Antonet*'s Hand in lieu of it, and now he read that from *Philander*, and wonder'd at his Lord's Inconſtancy; yet glad of the Opportunity to take *Sylvia*'s Heart a little more off from him, he ſoon reſolv'd ſhe ſhould have the Letter; but being wholly Mercenary, and fearing that either when once ſhe had it, it might make her go back from her promis'd Aſſignation, or at leaſt put her out of Humour, ſo as to ſpoil a great Part of the Enter-

Entertainment he deſign'd: He took the Pains to counterfeit another Billet to her, which was this.

To SYLVIA.

Madam,

SINCE we have began to chaffer, you muſt give me leave to make the beſt of the Advantage I find I have upon you; and having violated my Honour to *Philander*, allow the Breach of it in ſome degree on other Occaſions; not but I have all the Obedience and Adoration for you that ever poſſeſs'd the Soul of a moſt paſſionate and languiſhing Lover: But, fair *Sylvia*, I know not whether, when you have ſeen the Secret of the falſe *Philander*, you may not think it leſs valuable than you before did, and ſo defraud me of my Due. Give me leave, oh wondrous Creature! to ſuſpect even the moſt perfect of your Sex; and to tell you that I will no ſooner approach your Preſence, but I will reſign the Paper you ſo much wiſh. If you ſend me no Anſwer, I will come according to your Directions: If you do, I muſt obey and wait, tho' with that Impatience that never attended a ſuffering Lover, or any but, Divine Creature, your

OCTAVIO.

This he ſeal'd, and after a convenient diſtance of Time carry'd as from the Page to *Antonet*, who was yet contriving with her Lady, to whom ſhe gives it, who read it with abundance of Impatience, being extreamly angry at the Rudeneſs of the Style, which ſhe fancy'd much alter'd from what it was; and had not her Rage blinded her, ſhe might eaſily have perceiv'd the Difference too of the Character, tho' it came as near to the like as poſſible ſo ſhort a Practice could produce: She took it with the other, and tore it in pieces with Rage, and ſwore ſhe would be reveng'd; but, after calmer Thoughts, ſhe took up the Pieces to keep,

keep, to upbraid him with, and fell to weeping for Anger, Defeat and Shame; but the *April* Shower being paſt, ſhe return'd to her former Reſentment, and had ſome Pleaſure amidſt all her Torment of Fears, Jealouſies, and Senſe of *Octavio*'s Diſreſpect in the Thoughts of Revenge; in order to which ſhe contrives how *Antonet* ſhall manage her ſelf, and commanding her to bring out ſome fine Point Linen, ſhe dreſs'd up *Antonet*'s Head, with them, and put her on a Shift lac'd with the ſame; for tho' ſhe intended nō Light ſhou'd be in the Chamber when *Octavio* ſhould enter, ſhe knew he underſtood by his Touch the Difference of fine things from other. In fine, having dreſs'd her exactly as ſhe her ſelf us'd to be when ſhe receiv'd *Octavio*'s Viſits in Bed, ſhe embrac'd her, and fancy'd ſhe was much of her own Shape and Bigneſs, and that 'twas impoſſible to find the Deceit: And now ſhe made *Antonet* dreſs her up in her Cloaths, and mobbing her Sarſenet Hood about her Head, ſhe appear'd ſo like *Antonet* (all but the Face) that 'twas not eaſie to diſtinguiſh 'em: And Night coming on they both long for the Hour of Twelve, tho' with different Deſigns; and having before given Notice that *Sylvia* was gone to Bed, and would receive no Viſit that Night, they were alone to finiſh all their Buſineſs: This while *Brilliard* was not idle, but having a fine Bath made he waſh'd and perfum'd his Body, and after dreſs'd himſelf in the fineſt Linen perfum'd that he had, and made himſelf as fit as poſſible for his Deſign; nor was his Shape, which was very good, or his Stature, unlike to that of *Octavio*: And ready for the Approach, he conveys himſelf out of the Houſe, telling his Footman he would put himſelf to Bed after his Bathing, and, locking his Chamber Door, ſtole out; and it being dark, many a longing Turn he walk'd, impatient 'till all the Candles were out in every Room of the Houſe: In the mean time he employ'd his Thoughts on a thouſand things, but all relating to *Sylvia*; ſometimes the

Treachery

Treachery he ſhew'd in this Action to his Lord, caus'd ſhort-liv'd Bluſhes in his Face, which vaniſh'd as ſoon, when he conſider'd his Lord falſe to the moſt beautiful of her Sex: Sometimes he accus'd and curs'd the Levity of *Sylvia* that could yield to *Octavio*, and was as jealous as if ſhe had indeed been to have receiv'd that charming Lover; but when his Thought directed him to his own Happineſs, his Pulſe beat high, his Blood flush'd apace in his Cheeks, his Eyes languish'd with Love, and his Body with a feveriſh Fit! In theſe Extreams, by Turns, he paſs'd at leaſt three tedious Hours, with a ſtriking Watch in his Hand; and when it told 'twas Twelve, he advanc'd near the Door, but finding it ſhut walk'd yet with greater Impatience, every half Minute going to the Door; at laſt he found it yield to his Hand that puſh'd it: But oh, what Mortal can expreſs his Joy! His Heart beats double, his Knees tremble, and a Feebleneſs ſeizes every Limb; he breathes nothing but ſhort Sighs, and is ready in the dark Hall to fall on the Floor, and was forc'd to lean on the Rail that begins the Stairs to take a little Courage: While he was there recruiting himſelf, intent on nothing but his vaſt Joy; *Octavio*, who going to meet the Prince, being met half way by that young *Hero*, was diſpatch'd back again without advancing to the end of his five Leagues, and impatient to ſee *Sylvia*, after *Philander*'s Letter that he had ſent her, or at leaſt impatient to hear how ſhe took it, and in what Condition ſhe was, he, as ſoon as he alighted, went towards her Houſe in order to have met *Antonet*, or her Page, or ſome that could inform him of her Welfare; tho' 'twas uſual for *Sylvia* to ſit up very late, and he had often made her Viſits at that Hour: And *Brilliard*, wholly intent on his Adventure, had left the Door open; ſo that *Octavio* perceiving it, believ'd they were all up in the back Rooms where *Sylvia*'s Apartment was towards a Garden, for he ſaw no Light forward? But he was no ſooner enter'd

ter'd (which he did without Noiſe) but he heard a ſoft breathing, which made him make a Stand in the Hall: And by and by he heard the ſoft Tread of ſome Body deſcending the Stairs: At this he approaches near, and the Hall being a Marble Floor, his Tread was not heard; when he heard one cry with a Sigh ——*Who's there?* and another reply'd, *'Tis I? who are you?* The firſt reply'd, *A faithful and an impatient Lover. Give me your Hand then*, reply'd the Female Voice, *I will conduct you to your Happineſs.* You may imagine in what Surprize *Octavio* was at ſo unexpected an Adventure, and, like a jealous Lover, did not at all doubt but the Happineſs expected was *Sylvia*, and the impatient Lover ſome one, whom he could not imagine, but rav'd within to know, and in a Moment ran over in his Thoughts all the Men of Quality, or celebrated Beauty, or Fortune in the Town, but was at as great a Loſs as at firſt thinking: *But be thou who thou wilt*, cry'd he to himſelf; *Traitor as thou art, I will by thy Death revenge my ſelf on the faithleſs Fair One:* And taking out his Sword, he had advanc'd towards the Stairs-foot, when he heard them both ſoftly aſcend; but being a Man of perfect good Nature, as all the Brave and Witty are, he reflected on the ſevere Uſage he had from *Sylvia*, notwithſtanding all his Induſtry, his vaſt Expence, and all the Advantages of Nature. This thought made him, in the midſt of all his Jealouſie and Haſte, pauſe a little Moment; and fain he would have perſuaded himſelf, that what he heard was the Errors of his Senſe; or that he dream'd, or that it was at leaſt not to *Sylvia*, to whom this aſcending Lover was advancing: But to undeceive him of that favourable Imagination, they were no ſooner on the Top of the Stairs, but he not being many Steps behind could both hear and ſee, by the ill Light of a great Saſh-Window on the Stair-Caſe, the happy Lover enter the Chamber-Door of *Sylvia*, which he knew too well to be miſtaken, not that he could perceive

ceive who, or what they were, but two Perſons not to be diſtinguiſh'd. Oh what human Fancy, (but that of a Lover to that degree that was our young Hero,) can imagine the Amazement and Torture of his Soul, wherein a thouſand other Paſſions reign'd at once, and, maugre all his Courage and Reſolution, forc'd him to ſink beneath their Weight? He ſtood holding himſelf up by the Rails of the Stair-Caſe, without having the Power to aſcend farther, or to ſhew any other Signs of Life, but that of ſighing; had he been a favour'd Lover, had he been a known declar'd Lover to all the World, had he but hop'd he had had ſo much Intereſt with the falſe Beauty, as but to have been deſign'd upon for a future Love or Uſe, he would have ruſh'd in, and have made the guilty Night a Covert to a Scene of Blood; but even yet he had an Awe upon his Soul for the perjur'd fair one, tho' at the ſame time he reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be the Object of his Hate; for the Nature of his honeſt Soul abhorr'd an Action ſo treacherous and baſe: He begins in a Moment from all his good Thoughts of her, to think her the moſt jilting of her Sex; he knew if Intereſt could oblige her, no Man in *Holland* had a better Pretence to her than himſelf; who had already, without any Return, even ſo much as Hope, preſented her the Value of eight or ten thouſand Pound in fine Plate and Jewels: If it were looſer Deſire, he fancy'd himſelf to have appear'd as capable to have ſerv'd her as any Man; but oh! he conſiders there is a Fate in things, a Deſtiny in Love that elevates and advances the moſt mean, deform'd or abject, and debaſes and contemns the moſt worthy and magnificent: Then he wonders at her excellent Art of diſſembling for *Philander*; he runs in a Minute over all her Paſſions of Rage, Jealouſie, Tears and Softneſs; and now he hates the whole Sex, and thinks 'em all like *Sylvia*, than which nothing could appear more deſpicable to his preſent Thought, and with a Smile, while yet his Heart was inſenſibly breaking

breaking, he fancies himſelf a very Coxcomb, a Cully, an impos'd on Fool, and a conceited Fop; values *Sylvia* as a common fair Jilt, whoſe whole Deſign was to deceive the World, and make her ſelf a Fortune at the Price of her Honour; one that receives all kind Bidders, and that he being too laviſh, and too modeſt, was reſerv'd the Cully on Purpoſe to be undone and jilted out of all his Fortune! This Thought was ſo perfectly fix'd in him, that he recover'd out of his Exceſs of Pain, and fancy'd himſelf perfectly cur'd of his blind Paſſion, reſolves to leave her to her beaſtly Entertainment, and to depart; but before he did ſo, *Sylvia* (who had conducted the amorous Spark to the Bed, where the expecting Lady lay dreſs'd rich and ſweet to receive him) return'd out of the Chamber, and the Light being a little more favourable to his Eyes, by his being ſo long in the Dark, he perceiv'd it *Antonet*, at leaſt ſuch a ſort of Figure as he fancy'd her, and to confirm him ſaw her go into that Chamber where he knew ſhe lay; he ſaw her perfect Dreſs, and all confirm'd him; this brought him back almoſt to his former Confuſion; but yet he commands his Paſſion, and deſcended the Stairs, and got himſelf out of the Hall into the Street; and *Sylvia*, remembering the Street-Door was open, went and ſhut it, and return'd to *Antonet*'s Chamber with the Letter which *Brilliard* had given to *Antonet*, as ſhe lay in the Bed, believing it *Sylvia*: For that trembling Lover was no ſooner enter'd the Chamber, and approach'd the Bedſide, but he kneel'd before it, and offered the Price of his Happineſs, this Letter, which ſhe immediately gave to *Sylvia*, unperceiv'd, who quitted the Room: And now with all the eager Haſte of impatient Love ſhe ſtrikes a Light, and falls to reading the ſad Contents; but as ſhe read, ſhe many times fainted over the Paper, and as ſhe has ſince ſaid, 'twas a Wonder ſhe ever recover'd, having no Body with her. By that time ſhe had finiſh'd it, ſhe was ſo ill ſhe was

not

not able to get her ſelf into Bed, but threw her ſelf down on the Place where ſhe ſate, which was the ſide of it, in ſuch Agony of Grief and Deſpair, as never any Soul was poſſeſs'd of, but *Sylvia*'s, wholly abandon'd to the Violence of Love and Deſpair: It is impoſſible to paint a Torment to expreſs hers by; and tho' ſhe had vow'd to *Antonet* it ſhould not at all affect her, being ſo prepoſſeſs'd before; yet when ſhe had the Confirmation of her Fears, and heard his own dear ſoft Words addreſs'd to another Object, ſaw his Tranſports, his Impatience, his languiſhing Induſtry and Endeavour to obtain the new Deſire of his Soul, ſhe found her Reſentment above Rage, and given over to a more ſilent and leſs ſupportable Torment, brought her ſelf into a high Fever, where ſhe lay without ſo much as calling for Aid in her Extremity; not that ſhe was afraid the Cheat ſhe had put on *Octavio* would be diſcover'd, for ſhe had loſt the Remembrance that any ſuch Prank was play'd; and in this Multitude of Thoughts of more Concern, had forgot all the reſt of that Night's Action.

Octavio this while was traverſing the Street, wrap'd in his Cloak, juſt as if he had come from Horſe; for he was no ſooner gone from the Door, but his reſenting Paſſion return'd, and he reſolved to go up again, and diſturb the Lovers, tho' it coſt him his Life and Fame: But returning haſtily to the Door, he found it ſhut; at which being enrag'd, he was often about to break it open, but ſtill ſome unperceivable Reſpect for *Sylvia* prevented him; but he reſolv'd not to ſtir from the Door; 'till he ſaw the fortunate Rogue come out, who had given him all this Torment. At firſt he curs'd himſelf for being ſo much concern'd for *Sylvia* or her Actions to waſte a Minute, but flattering himſelf that it was not Love to her, but pure Curioſity to know the Man who was made the next Fool to himſelf, tho' the more happy one, he waited all Night; and when he began to ſee the Day break, which he thought a thouſand

ſand Years; his Eye was never off from the Door, and wonder'd at their Confidence, who would let the Day break upon them; *but the cloſe-drawn Curtains there*, cry'd he, *favours the happy Villainy:* Still he walk'd on, and ſtill he might for any Rival that was to appear for a moſt unlucky Accident prevented *Brilliard's* coming out, as he doubly intended to do; firſt, for the better carrying on of his Cheat of being *Octavio*; and next that he had challeng'd *Octavio* to fight; and when he knew his Error deſign'd to have gone this Morning and ask'd him Pardon, if he had been return'd; but the amorous Lover over Night, ordering himſelf for the Encounter to the beſt Advantage, and ſent a Note to a Doctor, for ſomething that would encourage his Spirits; the Doctor came, and opening a little Box, wherein was a powerful Medicine, he told him that a Doſe of thoſe little Flies would make him come off with wondrous Honour in the Battel of Love; and the Doctor being gone to call for a Glaſs of Sack, the Doctor having laid out of the Box what he thought requiſite on a piece of Paper, and leaving the Box open, our Spark thought if ſuch a Doſe would encourage him ſo, a greater would yet make him do greater Wonders; and taking twice the Quantity out of the Box, puts them into his Pocket, and having drunk the firſt with full Directions, the Doctor leaves him; who was no ſooner gone, but he takes thoſe out of his Pocket, and in a Glaſs of Sack drinks them down; after this he bathes and dreſſes, and believes himſelf a very *Hercules*, that could have got at leaſt twelve Sons that happy Night; but he was no ſooner laid in Bed with the charming *Sylvia*, as he thought, but he was taken with intolerable Gripes and Pains, ſuch as he had never felt before, inſomuch that he was not able to lye in the Bed: This enrages him; he grows mad and aſham'd; ſometimes he had little Intermiſſions for a Moment of Eaſe, and then he would plead ſoftly by her Bed-ſide, and ask ten thouſand Pardons; which

being eaſily granted he would go into Bed again, but then the Pain would ſeize him anew, ſo that after two or three Hours of Diſtraction he was forc'd to dreſs and retire: But, inſtead of going down he went ſoftly up to his own Chamber, where he ſate him down, and curs'd the World, himſelf and his hard Fate; and in this Extremity of Pain, Shame and Grief, he remain'd 'till break of Day: By which time *Antonet*, who was almoſt as violently afflicted, got her Coats on, and went to her own Chamber, where ſhe found her Lady more dead than alive. She immediately ſhifted her Bed-Linen, and made her Bed, and conducted her to it, without endeavouring to divert her with the Hiſtory of her own Misfortune; and only ask'd her many Queſtions concerning her being thus ill: To which the wretched *Sylvia* only anſwer'd with Sighs; ſo that *Antonet* perceiv'd 'twas the Letter that had diſorder'd her, and begg'd ſhe might be admitted to ſee it; ſhe gave her leave, and *Antonet* read it; but no ſooner was ſhe come to that Part of it which nam'd the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, but ſhe ask'd her Lady if ſhe underſtood who that Perſon was with great Amazement: At this *Sylvia* was content to ſpeak, pleas'd a little that ſhe ſhould have an Account of her Rival. *No*, ſaid ſhe, *Doſt thou know her? Yes, Madam*, reply'd *Antonet*, *particularly well; for I have ſerv'd her ever ſince I was a Girl of five Years old, ſhe being of the ſame Age with me, and ſent at ſix Years old both to a Monaſtery; for ſhe being fond of my Play her Father ſent me at that Age with her, both to ſerve and to divert her with Babies and Baubles; there we liv'd ſeven Years together, when an old rich* Spaniard, *the Count of* Clarinau, *fell in Love with my Lady, and marry'd her from the Monaſtery, before ſhe had ſeen any Part of the World beyond thoſe ſanctify'd Walls. She cry'd bitterly to have had me to* Collen *with her, but he ſaid I was too young now for her Service, and ſo ſent me away back to my own Town, which is this; and here my Lady was born too,*

and

and is Siſter to———Here ſhe ſtopp'd fearing to tell; which *Sylvia* perceiving, with a Briskneſs (which her Indiſpoſition one would have thought could not have allow'd ſate up in her Bed, and cry'd, *Hah! Siſter to whom? Oh, how thou wouldſt pleaſe me to ſay to* Octavio. *Why, Madam, would it pleaſe you?* ſaid the bluſhing Maid, *Becauſe*, ſaid *Sylvia*, *'twould in part revenge me on his bold Addreſſes to me, and he would alſo be oblig'd, in Honour to his Family, to revenge himſelf on* Philander. *Ah, Madam*, ſaid ſhe, *as to his Preſumption towards you, Fortune has ſufficiently reveng'd it*; at this ſhe hung down her Head; and look'd very fooliſhly *How*, ſaid *Sylvia*, ſmiling and rearing her ſelf yet more in her Bed, *Is any Misfortune arriv'd to* Octavio. *Oh how I will triumph and upbraid the daring Man*——— *tell me quickly what it is; for nothing would rejoice me more than to hear he were puniſh'd a little:* Upon this *Antonet* told her what an unlucky Night ſhe had, how *Octavio* was ſeiz'd, and how he departed; by which *Sylvia* believ'd he had made ſome Diſcovery of the Cheat that was put upon him, and that he only feign'd Illneſs to get himſelf looſe from her Embraces; and now ſhe falls to conſidering how ſhe ſhall be reveng'd on both her Lovers: And the beſt ſhe can pitch upon is that of ſetting them both at odds, and making them fight and revenge themſelves on one another; but ſhe, like a right Woman, could not diſſemble her Reſentment of Jealouſie, whatever Art ſhe had to do ſo in any other Point; but mad to eaſe her Soul that was full, and to upbraid *Philander*, ſhe writes him a Letter; but not 'till ſhe had once more, to make her ſtark Mad, read his over again, which he ſent *Octavio*.

SYLVIA *to* PHILANDER.

YES, perjur'd Villain, at laſt all thy Perfidy is arriv'd to my Knowledge; and thou hadſt better have been damn'd, or have fallen, like an ungrateful

Traitor, as thou art, under the publick Shame of dying by the common Executioner, than have fallen under the Graſp of my Revenge; inſatiate as thy Luſt, falſe as thy Treaſons to thy Prince, fatal as thy Deſtiny, loud as thy Infamy, and bloody as thy Party. Villain, Villain, where got you the Courage to uſe me thus, knowing my Injuries and my Spirit; thou ſeeſt, baſe Traitor, I do not fall on thee with Treachery, as thou haſt with thy King and Miſtreſs; to which thou haſt broke thy holy Vows of Allegiance and eternal Love! But thou that haſt broke the Laws of God and Nature! what could I expect, when neither Religion, Honour, commmon Juſtice nor Law could bind thee to Humanity? Thou that betray'dſt thy Prince, abandon'd thy Wife, renounc'd thy Child, kill'd thy Mother, raviſh'd thy Siſter, and art in open Rebellion againſt thy native Countrey, and very Kindred and Brothers. Oh after this, what muſt the Wretch expect who has believ'd thee, and follow'd thy abject Fortunes, the miſerable outcaſt Slave, and Contempt of the World? What could ſhe expect but that the Villain is ſtill potent in thee unrepented, and all the Lover dead and gone, the Vice remains, and all the Virtue vaniſh'd! Oh, what could I expect from ſuch a Devil, ſo loſt in Sin and Wickedneſs, that even thoſe for whom he ventur'd all his Fame, and loſt his Fortune, lent like a State Cully upon the publick Faith, on the Security of Rogues, Knaves and Traitors; even thoſe, I ſay, turn'd him out of their Councils for a Reprobate too loud for the villainous Society: Oh curs'd that I was by Heav'n and Fate, to be blind and deaf to all thy Infamy, and ſuffer thy adorable bewitching Face and Tongue to charm me to Madneſs and Undoing, when that was all thou hadſt left thee, thy falſe Perſon, to cheat the ſilly, eaſie, fond, believing World into any ſort of Opinion of thee; for not one good Principle was left, not one poor Virtue to guard thee from Damnation, thou hadſt but one Friend left thee,

one

one true, one real Friend, and that was wretched *Sylvia*; ſhe, when all abandon'd thee but the Executioner, fled with thee, ſuffer'd with thee, ſtarv'd with thee loſt her Fame and Honour with thee, loſt her Friends, her Parents, and all her Beauty's Hopes for thee; and, in lieu of all, found only the Accuſation of all the good, the Hate of all the virtuous, the Reproaches of her Kindred, the Scorn of all chaſte Maids, and Curſes of all honeſt Wives; and in requital had only thy falſe Vows, thy empty Love, thy faithleſs Embraces, and cold diſſembling Kiſſes. My only Comfort was, (ah miſerable Comfort,) to fancy they were true; now that's departed too, and I have nothing but a brave Revenge left in the room of all! in which I'll be as mercileſs and irreligious as even thou haſt been in all thy Actions; and there remains about me only this Senſe of Honour yet, that I dare tell thee of my bold Deſign, a Bravery thou haſt never ſhew'd to me, who takeſt me unawares, ſtabb'ſt me without a warning of the Blow; ſo would'ſt thou ſerve thy King, hadſt thou but Power; and ſo thou ſerv'ſt thy Miſtreſs. When I look back even to thy Infancy; thy Life has been but one continu'd Race of Treachery, and I (deſtin'd thy evil Genius) was born for thy Tormenter, for thou haſt made a very Fiend of me, and I have Hell within; all Rage, all Torment, Fire, Diſtraction, Madneſs; I rave, I burn, I tear my ſelf and faint, am ſtill a dying, but can never fall 'till I have graſp'd thee with me: Oh, I ſhould laugh in Flames to ſee thee howling by: I ſcorn thee, hate thee, loath thee more than ever I have lov'd thee; and hate my ſelf ſo much for ever loving thee, (to be reveng'd upon the filthy Criminal) I will expoſe my ſelf to all the World, cheat, jilt and flatter all as thou haſt done, and having not one Senſe or Grain of Honour left, will yield the abandon'd Body thou haſt rifled to every asking Fop: Nor is that all, for they that purchaſe this ſhall buy it at the Price of being my *Bravo*'s. And all ſhall aid in my

Revenge on thee; all mercileſs and as reſolv'd as I; as I! the injur'd

SYLVIA.

Having ſhot this Flaſh of the Lightning of her Soul, and finiſh'd her Rant, ſhe found her ſelf much eaſier in the Reſolves on Revenge ſhe had fix'd there: She ſcorn'd by any vain Endeavour to recal him from his Paſſion; ſhe had Wit enough to have made thoſe eternal Obſervations, that Love once gone is never to be retriev'd, and that it was impoſſible to ceaſe loving, and then again to love the ſame Perſon; one may believe for ſome time ones Love is abated, but when it comes to a Trial, it ſhews it ſelf as vigorous as in its firſt Shine, and finds its own Error; but when once one comes to love a new Object, it can never return with more than Pity, Compaſſion, or Civility for the firſt: This is a moſt certain Truth which all Lovers will find, as moſt Wives may experience, and which our *Sylvia* now took for granted, and gave him over for dead to all but her Revenge. Tho' Fits of Softneſs, weeping, raving, and tearing, would by turns ſeize the diſtracted abandon'd Beauty, in which Extremities ſhe has Recourſe to Scorn and Pride, too feeble to aid her too often: The firſt thing ſhe reſolv'd on by the Advice of her reaſonable Counſellor, was to hear Love at both Ears, no matter whether ſhe regard it or not, but to hear all as a Remedy againſt loving one in particular; for 'tis moſt certain that the uſe of hearing Love, or of making Love (tho' at firſt without Deſign) either in Women or Men, ſhall at laſt unfix the moſt confirm'd and conſtant Reſolution. *And ſince you are aſſur'd*, continu'd *Antonet*, *that Sighs nor Tears bring back the wander'd Lover, and that dying for him will be no Revenge on him, but rather a kind Aſſurance that you will no more trouble the Man who is already weary of you, you ought with all your Power, Induſtry and Reaſon rather to ſeek the Preſervation of that Beauty of fine Humour to ſerve you on all*

Occa-

Occaſions, either of Revenge or Love, than by a fooliſh and inſignificant Concern and Sorrow reduce your ſelf to the Conditions of being ſcorn'd by all, or at beſt but pity'd: How? pity'd! cry'd the haughty *Sylvia: Is there any thing ſo inſupportable to our Sex as Pity! No ſurely,* reply'd the Servant, *when 'tis accompany'd by Love: Oh what bleſſed Comfort 'tis to hear People cry ——— She was once charming, once a Beauty: Is any thing more grating, Madam?* At this rate ſhe ran on, and left nothing unſaid that might animate the angry *Sylvia* to love anew, or at leaſt to receive and admit of Love; for in that Climate the Air naturally breeds Spirits avaritious, and much inclines them to the Love of Money, which they will gain at any Price or Hazard; and all this Diſcourſe to *Sylvia* was but to incline the revengeful liſt'ning Beauty to admit of the Addreſſes of *Octavio*, becauſe ſhe knew he would make her Fortune. Thus was the unhappy Maid left by her own unfortunate Conduct, incompaſs'd in on every ſide with Diſtraction; and ſhe was pointed out by Fate to be made the moſt wretched of all her Sex; nor had ſhe left one faithful Friend to adviſe or ſtay her Youth in its haſty Advance to Ruin; ſhe hears the perſuading Eloquence of the flattering Maid, and finds now nothing ſo prevalent on her Soul as Revenge, and nothing ſooths it more; and among all her Lovers, or thoſe at leaſt that ſhe knew ador'd her, none was found ſo proper an Inſtrument as the noble *Octavio*, his Youth, his Wit, his Gallantry, but above all his Fortune pleads moſt powerfully with her; ſo that ſhe reſolves upon the Revenge, and fixes him the Man; whom ſhe now knew by ſo many Obligations was oblig'd to ſerve her turn on *Philander:* Thus *Sylvia* found a little Tranquillity, ſuch as it was, in hope of Revenge, while the paſſionate *Octavio* was wreck'd with a thouſand Pains and Torments, ſuch as none but jilted Lovers can imagine; and having a thouſand times reſolv'd to hate her, and as often to love on, in ſpite of all——after a thouſand Arguments a-

gainſt her, and as many in favour of her, he arriv'd only to this Knowledge, that his Love was extreme, and that he had no Power over his Heart; that Honour, Fame, Intereſt, and whatever elſe might oppoſe his violent Flame, were all too weak to extinguiſh the leaſt Spark of it, and all the Conqueſt he could get of himſelf was, that he ſuffered all his Torment, all the Hell of raging Jealouſie grown to Confirmation, and all the Pangs of Abſence for that whole Day, and had the Courage to live on the Rack without eaſing one Moment of his Agony by a Letter or Billet, which in ſuch Caſes diſcharges the Burthen and Preſſures of the Love-ſick Heart; and *Sylvia*, who dreſt, and ſuffered her ſelf wholly to be carry'd away by her Vengeance, expected him, with as much Impatience as ever ſhe did the coming of the once adorable *Philander*, tho' with a different Paſſion; but all the live-long Day paſt in Expectation of him, and no Lover appear'd; no not ſo much as a Billet, nor Page at her upriſing to ask her Health; ſo that believing he had been very ill indeed, from what *Antonet* told her of his being ſo all Night, and fearing now that it was no Diſcovery of the Cheat put upon him by the Exchange of the Maid for the Miſtreſs, but real Sickneſs, ſhe reſolv'd to ſend to him, and the rather becauſe *Antonet* aſſur'd her he was really ſick, and in a cold damp Sweat all over his Face and Hands which ſhe touch'd, and that from his infinite Concern at the Defeat, the extreme Reſpect he ſhew'd her in midſt of all the Rage at his own Diſappointment, and every Circumſtance, ſhe knew it was no feign'd thing for any Diſcovery he had made: On this Confirmation, from a Maid cunning enough to diſtinguiſh Truth from Flattery, ſhe writ *Octavio* this Letter at Night.

SYLVIA *to* OCTAVIO.

AFter ſuch a parting from a Maid ſo entirely kind to you, ſhe might at leaſt have hop'd the Favour

of

of a Billet from you, to have inform'd her of your Health; unleſs you think that after we have ſurrender'd all, we are of the Humour of moſt of your Sex, who deſpiſe the Obliger; but I believ'd you a Man above the little Crimes and Levities of your Race; and I am yet ſo hard to be drawn from that Opinion, I am willing to flatter my Self, that 'tis yet ſome other Reaſon that has hindred you from viſiting me ſince, or ſending me an Account of your Recovery, which I am too ſenſible of to believe was feign'd, and which indeed has made me ſo tender, that I eaſily forgive all the Diſappointment I receiv'd from it, and beg you will not afflict your ſelf at any Loſs you ſuſtain'd by it, ſince I am ſtill ſo much the ſame I was, to be as ſenſible as before of all the Obligations I have to you; ſend me Word immediately how you do, for on that depends a great part of the Happineſs of

SYLVIA.

You may eaſily ſee by this Letter ſhe was not in a Humour of either writing Love or much Flattery; for yet ſhe knew not how ſhe ought to reſent this Abſence in all kinds from *Octavio*, and therefore with what force ſhe could put upon a Soul too wholly taken up with the Thoughts of another, more dear and more afflicting, ſhe only writ this to fetch one from him, that by it ſhe might learn part of his Sentiment of her laſt Action, and ſent her Page with it to him; who, as was uſual, was carry'd directly up to *Octavio*, whom he found in a Gallery, walking in a moſt dejected Poſture without a Hand, unbrac'd, his Arms a-croſs his open Breaſt, and his Eyes bent to the Floor; and not taking any notice when the Pages enter'd, his own was forc'd to pull him by the Sleeve before he would look up, and ſtarting from a thouſand Thoughts that oppreſs'd him almoſt to Death, he gaz'd wildly about him, and ask'd their Buſineſs: When the Page deliver'd him the Letter, he took it, but with ſuch Confuſion as he had much ado to ſupport

port himſelf; but reſolving not to ſhew his Feebleneſs to her Page, he made a ſhift to get to a Wax-Light that was on the Table, and read it; and was not much amaz'd at the Contents, believing ſhe was purſuing the Buſineſs of her Sex and Life, and jilting him on; (for ſuch was his Opinion of all Women now) he forc'd a Smile of Scorn, tho' his Soul were burſting, and turning to the Page gave him a liberal Reward, as was his daily uſe when he came, and muſter'd up ſo much Courage as to force himſelf to ſay——*Child, tell your Lady it requires no Anſwer; you may tell her too, that I am in perfect good Health*——He was oppreſs'd to ſpeak more, but Sighs ſtopp'd him, and his former Reſolution, wholly to abandon all Correſpondence with her, check'd his forward Tongue, and he walk'd away to prevent himſelf from ſaying more: While the Page, who wonder'd at this turn of Love, after a little waiting, departed; and when *Octavio* had ended his Walk, and turn'd, and ſaw him gone, his Heart felt a thouſand Pangs not to be born or ſupported; he was often ready to recal him, and was angry the Boy did not urge him for an Anſwer. He read the Letter again, and wonders at nothing now after her laſt Night's Action, tho' all was Riddle to him: He found 'twas writ to ſome happier Man than himſelf, however he chanc'd to have it by Miſtake; and turning to the out-ſide, view'd the Superſcription, where there happen'd to be none at all, for *Sylvia* writ in haſte, and when ſhe did it 'twas the leaſt of her Thoughts: And now he believ'd he had found out the real Myſtery, that it was not meant to him; he therefore calls his Page, whom he ſent immediately after that of *Sylvia*, who being yet below (for the Lads were laughing together for a Moment) he brought him to his diſtracted Lord; who nevertheleſs aſſum'd a Mildneſs to the innocent Boy, and cry'd, *My Child, thou haſt miſtaken the Perſon to whom thou ſhouldſt have carry'd the Letter, and I am ſorry I open'd it; pray return it to the happy Man 'twas meant to*, giving him the Letter. *My Lord*, reply'd the Boy,

I do not uſe to carry Letters to any but your Lordſhip: 'Tis the Footmens Buſineſs to do that to other Perſons. 'Tis a Miſtake, where-ever it lyes, cry'd *Octavio*, ſighing, *whether in thee or thy Lady*———So turning from the wondring Boy he left him to return with his Letter to his Lady, who grew mad at the relation of what ſhe heard from the Page, and notwithſtanding the Torment ſhe had on her Soul, occaſion'd by *Philander*, ſhe now found ſhe had more to endure, and that in ſpight of all her Love-Vows and Reſentments, ſhe had ſomething for *Octavio* to which ſhe could not give a Name; ſhe fancies it all Pride, and Concern for the Indignity put on her Beauty: But whatever it was, this Slight of his ſo wholly took up her Soul, that ſhe had for ſome time quite forgot *Philander*, or when ſhe did think on him 'twas with leſs Reſentment than of this Affront; ſhe conſiders *Philander* with ſome Excuſe now; as having long been poſſeſs'd of a Happineſs he might grow weary of; but a new Lover, who had for ſix Months inceſſantly lain at her Feet, Imploring, Dying, Vowing, Weeping, Sighing, Giving, and Acting all things the moſt paſſionate of Men was capable of, or that Love could inſpire, for him to be at laſt admitted to the Poſſeſſion of the raviſhing Object of his Vows and Soul, to be laid in her Bed, nay in her very Arms (as ſhe imagin'd he thought) and then, even before gathering the Roſes he came to pluck, before he had begun to compoſe or finiſh'd his Noſegay, to depart the happy Paradiſe with a Diſguſt, and ſuch a Diſguſt, as firſt to oblige him to diſſemble Sickneſs, and next fall even from all his Civilities, was a Contempt ſhe was not able to bear; eſpecially from him who, of all Men living, ſhe deſign'd to make the greateſt Property of, as moſt fit for her Revenge of all degrees and ſorts: But when ſhe reflected with Reaſon, (which ſhe ſeldom did, for either Love or Rage blinded that) ſhe could not conceive it poſſible that *Octavio* could be fallen ſo ſundenly from all his Vows and Profeſſions, but on ſome very great Provocation: Sometimes ſhe thinks

he

he tempted her to try her Virtue to *Philander*, and being a perfect Honourable Friend, hates her for her Levity; but ſhe conſiders his Preſents, and his unweary'd Induſtry, and believes he would not at that Expence have bought a Knowledge which could profit neither himſelf or *Philander*; then ſhe believes ſome diſguſted Scent, or ſomething about *Antonet*, might diſoblige him; but having call'd the Maid, conjuring her to tell her whether any thing paſs'd between her and *Octavio*, ſhe again told her Lady the whole Truth, in which there could be no Diſcovery of Infirmity there; ſhe embrac'd her, ſhe kiſs'd her Boſom, and found her Touches ſoft, her Breath and Boſom ſweet as any thing in Nature could be; and now loſt almoſt in a Confuſion of Thought, ſhe could not tell what to imagine; at laſt ſhe being wholly poſſeſs'd that all the Fault was not in *Octavio*, (for too often we believe as we hope) ſhe concludes that *Antonet* has told him all the Cheat ſhe put upon him: This laſt Thought pleas'd her, becauſe it ſeem'd the moſt probable, and was the moſt favourable to her ſelf; and a Thought that, if true, could not do her any Injury with him. This ſet her Heart a little to rights, and ſhe grew calm with a Belief, that if ſo it was, as now ſhe doubted not, a Sight of her, or a future Hope from her, would calm all his Diſcontent, and beget a right Underſtanding; ſhe therefore reſolves to write to him, and own her little Fallacy: But before ſhe did ſo, *Octavio*, whoſe Paſſion was violent as ever in his Soul, tho' 'twas oppreſt with a thouſand Torments, and languiſh'd under as many feeble Reſolutions, burſt at laſt into all its former Softneſs, and he reſolves to write to the falſe Fair One, and upbraid her with her laſt Night's Infidelity; nor could he ſleep till he had that way charm'd his Senſes, and eas'd his ſick afflicted Soul. It being now ten at Night, and he retir'd to his Chamber, he ſet himſelf down and writ this.

OCTA-

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA

Madam,

YOU have at laſt taught me a perfect Knowledge of my ſelf; and in one unhappy Night made me ſee all the Follies and Vanities of my Soul, which Self-love and fond Imagination had too long rendred that way guilty; long, long! I've play'd the Fop as others do, and ſhew'd the gaudy Monſieur, and ſet a Value on my worthleſs Perſon for being well dreſs'd, as I believ'd, and furniſh'd out for Conqueſt, by being the gayeſt Coxcomb in the Town, where even as I paſt, perhaps, I fancy'd I made Advances on ſome wiſhing Hearts, and vain, with but imaginary Victory, I ſtill fool'd on——and was at laſt undone; for I ſaw *Sylvia*, the Charming Faithleſs *Sylvia*, a Beauty that one would have thought had had the Power to have cur'd the fond Diſeaſe of Self-conceit and Foppery, ſince Love, they ſay, is a Remedy againſt thoſe Faults of Youth; but ſtill my Vanity was powerful in me, and even this Beauty too I thought it not impoſſible to vanquiſh, and ſtill dreſs'd on, and took a mighty care to ſhew my ſelf—— a Blockhead. Curſe upon me, while you were laughing at my Induſtry, and turn'd the fancying Fool to Ridicule. Oh, he deſerv'd it will, moſt wondrous well, for but believing any thing about him could merit but a ſerious Thought from *Sylvia*. *Sylvia!* whoſe Buſineſs is to laugh at all; yet Love, that is my Sin and Puniſhment, reigns ſtill as abſolutely in my Soul, as when I wiſh'd and hop'd and long'd for mighty Bleſſings you could give; yes, I ſtill love! only this Wretchedneſs is fix'd to it, to ſee thoſe Errors which I cannot ſhun; my Love's as high, but all my Wiſhes gone; my Paſſion ſtill remains entire and raving, but no Deſire; I burn, I die, but do not wiſh to hope; I would be all Deſpair, and, like a Martyr, am vain and proud even in ſuffering. Yes, *Sylvia*——when you made me

wiſe

wiſe, you made me wretched too: Before, like a falſe Worſhipper, I only ſaw the gay, the gilded ſide of the deceiving Idol; but now 'tis fall'n ——— diſcovers all the Cheat, and ſhews a God no more; and 'tis in Love as in Religion too, there's nothing makes their Votaries truly happy but being well deceiv'd: For even in Love it ſelf, harmleſs and innocent, as 'tis by Nature, there needs a little Art to hide the daily Diſcontents and Torments, that Fears, Diſtruſts and Jealouſies create; a little ſoft Diſſimulation's needful; for where the Lover's eaſie, he's moſt conſtant. But oh, when Love it ſelf's defective too, and manag'd by Deſign and little Intereſt, what Cunning, oh what Cautions ought the Fair Deſigner then to call to her Defence; yet I confeſs your Plot——ſtill charming *Sylvia*, was ſubtilly enough contriv'd, diſcreetly carry'd on ——— The Shades of Night, the happy Lover's Refuge, favour'd you too; 'twas only Fate was cruel, Fate that conducted me in an unlucky Hour; dark as it was, and ſilent too the Night, I ſaw: ——— Yes, faithleſs Fair, I ſaw I was betray'd; by too much Faith, by too much Love undone, I ſaw my fatal Ruin and your Perfidy; and, like a tame ignoble Sufferer, left you without Revenge!

I muſt confeſs, oh thou deceiving fair One, I never could pretend to what I wiſh'd, and yet methinks, becauſe I know my Heart, and the entire Devotion that it paid you, I merited at leaſt not to have been impos'd upon; but after ſo diſhonourable an Action, as the betraying the Secret of my Friend, it was but juſt that I ſhou'd be betray'd, and you have paid me well, deſervedly well, and that ſhall make me ſilent, and whatſoe'er I ſuffer, howe'er I die, howe'er I languiſh out my wretched Life, I'll bear my Sighs where you ſhall never hear 'em, nor the Reproaches my Complaints expreſs: Live thou a Puniſhment to vain fantaſtick hoping Youth, live and advance in Cunning and Deceit, to make the fond believing Men more wiſe, and teach the Women new Arts of Falſhood, 'till they deceive ſo long, that Man

Man may hate, and ſet as vaſt a Diſtance between Sex and Sex, as I've reſolv'd (oh *Sylvia*) thou ſhalt be for ever from

OCTAVIO.

This Letter came juſt as *Sylvia* was going to write to him, of which ſhe was extreamly glad; for all along there was nothing expreſs'd that could make her think he meant any other than the Cheat ſhe put upon him in *Antonet* inſtead of her ſelf: And it was ſome Eaſe to her Mind to be aſſur'd of the Cauſe of his Anger and Abſence, and to find her own Thought confirm'd, that he had indeed diſcover'd the Truth of the Matter: She knew, ſince that was all, ſhe could eaſily reconcile him by a plain Confeſſion, and giving him new Hopes; ſhe therefore writes this Anſwer to him, which ſhe ſent by his Page, who waited for it.

SYLVIA *to* OCTAVIO.

I Own, too angry and too nice *Octavio*, the Crime you charge me with; and did believe a Perſon of your Gallantry, Wit and Gaiety would have paſs'd over ſo little a Fault, with only reproaching me pleaſantly; I did not expect ſo grave a Reproof, or rather ſo ſerious an Accuſation. Youth has a thouſand Follies to anſwer for, and cannot *Octavio* pardon one Sally of it in *Sylvia?* I rather expected to have ſeen you early here this Morning, pleaſantly rallying my little Perfidy, than to find you railing at a diſtance at it; calling it by a thouſand Names that does not merit half this Malice: And ſure you do not think me ſo poor in good Nature, but I cou'd ſome other coming Hour have made you Amends for thoſe your loſt laſt Night, poſſibly I could have wiſh'd my ſelf with you at the ſame time; and had I, perhaps, follow'd my Inclination, I had made you happy as you wiſh'd, but there were powerful Reaſons that prevented me. I conjure you

to

to let me ſee you, where I will make a Confeſſion of my laſt Night's Sin, and give you ſuch Arguments to convince you of the Neceſſity of it, as ſhall abſolutely reconcile you to Love, Hope, and——

SYLVIA.

It being late, ſhe only ſent this ſhort Billet: And not hoping that Night to ſee him, ſhe went to Bed, after having enquir'd the Health of *Brilliard*, whom ſhe heard was very ill; and that young defeated Lover finding it impoſſible to meet *Octavio* as he had promis'd, not to fight him but to ask his Pardon for his Miſtake, he made a ſhift, with much ado, to write him a Note, which was this:

My Lord,

I Confeſs my Yeſterday's Rudeneſs, and beg you will give me a Pardon before I leave the World; for I was laſt Night taken violently ill, and am unable to wait on your Lordſhip, to beg what this moſt earneſtly does for your Lordſhip's moſt devoted Servant,

BRILLIARD.

This Billet, tho' it ſignify'd nothing to *Octavio*, it ſerv'd *Sylvia* afterwards to very good uſe and purpoſe, as a little Time ſhall make appear. And *Octavio* receiv'd theſe two Notes from *Brilliard* and *Sylvia* at the ſame time; the one he flung by regardleſs, the other he read with infinite Pain, Scorn, Hate, Indignation, all at once ſtorm'd in his Heart, he felt every Paſſion there but that of Love, which caus'd 'em all; if he thought her falſe and ungrateful before, he now thinks her fall'n to the loweſt degree of Lewdneſs, to own her Crime with ſuch Impudence; he fancies now he's cur'd of Love, and hates her abſolutely, thinks her below even his Scorn, and puts himſelf to Bed, believing he ſhall ſleep as well as before he ſaw the Light, the fooliſh *Sylvia*: But oh he boaſts in vain, the light, the

the fooliſh *Sylvia* was charming ſtill; ſtill all the Beauty appear'd, even in his Slumbers the Angel dawn'd about him, and all the Fiend was laid: He ſees her lovely Face, but the falſe Heart is hid; he hears her charming Wit, but all the Cunning's huſh'd: He views the Motions of her delicate Body, without regard to thoſe of her Mind; he thinks of all the tender Words ſhe has given him in which the jilting Part it loſt, and all forgotten; or if by Chance it croſs'd his happier Thought he rolls and tumbles in his Bed, he raves and calls upon her charming Name 'till he have quite forgot it, and takes all the Pains he can to deceive his own Heart: Oh 'tis a tender Part, and can endure no Hurt; he ſooths it therefore, and at the worſt reſolves, ſince the vaſt Bleſſing may be purchas'd, to revel in Delight, and cure himſelf that Way: Theſe flattering Thoughts kept him all Night waking, and in the Morning he reſolves his Viſit; but taking up her Letter which lay on the Table, he read it over again, and, by degrees wrought himſelf up to Madneſs at the Thought that *Sylvia* was poſſeſs'd: *Philander* he could bear with little Patience, but that, becauſe before he lov'd or knew her, he could allow; but this —— this wrecks his very Soul; and in his height of Fury he writes this Letter without Conſideration.

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA.

SINCE you profeſs your ſelf a common Miſtreſs, and ſet up for the glorious Trade of Sin, ſend me your Price, and I perhaps may purchaſe Damnation at your Rate. May be you have a Method in your Dealing, and I have miſtook you all this while, and dealt not your way; inſtruct my Youth, great Miſtreſs of the Art, and I ſhall be obedient; tell me which way I may be happy too, and put in for an Adventurer; I have a Stock of ready Youth and Money, pray name your Time and Sum for Hours, or Nights, or Months; I will be in at all, or any, as you ſhall find Leiſure to receive the impatient *Octavio*.

This in a mad Moment he writ, and ſent it e'er he had conſider'd farther; and *Sylvia*, who expected not ſo courſe and rough a Return, grew as mad as he in reading it; and ſhe had much ado to hold her Hands off from beating the innocent Page that brought it; To whom ſhe turn'd with Fire in her Eyes, Flames in her Cheeks, and Thunder on her Tongue, and cry'd, *Go tell your Maſter that he is a Villain; and if you dare approach me any more from him, I'll have my Footmen whip you*; and with a Scorn that diſcover'd all the Indignation in the World ſhe turn'd from him, and, tearing his Note, threw it from her and walk'd her way: And the Page, thunder-ſtruck, return'd to his Lord, who by this time was repenting he had manag'd his Paſſion no better, and at what the Boy told him was wholly convinc'd of his Error; he now conſider'd her Character and Quality, and accus'd himſelf of great Indiſcretion; and as he was ſitting the moſt dejected melancholy Man on Earth, reflecting on his Misfortune, the Poſt arriv'd with Letters from *Philander*; which he open'd, and laying by that which was inclos'd for *Sylvia*, he read that from *Philander* to himſelf.

PHILANDER *to* OCTAVIO.

THERE is no Pain, my dear *Octavio*, either in Love or Friendſhip, like that of Doubt; and I confeſs my ſelf guilty of giving it you, in a great meaſure, by my Silence the laſt Poſt; but having Buſineſs of ſo much greater Concern to my Heart than even writing to *Octavio*, I found my ſelf unable to purſue any other; and I believe you could too with the leſs Impatience bear with my Neglect, having Affairs of the ſame Nature there; our Circumſtances and the Buſineſs of our Hearts then being ſo reſembling, methinks I have as great an Impatience to be recounting to you the Story of my Love and Fortune, as I am to receive that of yours,

yours, and to know what Advances you have made in the Heart of the ſtill charming *Sylvia!* tho' there will be this Difference in the Relations; mine, whenever I recount it, will give you a double Satisfaction, firſt from the Share your Friendſhip makes you have in all the Pleaſures of *Philander*, and next that it excuſes *Sylvia*, if ſhe can be falſe to me for *Octavio*; and ſtill advances his Deſign on her Heart: But yours, whenever I receive it, will give me a thouſand Pains, which 'tis however but juſt I ſhould feel, ſince I was the firſt Breaker of the ſolemn League and Covenant made between us; which yet I do, by all that's ſacred, with a Regret that makes me reflect with ſome Repentance in all thoſe Moments wherein I do not wholly give my Soul up to Love, and the more beautiful *Caliſta*; yes more, becauſe new.

In my laſt, my dear *Octavio*, you left me purſuing, like a Knight-Errant, a Beauty inchanted within ſome inviſible Tree, or Caſtle, or Lake, or any thing inacceſſible, or rather wandring in a Dream after ſome glorious diſappearing Fantom: And for ſome time indeed I knew not whether I ſlept or wak'd. I ſaw daily the good old Count of *Clarinau*, of whom I durſt not ſo much as ask a civil Queſtion towards the Satisfaction of my Soul; the Page was ſent into *Holland* (with ſome Expreſs to a Brother-in-Law of the Count's) of whom before I had the Intelligence of a fair young Wife to the old Lord his Maſter; and for the reſt of the Servants they ſpoke all *Spaniſh*, and the Devil a Word we underſtood each other, ſo that 'twas impoſſible to learn any thing farther from them; and I found I was to owe all my good Fortune to my own Induſtry, but how to ſet it a working I could not deviſe; at laſt it happen'd, that being walking in the Garden which had very high Walls on three Sides, and a fine large Apartment on the other, I concluded that 'twas in that Part of the Houſe my fair new Conqueres reſided, but how to be reſolv'd I could not tell, nor which way the Win-

dow's look'd that were to give the Light, towards that part o'th Garden there was none; at laſt I ſaw the good old Gentleman come trudging through the Garden, fumbling out of his Pocket a Key; I ſtepp'd into an Arbour to obſerve him, and ſaw him open a little Door that led him into another Garden, and locking the Door after him vaniſh'd; and obſerving how that ſide of the Apartment lay, I went into the Street, and after a large Compaſs found that which fac'd that Garden, which made the fore-part of the Apartment. I made a Story of ſome Occaſion I had for ſome upper Rooms, and went into many Houſes to find which fronted beſt the Apartment, and ſtill diſlik'd ſomething till I met with one ſo directly to it, that I could, when I got a Story higher, look into the very Rooms, which only a delicate Garden parted from this By-ſtreet; there 'twas I fix'd, and learn'd from a young *Dutch* Woman that ſpoke good *French*, that this was the very Place I look'd for; the Apartment of Madam, the Counteſs of *Clarinau:* She told me too, that every Day after Dinner the old Gentleman came thither, and ſometimes a Nights; and bewail'd the young Beauty, who had no better Entertainment than what an old wither'd *Spaniard* of threeſcore and ten could give her. I found this young Woman apt for my Purpoſe, and having very well pleas'd her with my Converſation, and ſome little Preſents I made her, I left her in good Humour, and reſolv'd to ſerve me on any Deſign; and returning to my Lodging I found old *Clarinau* return'd, as brisk and gay as if he had been careſs'd by ſo fair and young a Lady; which very Thought made me rave, and I had abundance of Pain to withold my Rage from breaking out upon him, ſo jealous and envious was I of what now I lov'd and deſir'd a thouſand times more than ever; ſince the Relation my new young Female Friend had given me, who had Wit and Beauty ſufficient to make her Judgment impartial: However I contain'd my Jealouſie with the Hopes of a ſudden Revenge; for I fancy'd

fancy'd the Buſineſs half accompliſh'd in my Knowledge of her Reſidence I feign'd ſome Buſineſs to the old Gentleman, that would call me out of Town for a Week to conſult with ſome of our Party; and taking my leave of him, he offer'd me the Compliment of Money, or what elſe I ſhould need in my Affair, which at that time was not unwelcome to me; and being well furniſh'd for my Enterprize, I took Horſe without a Page or Footman to attend me, becauſe I pretended my Buſineſs was a Secret, and taking a Turn about the Town in the Evening, I left my Horſe without the Gates, and went to my ſecret new Quarters, where my young Friend receiv'd me with the Joy of a Miſtreſs, and with whom indeed I could not forbear entertaining my ſelf very well, which engag'd her more to my Service, with the Aid of my Liberality; but all this did not allay one Spark of the Fire kindled in my Soul for the lovely *Caliſta*; and I was impatient for Night, againſt which time I was preparing an Engine to mount the Battlement, for ſo it was that divided the Garden from the Street, rather than a Wall: All things fitted to my Purpoſe, I fix'd my ſelf at the Window that look'd directly towards her Saſhes, and had the Satisfaction to ſee her leaning there, and looking on a Fountain that ſtood in the midſt of the Garden, and caſt a thouſand little Streams into the Air, that made a melancholy Noiſe in falling into a large Alabaſter Ciſtern beneath: Oh how my Heart danc'd at the dear Sight to all the Tunes of Love; I had not Power to ſtir or ſpeak, or to remove my Eyes, but languiſh'd on the Window where I lean half dead with Joy and Tranſport; for ſhe appear'd more charming to my View; undreſs'd and fit for Love! Oh, my *Octavio*, ſuch are the Pangs which I believe thou feel'ſt at the Approach of *Sylvia*, ſo beats thy Heart, ſo riſe thy Sighs and Wiſhes, ſo trembling and ſo pale at every View, as I was in this lucky amorous Moment! and thus I fed my Soul 'till Night came on, and left my Eyes no Object but my Heart——a

thouſand dear Ideas: And now I ſally'd out, and with good Succeſs; for with a long Engine which reach'd the Top of the Wall I fix'd the End of my Ladder there, and mounted it, and ſitting on the Top brought my Ladder eaſily up to me, and turn'd over to the other ſide, and with abundance of eaſe deſcended into the Garden, which was the fineſt I had ever ſeen; for now, as good Luck would have it, who was deſign'd to favour me, the Moon began to ſhine ſo bright, as even to make me diſtinguiſh the Colours of the Flowers that dreſs'd all the Banks in raviſhing Order; but theſe were not the Beauty I came to poſſeſs, and my new Thoughts of diſpoſing my ſelf, and managing my Matters, now took off all that Admiration that was juſtly due to ſo delightful a Place, which Art and Nature had agreed to render charming to every Senſe; thus much I conſider'd it, that there was nothing that did not invite to Love; a thouſand pretty Receſſes of Arbours, Grotts and little artificial Groves; Fountains inviron'd with Beds of Flowers, and little Rivulets, to whoſe dear fragrant Banks a wiſhing amorous God would make his ſoft Retreat. After having rang'd about, rather to ſeek a Covert on occaſion, and to know the Paſſes of the Garden, which might ſerve me in any extremity of Surprize that might happen, I return'd to the Fountain that fac'd *Caliſta*'s Window, and leaning on its Brink view'd the whole Apartment, which appear'd very magnificent: Juſt againſt me I perceiv'd a Door that went into it, which, while I was conſidering how to get open I heard it unlock, and skulking behind the large Baſon of the Fountain (yet ſo as to mark who came out) I ſaw, to my unſpeakable Tranſport, the fair, the charming *Caliſta*, dreſs'd juſt as ſhe was at the Window, a looſe Gown of Silver Stuff lapp'd about her delicate Body, her Head in fine Night-cloaths, and all careleſs as my Soul could wiſh; ſhe came and with her the old Dragon; and I heard her ſay in coming out——*This is too fine a Night to ſleep in: Prithee,* Dor-

mina,

mina, *do not grudge me the Pleaſure of it, ſince there are ſo very few that entertain* Caliſta. This laſt ſhe ſpoke with a Sigh, and a Languiſhment in her Voice, that ſhot new Flames of Love into my panting Heart, and trill'd through all my Veins, while ſhe purſu'd her Walk with the old Gentlewoman; and ſtill I kept my ſelf at ſuch a Diſtance to have 'em in my Sight, but ſlid along the ſhady Side of the Walk, where I could not be eaſily ſeen, while they kept ſtill on the ſhiny Part: She led me thus through all the Walks, through all the Maze of Love; and all the way I fed my greedy Eyes upon the melancholy Object of my raving Deſire; her Shape, her Gate, her Motion, every Step, and every Movement of her Hand and Head, had a peculiar Grace; a thouſand times I was tempted to approach her, and diſcover my ſelf, but I dreaded the fatal Conſequence, the old Woman being by; nor knew I whether they did not expect the Husband there; I therefore waited with Impatience when ſhe would ſpeak, that by that I might make ſome Diſcovery of my Deſtiny that Night, and after having tir'd her ſelf a little with walking, ſhe ſate down on a fine Seat of white Marble, that was plac'd at the End of a graſſie Walk, and only ſhadow'd with ſome tall Trees that rank'd themſelves behind it, againſt one of which I lean'd: There for a quarter of an Hour they ſate as ſilent as the Night, where only ſoft-breath'd Winds were heard amongſt the Bows, and ſofter Sighs from fair *Caliſta*; at laſt the old Thing broke Silence, who was almoſt aſleep while ſhe ſpoke. *Madam, if you are weary, let us retire to Bed, and not ſit gazing here at the Moon: To Bed,* reply'd *Caliſta, What ſhould I do there? Marry, ſleep,* quoth the old Gentlewoman; *What ſhould you do? Ah,* Dormina (ſigh'd *Caliſta,*) *would Age would ſeize me too, for then perhaps I ſhould find at leaſt the Pleaſure of the old; be dull and laſie, love to eat and ſleep, not have my Slumbers diſturb'd with Dreams more inſupportable than my waking Wiſhes; for Reaſon then ſuppreſ-*

ſes riſing Thoughts, and the Impoſſibility of obtaining keeps the fond Soul in Order; but Sleep———gives an unguarded Looſe to ſoft Deſire, it brings the lovely Phantom to my View, and tempts me with a thouſand Charms to Love; I ſee a Face, a Mien, a Shape, a Look! ſuch as Heav'n never made, or any thing but fond Imagination! Oh 'twas a wond'rous Viſion! For my part, reply'd the old One, *I am ſuch a Heathen Chriſtian, Madam, as I do not believe there are any ſuch things as Viſions, or Ghoſts, or Phantoms: But your Head runs of a young Man, becauſe you are marry'd to an old one; ſuch an Idea as you fram'd in your Wiſhes poſſeſs'd your Fancy, which was ſo ſtrong (as indeed Fancy will be ſometimes) that it perſuaded you 'twas a very Phantom or Viſion. Let it be Fancy or Viſion, or whatever elſe you can give a Name to,* reply'd *Caliſta, ſtill 'tis that that never ceas'd ſince to torture me with a thouſand Pains; and prithee why,* Dormina, *is not Fancy ſince as powerful in me as it was before? Fancy has not been ſince ſo kind; yet I have given it room for Thought, which before I never did; I ſet whole Hours and Days, and fix'd my Soul upon the lovely Figure; I know its Stature to an Inch, tall and divinely made; I ſaw his Hair, long, black, and curling to his Waſte, all looſe and flowing; I ſaw his Eyes, where all the* Cupids *play'd, black, large, and ſparkling, piercing, loving, languiſhing; I ſaw his Lips ſweet, dimpled, red, and ſoft; a Youth compleat in all, like early* May, *that looks, and ſmells, and cheers above the reſt: In fine, I ſaw him ſuch as nothing but the niceſt Fancy can imagine, and nothing can deſcribe; I ſaw him ſuch as robs me of my Reſt, as gives me all the raging Pains of Love (Love I believe it is) without the Joy of any ſingle Hope: Oh, Madam,* ſaid *Dormina, that Love will quickly die, which is not nurs'd with Hope, why that's its only Food. Pray Heaven I find it ſo,* reply'd *Caliſta.* At that ſhe ſigh'd as if her Heart had broken, and lean'd her Arm upon a Rail of the end of the Seat, and laid her lovely Cheek upon her Hand, and ſo continu'd ſighing without ſpeaking; while

I, who was not a little tranſported with what I heard, with infinite Pain with-held my ſelf from kneeling at her Feet, and proſtrating before her that happy Phantom of which ſhe had ſpoke ſo favourably; but ſtill I fear'd my Fate, and to give any Offence. While I was amidſt a thouſand Thoughts conſidering which to purſue, I could hear *Dirmina* ſnoring as faſt as could be, leaning at her Eaſe on the other end of the Seat, ſupported by a White Marble Rail; which *Caliſta* hearing alſo, turn'd and look'd on her, then ſoftly roſe and walk'd away to ſee how long ſhe would ſleep there, if not wak'd. Judge now, my dear *Octavio*, whether Love and Fortune were not abſolutely ſubdu'd to my Intereſt, and if all things did not favour my Deſign: The very Thought of being alone with *Caliſta*, of making my ſelf known to her, of the Opportunity ſhe gave me by going from *Dormina* into a by-Walk, the very Joy of ten thouſand Hopes, that fill'd my Soul in that happy Moment, which I fancy'd the moſt bleſs'd of my Life, made me tremble all over; and with unaſſur'd Steps I ſoftly purſu'd the Object of my new Deſire: Sometimes I even overtook her, and fearing to fright her, and cauſe her to make ſome Noiſe that might alarm the ſleeping *Dormina*, I ſlack'd my Pace, 'till in a Walk, at the End of which ſhe was oblig'd to turn back, I remain'd, and ſuffer'd her to go on; 'twas a Walk, of Graſs, broad, and at the End of it a little Arbour of Greens, into which ſhe went and ſate down, looking towards me, and methought ſhe look'd full at me; ſo that finding ſhe made no Noiſe, I ſoftly approach'd the Door of the Arbour at a convenient diſtance; ſhe then ſtood up in great Amaze, as ſhe after ſaid; and I kneeling down in an humble Poſture, cry'd —— Wonder not, oh ſacred Charmer of my Soul, to ſee me at your Feet at this late Hour, and in a Place ſo inacceſſible; for what Attempt is there ſo hazardous deſpairing Lovers dare not undertake, and what Impoſſibility almoſt can they not overcome? Remove your Fears, oh

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Conqueresſ of my Soul, for I am an humble Mortal that adores you: I have a thouſand Wounds, a thouſand Pains that prove me Fleſh and Blood, if you would hear my Story: Oh give me leave to approach you with that Awe you do the ſacred Altars; for my Devotion is as pure as that which from your charming Lips aſcends the Heav'ns: ——— With ſuch Cant and Stuff as this, which Lovers ſerve themſelves with on Occaſion, I leſſen'd the Terrors of the frighted Beauty, and ſhe ſoon ſaw, with Joy in her Eyes, that I was both a Mortal, and the ſame ſhe had before ſeen in the outward Garden: I roſe from my Knees then, and with a Joy that wander'd all over my Body, trembling and panting I approach'd her, and took her Hand and kiſs'd it with a Tranſport that was almoſt ready to lay me fainting at her Feet, nor did ſhe anſwer any thing to what I had ſaid, but with Sighs ſuffer'd her Hand to remain in mine; her Eyes ſhe caſt to Earth, her Breaſt heav'd with nimble Motions, and we both, unable to ſupport our ſelves, ſate down together on a Green Bank in the Arbour, where by that Light we had, we gaz'd at each other, unable to utter a Syllable on either ſide. I confeſs, my dear *Octavio*, I have felt Love before, but do not know that ever I was poſſeſs'd with ſuch pleaſing Pain, ſuch agreeable Languiſhment in all my Life, as in thoſe happy Moments with the fair *Caliſta*! And on the other I dare anſwer for the ſoft fair One; ſhe felt a Paſſion as tender as mine; which, when ſhe could recover her firſt Tranſport, ſhe expreſs'd in ſuch a manner as has wholly charm'd me: For with all the Eloquence of young Angels, and all their Innocence too, ſhe ſaid, ſhe whiſper'd, ſhe ſigh'd the ſofteſt things that ever Lover heard. I told you before ſhe had from her Infancy been bred in a Monaſtery, kept from the ſight of Men, and knew no one Art or Subtilty of her Sex; but in the very Purity of her Innocence ſhe appear'd like the firſt born Maid in Paradiſe, generouſly giving her Soul away to the great

great Lord of all, the new-form'd Man, and nothing of her Heart's dear Thoughts did ſhe reſerve, (but ſuch as modeſt Nature ſhould conceal;) yet, if I touch'd but on that tender Part where Honour dwelt, ſhe had a Senſe too nice, as 'twas a Wonder to find ſo vaſt a Store of that mixt with ſo ſoft a Paſſion. Oh what an excellent thing a perfect Woman is, e'er Man has taught her Arts to keep her Empire, by being himſelf inconſtant? All I could ask of Love ſhe freely gave, and told me every Sentiment of her Heart, but 'twas in ſuch a way, ſo innocently ſhe confeſs'd her Paſſion, that every Word added new Flames to mine, and made me raging mad: At laſt ſhe ſuffer'd me to kiſs with Caution; but one begat another, ——that a Number—— and every one was an Advance to Happineſs; and I, who knew any Advantage, loſt no Time, but put each Minute to the propereſt uſe; now I embrace, claſp her fair lovely Body cloſe to mine, which nothing parted but her Shift and Gown; my buſie Hands find Paſſage to her Breaſts, and give and take a thouſand nameleſs Joys; all but the laſt I reap'd; that Heav'n was ſtill deny'd; though ſhe were fainting in my trembling Arms, ſtill ſhe had watching Senſe to guard that Treaſure: Yet, in ſpight of all, a thouſand times I brought her to the very point of yielding; but oh ſhe begs and pleads with all the Eloquence of Love! tells me that what ſhe had to give me ſhe gave, but would not violate her Marriage-Vow; no, not to ſave that Life ſhe found in Danger with too much Love, and too extream Deſire: She told me that I had undone her quite; ſhe ſigh'd, and wiſh'd that ſhe had ſeen me ſooner, e'er Fate had render'd her a Sacrifice to the Embraces of old *Clarinau*; ſhe wept with Love, and anſwer'd with a Sob to every Vow I made: Thus by degrees ſhe wrought me to Undoing, and made me mad in Love. 'Twas thus we paſs'd the Night; we told the haſty Hours, and curs'd their coming: We told from ten to three, and all that Time ſeem'd but a little Minute:

Minute: Nor would I let her go, who was as loath to part, 'till ſhe had given me leave to ſee her often there; I told her all my Story of her Conqueſt, and how I came into the Garden: She ask'd me pleaſantly if I were not afraid of old *Clarinau*; I told her no, of nothing but of his being happy with her, which Thought I could not bear: She aſſur'd me I had ſo little Reaſon to envy him, that he rather deſerv'd my Compaſſion, for that her Averſion was ſo extream to him; his Perſon, Years, his Temper, and his Diſeaſes were ſo diſagreeable to her, that ſhe could not diſſemble her Diſguſt, but gave him moſt evident Proofs of it too frequently, ever ſince ſhe had the Misfortune of being his Wife; but that ſince ſhe had ſeen the charming *Philander*, (for ſo we muſt let her call him too) his Company and Converſation was wholly inſupportable to her; and but that he had ever us'd to let her have four Nights in the Week her own, wherein he never diſturb'd her Repoſe, ſhe ſhould have been dead with his naſty Entertainment: She vow'd ſhe never knew a ſoft Deſire but for *Philander*, ſhe never had the leaſt Concern for any of his Sex beſides, and 'till ſhe felt his Touches——took in his Kiſſes, and ſuffer'd his dear Embraces, ſhe never knew that Woman was ordain'd for any joy with Man, but fancy'd it deſign'd in its Creation for a poor Slave to be oppreſs'd at pleaſure by the Husband, dully to yield Obedience and no more: But I had taught her now, ſhe ſaid, to her Eternal Ruin, that there was more in Nature than ſhe knew, or ever ſhould, had ſhe not ſeen *Philander*; ſhe knew not what dear Name to call it by, but ſomething in her Blood; ſomething that panted in her Heart, glow'd in her Cheeks, and languiſh'd in her Looks, told her ſhe was not born for *Clarinau*, or Love would do her wrong: I ſooth'd the Thought, and urg'd the Laws of Nature, the Power of Love, Neceſſity of Youth ———and the Wonder that was yet behind, that raviſhing ſomething, which not Love or Kiſſes could make

make her gueſs at; ſo beyond all ſoft Imagination, that nothing but a Trial could convince her; but ſhe reſiſted ſtill, and ſtill I pleaded with all the ſubtileſt Arguments of Love, Words mix'd with Kiſſes, Sighing mix'd with Vows, but all in vain; Religion was my Foe, and Tyrant Honour guarded all her Charms: Thus did we paſs the Night, 'till the young Morn advancing in the Eaſt forc'd us to bid adieu: Which oft we did, and oft we ſigh'd and kiſs'd, oft parted and return'd, and ſigh'd again, and as ſhe went away, ſhe weeping, cry'd,———wringing my Hand in hers, *Pray Heav'n*, Philander, *this dear Interview do not prove fatal to me; for' oh, I find frail Nature weak about me, and one dear Minute more would forfeit all my Honour.* At this ſhe ſtarted from my trembling Hand, and ſwept the Walk like Wind ſo ſwift and ſudden, and left me panting, ſighing, wiſhing, dying, with mighty Love and Hope; and after a little time I ſcal'd my Wall, and return'd unſeen to my new Lodging. It was four Days after before I could get any other Happineſs, but that of ſeeing her at her Window, which was juſt againſt mine, from which I never ſtirr'd, hardly to eat or ſleep, and that ſhe ſaw with Joy; for every Morning I had a Billet from her, which we contriv'd that Happy Night ſhould be convey'd me thus———It was a By-Street where I lodg'd, and the other ſide was only the dead Wall of her Garden, where early in the Morning ſhe us'd to walk, and having the Billet ready, ſhe put it with a Stone into a little Leathern-Purſe, and toſs'd it over the Wall, where either my ſelf from the Window, or my young Friend below waited for it, and that way every Morning and every Evening ſhe receiv'd one from me; but 'tis impoſſible to tell you the innocent Paſſion ſhe expreſs'd in them, innocent in that there was no Art, no feign'd nice Folly to expreſs a Virtue that was not in the Soul; but all ſhe ſpoke confeſs'd her Heart's ſoft Wiſhes. At laſt, (for I am tedious in a Relation of what gave me

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ſo much Pleaſure in the Entertainment) at laſt, I ſay, I receiv'd the happy Invitation to come into the Garden as before; and Night advancing for my Purpoſe, I need not ſay that I deliver'd my ſelf upon the Place appointed, which was by the Fountain ſide beneath her Chamber-Window; towards which I caſt, you may believe, many a longing Look: The Clock ſtruck Ten, Eleven, and then Twelve, but no dear Star appear'd to conduct me to my Happineſs; at laſt I heard the little Garden-Door (againſt the Fountain) open, and ſaw *Caliſta* there wrap'd in her Night-Gown only: I ran like Lightning to her Arms, with all the Tranſports of an eager Lover, and almoſt ſmother'd my ſelf in her warm riſing Breaſt; for ſhe taking me in her Arms let go her Gown, which falling open, left nothing but her Shift between me and all her charming Body. But ſhe bid me hear what ſhe had to ſay before I proceeded farther; ſhe told me ſhe was forc'd to wait 'till *Dormina* was aſleep, who lay in her Chamber, and then ſtealing the Key, ſhe came ſoftly down to let me in. *But*, ſaid ſhe, *ſince I am all undreſs'd, and cannot walk in the Garden with you, will you promiſe me, on Love and Honour, to be obedient to all my Commands, if I carry you to my Chamber, for* Dormina's *Sleep is like Death it ſelf; however leſt ſhe chance to awake, and ſhould take an Occaſion to ſpeak to me, 'twere abſolutely neceſſary that I were there; for ſince I ſerv'd her ſuch a Trick the other Night, and let her ſleep ſo long, ſhe will not let me walk late.* A very little Argument perſuaded me to yield to any thing to be with *Caliſta* any where; ſo that both returning ſoftly to her Chamber, ſhe put her ſelf into Bed, and left me kneeling on the Carpet: But 'twas not long that I remain'd ſo; from the dear Touches of her Hands and Breaſt we came to Kiſſes, and ſo equally to a Forgetfulneſs of all we had promis'd and agreed on before, and broke all Rules and Articles that were not in the Favour of Love; ſo that ſtripping my ſelf by degrees,

while

while ſhe with an unwilling Force made ſome feeble Reſiſtance, I got into the Arms of the moſt charming Woman that ever Nature made; ſhe was all over Perfection; I dare not tell you more; let it ſuffice ſhe was all that luxurious Man could wiſh, and all that renders Woman fine and raviſhing. About two Hours thus was my Soul in Rapture, while ſometimes ſhe reproach'd me, but ſo gently that 'twas to bid me ſtill be falſe and perjur'd if theſe were the Effects of it; *If Diſobedience have ſuch wondrous Charms, may I,* ſaid ſhe, *be ſtill commanding thee, and thou ſtill diſobeying.* While thus we lay with equal Raviſhment, we heard a murmuring Noiſe at diſtance, which we knew not what to make of, but it grew ſtill louder and louder, but ſtill at diſtance too; this firſt alarm'd us, and I was no ſooner perſuaded to riſe, but I heard a Door unlock at the ſide of the Bed, which was not that by which I enter'd, for that was at the other end of the Chamber towards the Window. *Oh Heav'ns,* ſaid the fair frighted Trembler, *here is the Count of* Clarinau: For he always came up that way, and thoſe Stairs by which I aſcended were the Back Stairs; ſo that I had juſt time to grope my way towards the Door, without ſo much as taking my Cloaths with me; never was any amorous Adventurer in ſo lamentable a Condition, I would fain have turn'd upon him, and at once have hinder'd him from entring with my Sword in my Hand, and ſecur'd him from ever diſturbing my Pleaſure any more; but ſhe implor'd I would not, and in this Minute's Diſpute he came ſo near me, that he touch'd me as I glided from him; but not being acquainted very well with the Chamber, having never ſeen my way, I lighted in my Paſſage on *Dormina's* Pallat-Bed, and threw my ſelf quite over her to the Chamber Door, which made a damnable clattering, and awaking *Dormina* with my Cataſtrophe, ſhe ſet up ſuch a Bawl as frighted and alarm'd the old Count, who was juſt taking in a Candle from his Footman, who had lighted it at his Flamboy: So that hearing the Noiſe,

Noiſe, and knowing it muſt be ſome Body in the Chamber, he let fall his Candle in the Fright, and call'd his Footman in with the Flamboy, draws his Toledo, which he had in his Hand, and wrapp'd in his Night-Gown, with three or four Wollen Caps one upon the top of another, ty'd under his tawny Leathern Chops, he made a very pleaſant Figure, and ſuch a one as had like to have betray'd me by laughing at it; he cloſely purſu'd me, though not ſo cloſe as to ſee me before him, yet ſo as not to give me time to aſcend the Wall, or to make my Eſcape up or down any Walk, which were ſtraight and long, and not able to conceal any Body from Purſuers, approach'd ſo near as the Count was to me: What ſhould I do? I was naked, unarm'd, and no Defence againſt his jealous Rage; and now in Danger of my Life, I knew not what to reſolve on; yet I ſwear to you, *Octavio*, even in that Minute (which I thought my laſt) I had no Repentance of the dear Sin, or any other Fear, but that which poſſeſs'd me for the fair *Caliſta*; and calling upon *Venus* and her Son for my Safety (for I had ſcarce a Thought yet of any other Deity) the Sea-born Queen lent me immediate Aid, and e'er I was aware of it, I touch'd the Fountain, and in the ſame Minute threw my ſelf into the Water, which a mighty large Baſon or Ciſtern of White-Marble contain'd, of a Compaſs that forty Men might have hid themſelves in it; they had purſu'd me ſo hard, they fancy'd they heard me preſs the Gravel near the Fountain, and with the Torch they ſearch'd round about it, and beat the fringing Flowers that grew pretty high about the Bottom of it, while I ſometimes div'd, and ſometimes peep'd up to take a view of my buſie Coxcomb, who had like to have made me burſt into Laughter many times to ſee his Figure; the daſhing of the Stream, which continually fell from the little Pipes above into the Baſon, hindred him from hearing the Noiſe I might poſſibly have made by my ſwimming in it: After he had ſurvey'd it round without ſide, he took the Torch in his own Hand, and ſurvey'd the Water it

ſelf,

ſelf, while I div'd, and ſo long forc'd to remain ſo, that I believ'd I had eſcap'd his Sword to die that fooliſher way; but juſt as I was like to expire, he departed muttering, that he was ſure ſome Body did go out before him; and now he ſearch'd every Walk and Arbour of the Garden, while like a Fiſh I lay basking in Element ſtill, not daring to adventure out, leſt his haſty Return ſhould find me on the Wall, or in my Paſſage over: I thank'd my Stars he had not found the Ladder, ſo that at laſt returning to *Caliſta*'s Chamber, after finding no Body, he deſir'd (as I heard the next Morning) to know what the Matter was in her Chamber: But *Caliſta*, who 'till now never knew an Art, had before he came laid her Bed in order, and taken up my Cloaths, and put them between her Bed and Quilt; not forgetting any one thing that belong'd to me, ſhe was laid as faſt aſleep as Innocence it ſelf; ſo that *Clarinau* awaking her, ſhe ſeem'd as ſurpriz'd and ignorant of all as if ſhe had indeed been innocent; ſo that *Dormina* now remain'd the only ſuſpected Perſon; who being ask'd what ſhe could ſay concerning that Uproar ſhe made, ſhe only ſaid, as ſhe thought, that ſhe dream'd his Honour fell out of the Bed upon her, and awaking in a Fright ſhe found 'twas but a Dream, and ſo ſhe fell aſleep again 'till he awak'd her, whom ſhe wonder'd to ſee there at that Hour; he told 'em that while they were ſecurely ſleeping he was like to have been burn'd in his Bed, a piece of his Apartment being burn'd down, which caus'd him to come thither; but he made them both ſwear that there was no Body in the Chamber of *Caliſta*, before he wou'd be undeceiv'd, for he vow'd he ſaw ſomething in the Garden, which, to his thinking, was all in White, and it vaniſh'd on the ſudden behind the Fountain, and we could ſee no more of it. *Caliſta* diſſembled abundance of Fear, and ſaid ſhe would never walk after Candle-light for fear of that Ghoſt; and ſo they paſt the reſt of the Night, while I, all wet and cold, got me to my Lodging unperceiv'd, for my young Friend had left the Door open for me.

Thus, dear *Octavio*, I have ſent you a Novel, inſtead of a Letter, of my firſt moſt happy Adventure, of which I muſt repeat thus much again, that of all the Enjoyments I ever had, I was never ſo perfectly well entertain'd for two Hours, and I am waiting with infinite Impatience a ſecond Encounter. I ſhall be extremely glad to hear what Progreſs you have made in your Amour, for I have loſt all for *Sylvia*, but the Affection of a Brother, with that natural Pity we have for thoſe we have undone; for my Heart, my Soul and Body are all *Caliſta*'s, the bright, the young, the witty, the gay, the fondly loving *Caliſta:* Only ſome Reſerve I have in all for *Octavio.* Pardon this long Hiſtory, for 'tis a ſort of acting all ones Joys again, to be telling 'em to a Friend ſo dear as is the gallant *Octavio* to

PHILANDER.

POSTSCRIPT.

I ſhould for ſome Reaſons that concern my Safety, have quitted this Town before, but I am chain'd to it, and have no Senſe of Danger while Caliſta *compels my Stay.*

If *Octavio*'s Trouble was great before from but his Fear of *Caliſta*'s yielding, what muſt it be now, when he found all his Fears confirm'd? The Preſſures of his Soul were too extreme before, and the Concern he had for *Sylvia* had brought it to the higheſt Tide of Grief; ſo that this Addition o'erwhelm'd it quite, and left him no Room for Rage; no, it could not diſcharge it ſelf ſo happily, but bow'd and yielded to all the Extremes of Love, Grief and Senſe of Honour; he threw himſelf upon his Bed, and lay without Senſe or Motion for a whole Hour, confus'd with Thought, and divided in his Concern, half for a Miſtreſs falſe, and half for a Siſter looſe and undone; by turns the Siſter and the Miſtreſs torture; by turns they break his Heart: He had this Comfort left before, that if *Caliſta* were undone, her Ruin made way for his Love and Happineſs with

with *Sylvia*, but now——he had no Proſpect left that could afford any Eaſe, he changes from one ſad Object to another, from *Sylvia* to *Caliſta*, then back to *Sylvia*; but like to feveriſh Men that toſs about here and there, remove for ſome Relief, he ſhifts but to new Pain, where e'er he turns he finds the Mad-Man ſtill; in this Diſtraction of Thought he remain'd 'till a Page from *Sylvia* brought him this Letter, which in midſt of all he ſtarted from his Bed with Exceſs of Joy, and read.

SYLVIA *to* OCTAVIO.

My Lord,

AFter your laſt Affront by your Page, I believe it will ſurprize you to receive any thing from *Sylvia* but Scorn and Diſdain: But, my Lord, the Intereſt you have by a thouſand ways been ſo long making in my Heart, cannot ſo ſoon be cancelled by a Minute's Offence, and every Action of your Life has been too generous to make me think you writ what I have receiv'd, at leaſt you are not well in your Senſes: I have committed a Fault againſt your Love, I muſt confeſs and am not aſham'd of the little Cheat I put upon you in bringing you to Bed to *Antonet* inſtead of *Sylvia:* I was aſham'd to be ſo eaſily won, and took it ill your Paſſion was ſo mercenary to ask ſo courſely for the Poſſeſſion of me; too great a Pay I thought for ſo poor Service, as rendring up a Letter which in Honour you ought before to have ſhew'd me: I own I gave you Hope, in that too I was criminal; but theſe are Faults that ſure deſerv'd a kinder Puniſhment than what I laſt receiv'd—— A Whore—A common Miſtreſs! Death, you are a Coward——and even to a Woman dare not ſay it, when ſhe confronts the Scandaler,——Yet pardon me, I meant not to revile, but gently to reproach; it was unkind—— at leaſt allow me that, and much unlike *Octavio.*

I think I had not troubled you, my Lord, with the leaſt Confeſſion of my Reſentment, but I could not

leave the Town, where for the Honour of your Converſation and Friendſhip alone I have remain'd ſo long, without acquitting my ſelf of thoſe Obligations I had to you; I ſend you therefore the Key of my Cloſet and Cabinet, where you ſhall find not only your Letters, but all thoſe Preſents you have been pleas'd once to think me worthy of: But having taken back your Friendſhip, I render you the leſs valuable Trifles, and will retain no more of *Octavio*, than the dear Memory of that part of his Life that was ſo agreeable to the unfortunate

SYLVIA.

He reading this Letter, finiſh'd with Tears of tender Love; but conſidering it all over, he fancy'd ſhe had put great Conſtraint upon her natural high Spirit to write in this calm manner to him, and through all he found diſſembled Rage, which yet was viſible in that one breaking out in the middle of the Letter: He found ſhe was not able to contain at the Word common Miſtreſs: In fine, however calm it was, and however deſign'd, he found, and at leaſt he thought he found the charming Jilt all over; he fancies from the Hint ſhe gave him of the Change of *Antonet* for her ſelf in Bed, that it was ſome new Cheat that was to be put upon him, and to bring her ſelf off with Credit: Yet, in ſpite of all this appearing Reaſon, he wiſhes, and has a ſecret Hope, that either ſhe is not in fault, or that ſhe will ſo cozen him into a Belief ſhe is not, that it may ſerve as well to ſooth his willing Heart; and now all he fears is, that ſhe will not put ſo neat a Cheat upon him, but that he ſhall be able to ſee through it, and ſtill be oblig'd to retain his ill Opinion of her: But Love return'd, ſhe had rous'd the Flame a-new, and ſoftned all his rougher Thoughts with this dear Letter; and now in haſte he calls for his Cloaths, and ſuffering himſelf to be dreſs'd with all the Advantage of his Sex, he throws himſelf into his Coach, and goes to *Sylvia*, whom he finds juſt dreſs'd *en Chevalier*, (and ſetting her Head and Feather

in

in good order before the Glaſs) with a deſign to depart the Town, at leaſt ſo far as ſhould have rais'd a Concern in *Octavio*, if yet he had any for her, to have follow'd her; he ran up without asking leave into her Chamber; and e'er ſhe was aware of him he threw himſelf at her Feet, and claſping her Knees, to which he fixt his Mouth, he remain'd there for a little ſpace without Life or Motion, and preſs'd her in his Arms as faſt as a dying Man. She was not offended to ſee him there, and he appear'd more lovely than ever he yet had been: His Grief had added a Languiſhment and Paleneſs to his Face, which ſufficiently told her he had not been at Eaſe while abſent from her; and on the other ſide *Sylvia* appear'd ten thouſand times more charming than ever, the Dreſs of a Boy adding extremely to her Beauty: *Oh you are a pretty Lover*, ſaid ſhe, raiſing him from her Knees to her Arms, *to treat a Miſtreſs ſo for a little innocent Raillery.——Come, ſit and tell me how you came to diſcover the harmleſs Cheat*; ſetting him down on the ſide of her Bed: *Oh name it no more*, cry'd he, *let that damn'd Night be blotted from the Year, deceive me, flatter me, ſay you are innocent, tell me my Senſes rave, my Eyes were falſe, deceitful, and my Ears were deaf: Say any thing that may convince my Madneſs, and bring me back to tame adoring Love. What means* Octavio, reply'd *Sylvia*, *ſure he is not ſo nice and ſqueamiſh a Lover, but a fair young Maid might have been welcome to him coming ſo prepar'd for Love; tho' it was not ſhe whom he expected, it might have ſerv'd as well i'th' dark at leaſt. Well ſaid*, reply'd *Octavio*, forcing a Smile——*advance, purſue the dear Deſign, and cheat me ſtill, and to convince my Soul, oh ſwear it too, for Women want no Weapons of Defence, Oaths, Vows and Tears, Sighs, Imprecations, Ravings, are all the Tools to faſhion Mankind Coxcombs: I am an eaſie Fellow, fit for uſe, and long to be initiated Fool; come, ſwear I was not here the other Night. 'Tis granted, Sir, you were: Why all this Paſſion?* This *Sylvia* ſpoke, and took him by the Hand, which burnt with

raging Fire; and though he ſpoke with all the Heat of Love, his Looks were ſoft the while as infant *Cupids*: Still he proceeded, *Oh charming* Sylvia, *ſince you are ſo unkind to tell me Truth, ceaſe, ceaſe to ſpeak at all, and let me only gaze upon thoſe Eyes that can ſo well deceive: Their Looks are innocent, at leaſt they'll flatter me, and tell mine that they loſt their Faculties that other Night.* *No*, reply'd *Sylvia*, *I am convinc'd they did not, you ſaw* Antonet——*Conduct a happy Man* (interrupted he) *to* Sylvia's *Bed: Oh why by your Confeſſion muſt my Soul be tortur'd o'er a new!* at this he hung his Head upon his Boſom, and ſigh'd as if each Breath would be his laſt: *Heavens!* cry'd *Sylvia*, *what is't* Octavio *ſays! Conduct a happy Lover to my Bed! by all that's Sacred I am abus'd, deſign'd upon to be betray'd, and loſt; what ſaid you, Sir, a Lover to my Bed!* When he reply'd in a fainting Tone, claſping her to his Arms, *Now*, Sylvia, *you are kind, be perfect Woman, and keep to cozening ſtill——Now back it with a very little Oath, and I am as well as before I ſaw your Falſhood, and ne'er will loſe one Thought upon it more.* *Forbear*, ſaid ſhe, *you'll make me angry; In ſhort, what is it you would ſay? or ſwear you rave, and then I'll pity what I now deſpiſe, if you can think me falſe.* He only anſwer'd with a Sigh, and ſhe purſu'd, *Am I not worth an Anſwer? Tell me your Soul and Thoughts, as e'er you hope for Favour from my Love, or to preſerve my Quiet. If you will promiſe me to ſay 'tis falſe*, reply'd he ſoftly, *I will confeſs the Errors of my Senſes. I came the other Night at twelve, the Door was open.*——*'Tis true*, ſaid *Sylvia*——*At the Stairs-Foot I found a Man, and ſaw him led to you into your Chamber, ſighing as he went, and panting with Impatience: Now*, Sylvia, *if you value my Repoſe, my Life, my Reputation, or my Services, turn it of handſomly, and I'm happy:* At that, being wholly amaz'd, ſhe told him the whole Story, as you heard, of her dreſſing *Antonet*, and bringing him to her; at which he ſmil'd, and begg'd her to go on——She fetch'd the Pieces of *Brilliard*'s counterfeit Letters, and ſhew'd him; this brought him

a little to his Wits, and at first sight he was ready to fancy the Letters came indeed from him; he found the Character his, but not the Business; and in great Amaze reply'd, *Ah! Madam, did you know* Octavio's *Soul so well, and could you imagine it capable of a Thought like this? A Presumption so daring to the most awful of her Sex, this was unkind indeed: And did you answer 'em? Yes*, reply'd she, *with all Kindness I could force my Pen to express.* So that after canvassing the Matter, and relating the whole Story again with his being taken ill, they concluded from every Circumstance *Brilliard* was the Man: for *Antonet* was call'd to Council; who now recollecting all things in her Mind, and knowing *Brilliard* but too well, she confess'd she verily believ'd it was he, especially when she told how she stole a Letter of *Octavio*'s for him that Day, and how he was ill of the same Disease still. *Octavio* then call'd his Page, and sent him home for the Note *Brilliard* had sent him, and all appear'd as clear as Day: But *Antonet* met with a great many Reproaches for shewing her Lady's Letters, which she excus'd as well as she could. But never was Man so ravish'd with Joy as *Octavio* was at the Knowledge of *Sylvia*'s Innocence; a thousand times he kneel'd and begg'd her Pardon, and her Figure encouraging his Caresses, a thousand times he embrac'd her, he smil'd, and blush'd, and sigh'd with Love and Joy, and knew not how to express it most effectually: And *Sylvia*, who had other Business than Love in her Heart and Head, suffer'd all the Marks of his eager Passion and Transport out of Design, for she had a farther use to make of *Octavio*; tho' when she survey'd his Person handsom, young, and adorn'd with all the Graces and Beauties of his Sex, not at all inferior to *Philander*, if not exceeding in every Judgment but that of *Sylvia*; when she consider'd his Soul, where Wit, Love, and Honour equally reign'd, when she consults the Excellence of his Nature, his Generosity, Courage, Friendship, and Softness, she sigh'd and cry'd, 'twas Pity to impose upon him; and make his

Love, for which ſhe ſhould eſteem him, a Property to draw him to his Ruin, for ſo ſhe fancy'd it muſt be if ever he encounter'd *Philander*; and tho' Good-nature was the leaſt Ingredient that form'd the Soul of this fair Charmer, yet now ſhe found ſhe had a Mixture of it, from her Concern for *Octavio*; and that generous Lover made her ſo many ſoft Vows, and tender Proteſtations of the Reſpect and Awfulneſs of his Paſſion, that ſhe was wholly convinc'd he was her Slave; nor could ſhe ſee the conſtant Languiſher pouring out his Soul and Fortune at her Feet, without ſuffering ſome Warmth about her Heart, which ſhe had never felt but for *Philander*; and this Day ſhe expreſs'd her ſelf more obligingly than ever ſhe had done; and allows him little Freedoms of approaching her with more Softneſs than hitherto ſhe had; and, abſolutely charm'd, he promiſes laviſhly and without Reſerve all ſhe would ask of him; and in Requital ſhe aſſur'd him all he could wiſh or hope, if he would ſerve her in her Revenge againſt *Philander*: She recounts to him at large the Story of her Undoing, her Quality, her Fortune, her nice Education, the Care and Tenderneſs of her noble Parents, and charges all her Fate to the evil Conduct of her heedleſs Youth: Sometimes the Reflection on her Ruin, ſhe looking back upon her former Innocence and Tranquillity, forces the Tears to flow from her fair Eyes, and makes *Octavio* ſigh and weep by Sympathy: Sometimes (arriv'd at the amorous Part of her Relation) ſhe would ſigh and languiſh with the Remembrance of paſt Joys in their beginning Love; and ſometimes ſmile at the little unlucky Adventures they met with, and their Eſcapes; ſo that different Paſſions ſeiz'd her Soul while ſhe ſpoke, while that of all Love fill'd *Octavio*'s: He dotes, he burns, and every Word ſhe utters inflames him ſtill the more; he fixes his very Soul upon her Tongue, and darts his very Eyes into her Face, and every thing ſhe ſays raiſes his vaſt Eſteem and Paſſion higher. In fine, having with the Eloquence

quence of ſacred Wit, and all the Charms of every differing Paſſion, finiſh'd her moving Tale, they both declin'd their Eyes, whoſe falling Showers kept equal Time and Pace, and for a little time were ſtill as Thought; When *Octavio*, oppreſs'd with mighty Love, broke the ſoft Silence, and burſt into Extravagance of Paſſion, ſays all that Men (grown mad with Love and Wiſhing) could utter to the Idol of his Heart; and to oblige her more recounts his Life in ſhort, wherein, in ſpight of all his Modeſty, ſhe found all that was Great and Brave; all that was Noble, Fortunate, and Honeſt: And having now confirm'd her he deſerv'd her, kneeling implor'd ſhe would accept of him, not as a Lover for a Term of Paſſion, for Dates of Months or Years, but for a long Eternity; not as a Rifler of her Sacred Honour, but to defend it from the cenſuring World; he vow'd he would forget that ever any Part of it was loſt, nor by a Look or Action e'er upbraid her with a Misfortune paſt, but ſtill look forward on nobler Joys to come: And now implores that he may bring a Prieſt to tie the ſolemn Knot: In ſpight of all her Love for *Philander*, ſhe could not chuſe but take this Offer kindly; and indeed it made a very great Impreſſion on her Heart; ſhe knew nothing but the height of Love could oblige a Man of his Quality and vaſt Fortune, with all the Advantages of Youth and Beauty, to marry her in ſo ill Circumſtances; and paying him firſt thoſe Acknowledgments that were due on ſo great an Occaſion, with all the Tenderneſs in her Voice and Eyes that ſhe could put on, ſhe excus'd her ſelf from receiving the Favour, by telling him ſhe was ſo unfortunate as to be with Child by the ungrateful Man; and falling at that Thought into new Tears, ſhe mov'd him to infinite Love, and infinite Compaſſion; inſomuch that wholly abandoning himſelf to Softneſs, he aſſur'd her, if ſhe would ſecure him all his Happineſs by marrying him now, that he would wait 'till ſhe were brought to Bed, before he would demand the glorious Recom-

pence

pence he aſpir'd to; ſo that *Sylvia*, being oppreſs'd with Obligation, finding yet in her Soul a violent Paſſion for *Philander*, ſhe knew not how to take, or how to refuſe the Bleſſing offer'd, ſince *Octavio* was a Man whom, in her height of Innocence and Youth, ſhe might have been vain and proud of engaging to this degree. He ſaw her Pain and Irreſolution, and being abſolutely undone with Love, delivers her *Philander*'s laſt Letter to him, with what he had ſent her incloſ'd; the ſight of the very Out-ſide of it made her grow pale as Death, and a Feebleneſs ſeiz'd her all over, that made her unable for a Moment to open it; all which Confuſion *Octavio* ſaw with Pain, which ſhe perceiving recollected her Thoughts as well as ſhe could, and open'd it, and read it, that to *Octavio* firſt, as being fondeſt of the Continuation of the Hiſtory of his Childhood, ſhe read, and often paus'd to recover her Spirits that were fainting at every Period; and having finiſh'd it ſhe fell down on the Bed where they ſate: *Octavio* caught her in her Fall in his Arms, where ſhe remain'd dead ſome Moments; whilſt he, juſt on the Point of being ſo himſelf, ravingly call'd for Help; and *Antonet* being in the Dreſſing-Room ran to 'em, and by degrees *Sylvia* recover'd, and ask'd *Octavio* a thouſand Pardons for expoſing a Weakneſs to him, which was but the Effects of the laſt Blaze of Love: And taking a Cordial which *Antonet* brought her, ſhe rous'd, reſolv'd, and took *Octavio* by the Hand; *Now*, ſaid ſhe, *ſhew your ſelf that generous Lover you have profeſs'd, and give me your Vows of Revenge on* Philander; *and after that, by all that's Holy*, kneeling as ſhe ſpoke, and holding him faſt, *by all my injur'd Innocence, by all my Noble Father's Wrongs, and my dear Mother's Grief; by all my Siſter's Sufferings, I ſwear, I'll marry you, love you, and give you all!* This ſhe ſpoke without conſidering *Antonet* was by, and ſpoke it with all the Rage, and Bluſhes in her Face, that injur'd Love and Revenge could inſpire: And on the other ſide, the Senſe of his Siſter's Honour

loſt,

loſt, and that of the tender Paſſion he had for *Sylvia*, made him ſwear by all that was Sacred, and by all the Vows of eternal Love and Honour he had made to *Sylvia*, to go and revenge himſelf and her on the falſe Friend and Lover, and confeſs'd the ſecond Motive, which was his Siſter's Fame; *For*, cry'd he, *that foul Adultereſs, that falſe* Caliſta, *is ſo ally'd to me.* But ſtill he urg'd that would add to the Juſtneſs of his Cauſe, if he might depart her Husband as well as Lover, and revenge an injur'd Wife as well as Siſter; and now he could ask nothing ſhe did not eaſily grant; and becauſe 'twas late in the Day, they concluded that the Morning ſhall conſummate all his Deſires: And now ſhe gives him her Letter to read; *For*, ſaid ſhe, *I ſhall eſteem my ſelf henceforth ſo abſolutely* Octavio's, *that I will not ſo much as read a Line from that perjur'd Ruiner of my Honour*; he took the Letter with Smiles and Bows of Gratitude, and read it.

PHILANDER *to* SYLVIA.

THERE are a thouſand Reaſons, deareſt *Sylvia*, at this Time that prevent my writing to you, Reaſons that will be convincing enough to oblige my Pardon, and plead my Cauſe with her that loves me; all which I will lay before you when I have the Happineſs to ſee you; I have met with ſome Affairs ſince my Arrival to this Place, that wholly take up my Time; Affairs of State, whoſe Fatigues have put my Heart extreamly out of Tune, and if not carefully manag'd may turn to my perpetual Ruin, ſo that I have not an Hour in a Day to ſpare for *Sylvia*; which, believe me, is the greateſt Affliction of my Life; and I have no Proſpect of Eaſe in the endleſs Toils of Life, but that of repoſing in the Arms of *Sylvia*: Some ſhort Intervals: Pardon my haſte, for you cannot gueſs the weighty Buſineſs that at preſent robs you of

Your PHILANDER.

You

You lie, falſe Villain——reply'd *Sylvia in* mighty Rage, *I can gueſs your Buſineſs, and can revenge it too; Curſe on thee, Slave, to think me grown as poor in Senſe as Honour: To be cajol'd with this*——*Stuff that would never ſham a Chamber-maid: Death! am I ſo forlorn, ſo deſpicable; I am not worth the Pains of being well diſſembled with? Confuſion overtake him, Miſery ſeize him; may I become his Plague while Life remains, or publick Tortures end him:* This, with all the Madneſs that ever inſpir'd a Lunatick, ſhe utter'd with Tears and violent Actions: When *Octavio* beſought her not to afflict her ſelf, and almoſt wiſh'd he did not love a Temper ſo contrary to his own: He told her he was ſorry, extreamly ſorry, to find ſhe ſtill retain'd ſo violent a Paſſion for a Man unworthy of her leaſt Concern; when ſhe reply'd —— *Do not miſtake my Soul, by Heav'n 'tis Pride, Diſdain, Deſpight and Hate*——*to think he ſhould believe this dull Excuſe could paſs upon my Judgment; had the falſe Traitor told me that he hated me, or that his faithleſs Date of Love was out, I had been tame with all my Injuries; but poorly thus to impoſe upon my Wit*—— *By Heav'n he ſhall not bear the Affront to Hell in Triumph! No more*——*I've vow'd he ſhall not*——*my Soul has fix'd, and now will be at eaſe.*——*Forgive me, oh* Octavio; and letting her ſelf fall into his Arms, ſhe ſoon obtain'd what ſhe ask'd for; one Touch of the fair Charmer could calm him into Love and Softneſs.

Thus, after a thouſand Tranſports of Paſſion on his ſide, and all the ſeeming Tenderneſs on hers, the Night being far advanc'd, and new Confirmations given and taken on either ſide of purſuing the happy Agreement in the Morning, which they had again reſolv'd they appointed that *Sylvia* and *Antonet* ſhould go three Miles out of Town to a little Village, where there was a Church, and that *Octavio* ſhould meet 'em there to be confirm'd and ſecur'd of all the Happineſs he propos'd to himſelf in this World —— *Sylvia* being ſo wholly bent upon Revenge (for the Accompliſhment of which alone

alone ſhe accepted of *Octavio*) that ſhe had loſt all Remembrance of her former Marriage with *Brilliard*: Or if it ever enter'd into her Thought 'twas only conſider'd as a Sham, nothing deſign'd but to ſecure her from being taken from *Philander* by her Parents; and, without any Reſpect to the ſacred Tie, to be regarded no more; nor did ſhe deſign this with *Octavio* from any Reſpect ſhe had to the Holy State of Matrimony, but from a Luſt of Vengeance which ſhe would buy at any Price, and which ſhe found no Man ſo well able to ſatisfie as *Octavio*.

But what wretched Changes of Fortune ſhe met with after this, and what miſerable Portion of Fate was deſtin'd to this unhappy Wanderer; the laſt Part of *Philander's* Life, and the third and laſt Part of this Hiſtory, ſhall moſt faithfully relate.

The End of the Second Part.

THE

THE

AMOURS

OF

PHILANDER

AND

SYLVIA:

Being the Third and Laſt Part

OF THE

LOVE-LETTERS

BETWEEN A

NOBLEMAN

AND HIS

SISTER.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR 1718.

TO THE

Lord *SPENCER*

My LORD,

WHEN a new Book comes into the World, the firſt thing we conſider is the Dedication; *and according to the Quality and Humour of the Patron, we are apt to make a Judgment of the following Subject: If to a States-man we believe it Grave and Politick; if a Gown-man, Law or Divinity; if to the Young and Gay, Love and Gallantry. By this Rule, I believe the gentle Reader, who finds your Lordſhip's Name prefix'd before this, will make as many various Opinions of it, as they do Characters of your Lordſhip, whoſe youthful Sallies have been the Buſineſs of ſo much Diſcourſe; and which, according to the Relator's Senſe or good Nature, is either aggravated or excus'd; though the Woman's Quarrel to your Lordſhip has ſome more reaſonable Foundation, than that of your own Sex; for your Lordſhip being form'd with all the Beauties and Graces of Mankind, all the Charms of Wit, Youth, and Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition (deriv'd to you from an Illuſtrious Race of* Heroes) *adapting you to the nobleſt Love*

and Softneſs, they cannot but complain on that miſtaken Conduct of yours, that ſo laviſhly deals out thoſe agreeable Attractions, ſquandering away that Youth and Time on many, which might be more advantagiouſly dedicated to ſome one of the Fair; and by a Liberty (which they call) not being Diſcreet *enough, rob 'em of all the Hopes of Conqueſt over that Heart which they believe can fix no where; they cannot careſs you into Tameneſs; or if you ſometimes appear ſo, they are ſtill upon their Guard with you; for like a young Lion you are ever apt to leap into your natural Wildneſs; the Greatneſs of your Soul diſdaining to be confin'd to laſie Repoſe; tho' the Delicacy of your Perſon and Conſtitution ſo abſolutely require it; your Lordſhip not being made for Diverſions ſo rough and fatiguing, as thoſe your active Mind would impoſe upon it. Your Lordſhip is plac'd in ſo Glorious a Station (the Son of ſo Great a Father) as renders all you do more perſpicuous to the World than the Actions of common Men already; the Advantages of your Birth have drawn all Eyes upon you, and yet more on thoſe coming Greatneſſes, to which you were born: If Heav'n preſerves your Lordſhip amidſt the too vigorous Efforts, and too dangerous Adventures, which a too brisk Fire in your Noble Blood, a too forward Deſire of gaining Fame daily expoſes you to; and will, unleſs ſome Force confine your too impatient Bravery, ſhorten thoſe Days which Heav'n has ſurely deſign'd for more Glorious Actions; for*

according

according to all the Maxims of the judging Wiſe, the little Extravagancies of Youth accompliſh and perfect the Riper Years. 'Tis this that makes indulgent Parents permit thoſe Sparks of Fire, that are gleaming in young Hearts, to kindle into a Flame, knowing well that the Conſideration and Temperament of a few more Years will regulate it to that juſt Degree, where the noble and generous Spirit ſhould fix it ſelf: And for this we have had the Examples of ſome of the greateſt Men that ever adorn'd Hiſtory.

My Lord, I preſume to lay at your Lordſhip's Feet an illuſtrious Youth; the unhappy Circumſtances of whoſe Life ought to be written in the laſting Characters of all Languages, for a Precedent to ſucceeding Ages of the Miſfortune of heedleſs Love, and a too early Thirſt of Glory; for in him, your Lordſhip will find the fatal Effects of great Courage without Conduct, Wit without Diſcretion, and a Greatneſs of Mind without the ſteady Virtues of it; ſo that from a Prince even ador'd by all, by an Imprudence, that too often attends the Great and Young, and from the moſt exalted Height of Glory, miſ-led by falſe Notions of Honour and falſer Friends, fell the moſt pity'd Object that ever was abandon'd by Fortune. I hope no One will imagine I intend this as a Parallel between your Lordſhip and our miſtaken brave Unfortunate, ſince your Lordſhip hath an unqueſtion'd and hereditary Loyalty, which nothing can deface, born from a Father, who has

given the World ſo evident Proofs, that no Fear of threaten'd Danger can ſeparate his uſeful Service and Duties from the Intereſt of his Royal and God-like Maſter, which he purſues with an undaunted Fortitude, in diſdain of Phanatical Cenſures, and thoſe that want the Bravery to do a juſt Action for fear of future turns of State. And ſuch indeed is your true Man of Honour; *and as ſuch I doubt not but your Lordſhip will acquit your ſelf in all Times, and on all Occaſions.*

Pardon the Liberty, my Zeal for your Lordſhip has here preſum'd to take, ſince among all thoſe that make Vows and Prayers for your Lordſhip's Health and Preſervation, none offers them more devoutly, than,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Humble and

Obedient Servant,

A. B.

THE AMOURS OF *Philander* and *Sylvia.*

PART III.

OCTAVIO, the Brave, the Generous, and the Amorous, having left *Sylvia* abſolutely reſolv'd to give her ſelf to that doting fond Lover, or rather to ſacrifice her ſelf to her Revenge, that unconſidering Unfortunate, whoſe Paſſion had expos'd him to all the unreaſonable Effects of it, return'd to his own Houſe, wholly tranſported with his happy Succeſs. He thinks on nothing but vaſt coming Joys: Nor did one kind Thought direct him back to the evil Conſequences of what he ſo haſtily purſu'd; he reflects not on her Circumſtances, but her Charms, not on the Infamy he ſhould eſpouſe with *Sylvia*, but on thoſe raviſhing Pleaſures ſhe was capable of giving him: He regards not the Reproaches of his Friends; but wholly abandon'd to Love and youthful Imaginations, gives a Looſe to young Deſire and Fancy that deludes him with a thouſand ſoft Ideas: He reflects not that his gentle and eaſie Temper was moſt unfit to join with that of *Sylvia*, which was the moſt haughty and humorous

morous in Nature; for tho' ſhe had all the Charms of *Youth and Beauty that are conquering in* her Sex, all the Wit and Inſinuation that even ſurpaſſes Youth and Beauty, yet to render her Character impartially, ſhe had alſo abundance of diſagreeing Qualities mix'd with her Perfections. She was imperious and proud even to Inſolence; vain and conceited even to Folly; ſhe knew her Virtues and her Graces too well, and her Vices too little; ſhe was very opinionated and obſtinate, hard to be convinc'd of the falſeſt Argument, but very poſitive in her fancy'd Judgment: Abounding in her own Senſe, and very Critical on that of others: Cenſorious, and too apt to charge others with thoſe Crimes to which ſhe was her ſelf addicted, or had been guilty of: Amorouſly inclin'd, and indiſcreet in the Management of her Amours, and conſtant rather from Pride and Shame than Inclination; fond of catching at every trifling Conqueſt, and loving the Triumph, tho' ſhe hated the Slave. Yet ſhe had Virtues too that balanc'd her Vices, among which we muſt allow her to have lov'd *Philander* with a Paſſion, that nothing but his Ingratitude could have decay'd in her Heart, nor was it leſſen'd but by a Force that gave her a thouſand Tortures, Racks and Pangs, which had almoſt coſt her her leſs valu'd Life; for being of a Temper nice in Love, and very fiery, apt to fly into Rages at every Accident that did but touch that tendereſt Part, her Heart, ſhe ſuffer'd a World of Violence, and Extremity of Rage and Grief by turns, at this Affront and Inconſtancy of *Philander*. Nevertheleſs ſhe was now ſo diſcreet, or rather cunning, to diſſemble her Reſentment the beſt ſhe could to her generous Lover, for whom ſhe had more Inclination than ſhe yet had leiſure to perceive, and which ſhe now attributes wholly to her Revenge; and conſidering *Octavio* as the moſt proper Inſtrument for that, ſhe fancies, what was indeed a growing Tenderneſs from the Senſe of his Merit, to be the Effects of that Revenge ſhe ſo much thirſted after; and tho' without

out ſhe diſſembled a Calm, within ſhe was all Fury and Diſorder, all Storm and Diſtraction: She went to Bed rack'd with a thouſand Thoughts of deſpairing Love; ſometimes all the Softneſs of *Philander* in their happy Enjoyments came in view, and made her ſometimes weep, and ſometimes faint with the dear lov'd Remembrance; ſometimes his late Enjoyments with *Caliſta*, and then ſhe rav'd and burnt with frantick Rage: But oh! at laſt ſhe found her Hope was gone, and wiſely fell to argue with her Soul. She knew Love would not long ſubſiſt on the thin Diet of Deſpair, and reſolving he was never to be retriev'd who once had ceas'd to love, ſhe ſtrove to bend her Soul to uſeful Reaſon, and thinks on all *Octavio*'s Obligations, his Vows, his Aſſiduity, his Beauty, his Youth, his Fortune, and his generous Offer, and with the Aid of Pride reſolves to unfix her Heart, and give it better Treatment in his Boſom: To ceaſe at leaſt to love the falſe *Philander*, if ſhe could never force her Soul to hate him: And tho' this was not ſo ſoon done as thought on, in a Heart ſo prepoſſeſt as that of *Sylvia*'s, yet there is ſome Hope of a Recovery, when a Woman in that Extremity will but think of liſtening to Love from any new Adorer; and having once reſolv'd to purſue the Fugitive no more with the natural Artillery of their Sighs and Tears, Reproaches and Complaints, they have Recourſe to every thing that may ſooneſt chaſe from the Heart thoſe Thoughts that oppreſs it: For Nature is not inclin'd to hurt it ſelf, and there are but very few who find it neceſſary to die of the Diſeaſe of Love. Of this ſort was our *Sylvia*, tho' to give her her due, never any Perſon who did not indeed die, ever languiſh'd under the Torments of Love, as did that charming and afflicted Maid.

While *Sylvia* remain'd in theſe eternal Inquietudes, *Antonet* having quitted her Chamber, takes this Opportunity to go to that of *Brilliard*, whom ſhe had not viſited in two Days before, being extremely trou-

bled at his Deſign, which ſhe now found he had on her Lady; ſhe had a Mind to vent her Spleen, and as the Proverb ſays, *call W——re firſt. Brilliard* long'd as much to ſee her, to rail at her for being privy to *Octavio*'s Approach to *Sylvia*'s Bed, (as he thought ſhe imagin'd) and not giving him an Account of it, as ſhe us'd to do of all the Secrets of her Lady. She finds him alone in her Chamber, recover'd from all but the Torments of his unhappy Diſappointment. She approach'd him with all the Anger her ſort of Paſſion could inſpire (for Love in a mean unthinking Soul, is not that glorious thing it is in the Brave;) however ſhe had enough to ſerve her Pleaſure, for *Brilliard* was young and handſome, and both being bent on Railing without knowing each others Intentions, they both equally flew into high Words, he upbraiding her with her Infidelity, and ſhe him with his. *Are not you,* ſaid he (growing more calm) *the falſeſt of your Tribe, to keep a Secret from me that ſo much concern'd me? Is it for this I have refus'd the Addreſſes of Burgomaſters Wives and Daughters, where I could have made my Fortune and my Satisfaction, to keep my ſelf entirely for a thing that betrays me, and keeps every Secret of her Heart from me? Falſe and forſworn, I will be Fool no more. 'Tis well, Sir,* (reply'd *Antonet*) *that you having been the moſt perfidious Man alive, ſhould accuſe me who am Innocent: Come, come Sir, you have not carry'd Matters ſo ſwimmingly but I could eaſily dive into the other Night's Intrigue and Secret. What Secret thou falſe one? Thou art all over ſecret; a very hopeful Bawd at Eighteen ——go, I hate ye——* At this ſhe wept, and he purſu'd his Railing to out-noiſe her, *You thought becauſe your Deeds were done in Darkneſs they were conceal'd from a Lover's Eye; no, thou young Viper, I ſaw, I heard, and felt, and ſatisfy'd every Senſe of this thy Falſhood, when* Octavio *was conducted to* Sylvia's *Bed by thee. But what ſaid ſhe, if inſtead of* Octavio *I conducted the perfidious Traitor to Love,* Brilliard? *Who then*

was

was falſe and perjured? At this he bluſh'd extreamly, which was too viſible on his fair Face. She being now confirm'd ſhe had the better of him, continu'd —— *Let thy Confuſion,* ſaid ſhe with Scorn, *witneſs the Truth of what I ſay, and I have been but too well acquainted with that Body of yours,* weeping as ſhe ſpoke, *to miſtake it for that of* Octavio. *Softly, dear* Antonet, reply'd he —— *nay, now your Tears have calm'd me*; and taking her in his Arms, ſought to appeaſe her by all the Arguments of ſeeming Love and Tenderneſs; while ſhe, yet wholly unſatisfy'd in that Cheat of his of going to *Sylvia*'s Bed, remain'd ſtill pouting and very frumpiſh. But he that had but one Argument left, that on all Occaſions ſerv'd to convince her, had at laſt recourſe to that, which put her in good Humour, and hanging on his Neck, ſhe kindly chid him for putting ſuch a Trick upon her Lady. He told her, and confirm'd it with an Oath, That he did it but to try how far ſhe was juſt to his Friend and Lord, and not any Deſire he had for a Beauty that was too much of his own Complexion to charm him, 'twas only the Brunet and the Black, ſuch as her ſelf, that could move him to Deſire; thus he ſhams her into perfect Peace. *And why,* ſaid ſhe, *were you not ſatisfy'd that ſhe was falſe, as well from the Aſſignation, as the Trial? Oh no,* ſaid he, *you Women have a thouſand Arts of Gibing, and no Man ought to believe you, but put you to the Trial. Well,* ſaid ſhe, *when I had brought you to the Bed, when you found her Arms ſtretch'd out to receive you, why did you not retire like an honeſt Man, and leave her to her ſelf? Oh fie,* ſaid he, *that had not been to have acted* Octavio *to the Life, but would have made a Diſcovery. Ah,* ſaid ſhe, *that was your Aim to have acted* Octavio *to the Life, I believe, and not to diſcover my Lady's Conſtancy to your Lord; but I ſuppoſe you have been ſworn at the Butt of* Hedleburgh. *never to kiſs the Maid, when you can kiſs the Miſtreſs:* But he renewing his Careſſes and Aſſeverations of Love

Love to her, ſhe ſuffer'd her ſelf to be convinc'd of all he had a Mind to have her believe. After this ſhe could not contain any Secret from him, but told him ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him, which, if he knew, would convince him ſhe had all the Paſſion in the World for him: He preſſes eagerly to know, and ſhe purſues to tell him, 'tis as much as her Life is worth to diſcover it, and that ſhe lies under the Obligation of an Oath not to tell it; but Kiſſes and Rhetorick prevail, and ſhe cries —— *What will you ſay now if my Lady may marry one of the greateſt and moſt conſiderable Perſons in all this Country? I ſhould not wonder at her Conqueſts* (reply'd *Brilliard*), *but I ſhould wonder if ſhe ſhould marry. Then ceaſe your Wonder*, reply'd ſhe, *for ſhe is to Morrow be marry'd to Count Octavio, whom ſhe is to meet at nine in the Morning to that end, at a little Village a League from this Place.* She ſpoke, and he believes; and finds it true by the raging of his Blood, which he could not conceal from *Antonet*, and for which he feigns a thouſand Excuſes to the amorous Maid, and charges his Concern on that for his Lord: At laſt (after ſome more Diſcourſe on that Subject) he pretends to grow ſleepy, and haſtens her to her Chamber; and locking the Door after her, he began to reflect on what ſhe had ſaid, and grew to all the Torment of Rage and Jealouſy, and all the Deſpairs of a paſſionate Lover. And tho' this hope was not extreme before, yet as Lovers do, he found, or fancy'd a Probability (from his Lord's Inconſtancy, and his own Right of Marriage) that the neceſſity ſhe might chance to be in of his Friendſhip and Aſſiſtance in a ſtrange Country, might ſome happy Moment or other render him the Bleſſing he ſo long had waited for from *Sylvia*; for he ever deſign'd, when either his Lord left her, grew cold, or ſhould happen to die, to put in his Claim of Husband. And the ſoft familiar way, with which ſhe eternally liv'd with him, encourag'd this Hope and Deſign; nay ſhe had often made him

him Advances to that happy Expectation. But this fatal Blow had driven him from all his fancy'd Joys, to the moſt wretched Eſtate of a deſperate Lover. He traverſes his Chamber, wounded with a thouſand different Thoughts, mix'd with thoſe of preventing this Union the next Morning. Sometimes he reſolves to fight *Octavio*, for his Birth might pretend to it, and he wanted no Courage; but he is afraid of being overcome by that gallant Man, and either loſing his Hopes with his Life, or if he kill *Octavio*, to be forc'd from his Happineſs, or die an ignominious Death. Sometimes he reſolves to own *Sylvia* for his Wife; but then he fears the Rage of that dear Object of his Soul, which he dreads more than Death it ſelf: So that toſs'd from one Extreme to another, from one Reſolution to a hundred, he was not able to fix upon any thing. In this Perplexity he remain'd 'till Day appear'd, that Day muſt advance with his undoing, while *Sylvia* and *Antonet* were preparing for the Deſign concluded on the laſt Night. This he heard, and every Minute that approach'd gave him new Torments, ſo that now he would have given himſelf to the Prince of Darkneſs for a kind Diſappointment: He was often ready to go and throw himſelf at her Feet, and plead againſt her Enterprize in Hand, and to urge the Unlawfulneſs of a double Marriage, ready to make Vows for the Fidelity of *Philander*, tho' before ſo much againſt his own Intereſt, and to tell her all thoſe Letters from him were forg'd: He thought on all things, but nothing remain'd with him, but Deſpair of every thing. At laſt the Devil and his own Subtilty put him upon a Prevention, tho' baſe, yet the moſt likely to ſucceed, in his Opinion.

He knew there were many Factions in *Holland*, and that the States themſelves were divided in their Intereſts, and a thouſand Jealouſies and Fears were eternally ſpread amongſt the Rabble; there were Cabals for every Intereſt, that of the *French* ſo prevailing, that

that of the *Engliſh*, and that of the illuſtrious *Orange*, and others for the States; ſo that it was not a Difficulty to move any Miſchief, and paſs it off among the Croud for dangerous Conſequences. *Brilliard* knew each Diviſion, and which way they were inclin'd; he knew *Octavio* was not ſo well with the States as not to be eaſily rendred worſe; for he was ſo intirely a Creature and Favourite of the Prince, that they conceiv'd abundance of Jealouſies of him which they durſt not own. *Brilliard* beſides knew a great Man, who having a Pique to *Octavio*, might the ſooner be brought to receive any ill Character of him: To this ſullen Magiſtrate he applies himſelf, and deluding the credulous buſie old Man with a thouſand circumſtantial Lies, he diſcovers to him that *Octavio* held a Correſpondence with the *French* King to betray the State; and that he caball'd to that End with ſome who were look'd upon as *French* Rebels, but indeed were no other than Spies to *France*. This coming from a Man of that Party, and whoſe Lord was a *French* Rebel, gain'd a perfect Credit with the old Sir *Politick*; ſo that immediately haſting to the State-Houſe, he lays this weighty Affair before them, who ſoon found it reaſonable, if not true; at leaſt they fear'd, and ſent out a Warrant for the ſpeedy apprehending him; but coming to his Houſe, tho' early, they found him gone, and being inform'd which way he took, the Meſſenger purſu'd him, and found his Coach at the Door of a *Caberet* too obſcure for his Quality, which made them apprehend this was ſome Place of Rendezvous, where he poſſibly met with his traiterous Aſſociators: They ſend in, and cunningly inquire who he waited for, or who was with him, and they underſtood he ſtay'd for ſome Gentlemen of the *French* Nation, for he had order'd *Sylvia* to come in Man's Cloaths that ſhe might not be known; and had given Order below, that if two *French* Gentlemen came they ſhould be brought to him. This Information made the Scandal as clear as Day, and the Meſſenger

ger no longer doubted of the Reaſonableneſs of his Warrant, tho' he was loath to ſerve it on a Perſon whoſe Father he had ſerv'd ſo many Years. He waits at ſome diſtance from the Houſe unſeen, tho' he could take a View of all; he ſaw *Octavio* come often out into the Balcony, and look with longing Eyes towards the Road that leads to the Town; he ſaw him all rich and gay as a young Bridegroom, lovely and young as the Morning that flatter'd him with ſo fair and happy a Day; at laſt he ſaw two Gentlemen alight at the Door, and giving their Horſes to a Page to walk a while, they ran up into the Chamber where *Octavio* was waiting; who had already ſent his Page to prepare the Prieſt in the Village-Church to marry them. You may imagine with what Love and Joy the raviſh'd Youth approach'd the Idol of his Soul, and ſhe who beholds him in more Beauty than ever yet ſhe thought he had appear'd, pleas'd with all things he had on, with the gay Morning, the flow'ry Field, the Air, the little Journey, and a thouſand diverting things, made no Reſiſtance to thoſe fond Embraces that preſs'd her a thouſand times with ſilent Tranſport, and falling Tears of eager Love and Pleaſure, but even in that Moment of Content ſhe forgot *Philander*, and receiv'd all the Satisfaction ſo ſoft a Lover could diſpenſe: While they were mutually thus exchanging Looks, and almoſt Hearts, the Meſſenger came into the Room, and as civilly as poſſible told *Octavio* he had a Warrant for him, to ſecure him as a Traitor to the State, and a Spy for *France*. You need not be told the Surprize and Aſtoniſhment he was in; however he obey'd: The Meſſenger turning to *Sylvia*, cry'd, *Sir, tho' I can hardly credit this Crime that is charg'd to my Lord, yet the finding him here with two* French *Gentlemen gives me ſome more Fears that there may be ſomething in it; and it would do well if you would deliver your ſelves into my Hands for the farther clearing this Gentleman.* This fooliſh grave Speech of the Meſſenger had like to have put

put *Octavio* into a loud Laughter, he addreſſing himſelf to two Women for two Men: But *Sylvia* reply'd, *Sir, I hope you do not take us for ſo little Friends to the gallant* Octavio, *to abandon him in this Misfortune; no, we will ſhare it with him, be it what it will.* To this the generous Lover, bluſhing with kind Surprize, bow'd, and kiſſing her Hand with Tranſport, calling her his charming Friend; and ſo all three being guarded back in *Octavio*'s Coach they return to the Town, and to the Houſe of the Meſſenger, which made a great Noiſe all over, that *Octavio* was taken with two *French* Jeſuits plotting to fire *Amſterdam*, and a thouſand things equally ridiculous. They were all three lodg'd together in one Houſe, that of the Meſſenger, which was very fine, and fit to entertain any Perſons of Quality; while *Brilliard*, who did not like that part of the Project, bethought him of a thouſand ways how to free her from thence; for he deſign'd, as ſoon as *Octavio* ſhould be taken, to have got her to have quitted the Town under Pretence of being taken upon Suſpicion of holding Correſpondence with him, becauſe they were *French*; but her delivering her ſelf up had not only undone all his Deſign, but had made it unſafe for him to ſtay. While he was thus bethinking himſelf what he ſhould do, *Octavio*'s Uncle, who was one of the States, extreamly affronted at the Indignity put upon his Nephew and his ſole Heir, the Darling of his Heart and Eyes, commands that this Informer may be ſecur'd; and accordingly *Brilliard* was taken into Cuſtody, who giving himſelf over for a loſt Man, reſolves to put himſelf upon *Octavio*'s Mercy, by telling him the Motives that induc'd him to this violent and ungenerous Courſe. It was ſome Days before the Council thought fit to call for *Octavio*, to hear what he had to ſay for himſelf; in the mean time, he having not had Permiſſion yet to ſee *Sylvia*; and being extreamly deſirous of that Happineſs, he bethought himſelf that the Meſſenger having been in his Father's

Service,

Service, might have ſo much Reſpect for the Son, as to allow him to ſpeak to that fair Charmer, provided he might be a Witneſs to what he ſhould ſay: He ſends for him, and demanded of him where thoſe two fair Priſoners were lodg'd who came with him in the Morning; he told him in a very good Apartment on the ſame Floor, and that they were very well accommodated, and ſeem'd to have no other Trouble but what they ſuffer'd for him. *I hope, my Lord,* added he——*your Confinement will not be long, for I hear there is a Perſon taken up, who has confeſt he did it for a Revenge on you.* At this *Octavio* was very well pleas'd, and ask'd him who it was; and he told him a *French* Gentleman belonging to the Count *Philander*, who about ſix Months ago was oblig'd to quit the Town as an Enemy to *France*. He ſoon knew it to be *Brilliard*, and comparing this Action with ſome others of his lately committed, he no longer doubts it the Effects of his Jealouſie. He ask'd the Meſſenger if it were impoſſible to gain ſo much Favour of him, as to let him viſit thoſe two *French* Gentlemen, he being by while he was with them: The Keeper ſoon granted his Requeſt, and reply'd——There was no Hazard he would not run to ſerve him; and immediately putting back the Hangings, with one of thoſe Keys he had in his Hand he open'd a Door in his Chamber that led into a Gallery of fine Pictures, and from thence they paſs'd into the Apartment of *Sylvia:* As ſoon as he came in he threw himſelf at her Feet, and ſhe receiv'd him, and took him up into her Arms with all the Tranſports of Joy a Soul (more than ever poſſeſt with Love for him) could conceive; and tho' they all appear'd of the Maſculine Sex, the Meſſenger ſoon perceiv'd his Error, and begg'd a thouſand Pardons. *Octavio* makes haſte to tell her his Opinion of the Cauſe of all this Trouble to both; and ſhe eaſily believ'd, when ſhe heard *Brilliard* was taken, that it was as he imagin'd, for he had been found too often faulty not to be ſuſpected now: This Thought brought

brought a great Calm to both their Spirits, and almoſt reduc'd them to their firſt ſoft Tranquillity, with which they began the Day: For he proteſted his Innocence a thouſand times, which was wholly needleſs, for the generous Maid believ'd, before he ſpoke, he could not be guilty of the Sin of Treachery. He renews his Vows to her of eternal Love, and that he would perform what they were ſo unluckily prevented of doing this Morning; and that tho' poſſibly by this unhappy Adventure, his Deſign might have taken Air, and have arriv'd to the Knowledge of his Uncle, yet in ſpite of all Oppoſition of Friends, or the Malice of *Brilliard*, he would purſue his glorious Deſign of marrying her, tho' he were forc'd for it to wander in the fartheſt Parts of the Earth with his lovely Prize. He begs ſhe will not diſeſteem him for this Scandal on his Fame, for he was all Love, all ſoft Deſire, and had no other Deſign than that of making himſelf Maſter of that greateſt Treaſure in the World; that of the poſſeſſing the moſt charming, the all-raviſhing *Sylvia:* In return, ſhe paid him all the Vows that could ſecure an Infidel in Love, ſhe made him all the indearing Advances a Heart could wiſh, wholly given up to tender Paſſion, inſomuch that he believes, and is the gayeſt Man that ever was bleſt by Love. And the Meſſenger who was preſent all this while, found that this caballing with the *French* Spies, was only an innocent Deſign to give himſelf away to a fine young Lady: And therefore gave them all the Freedom they deſir'd; and which they made uſe of to the moſt Advantage Love could direct or Youth inſpire. This Suffering with *Octavio* begot a Pity and Compaſſion in the Heart of *Sylvia*, and that grew up to Love; for he had all the Charms that could inſpire, and every Hour was adding new Fire to her Heart, which at laſt burnt into a Flame; ſuch Power has mighty Obligation on a Heart that has any grateful Sentiments. And

yet

yet when ſhe was abſent a-Nights from *Octavio*, and thought on *Philander*'s Paſſion for *Caliſta*, ſhe would rage and rave, and find the Effects of wondrous Love, and wondrous Pride, and be even ready to make Vows againſt *Octavio*: But thoſe were Fits that ſeldomer ſeiz'd her now, and every Fit was like a departing Ague, ſtill weaker than the former, and at the Sight of *Octavio* all would vaniſh, her Bluſhes would riſe and diſcover the ſoft Thoughts her Heart conceiv'd for the approaching Lover; and ſhe ſoon found that vulgar Error of the Impoſſibility of loving more than once. It was four Days they thus remain'd without being call'd to the Council, and every Day brought its new Joys along with it: They were never aſunder, never interrupted with any Viſit, but one for a few Moments in a Day by *Octavio*'s Uncle, and then he would go into his own Apartment to receive him: He offer'd to bail him out; but *Octavio*, who had found more real Joy there, than in any Part of the Earth beſides, evaded the Obligation, by telling his Uncle he would be oblig'd to nothing but his Innocence for his Liberty: So would get rid of the fond old Gentleman, who never knew a Paſſion but for his darling Nephew, and return with as much Joy to the Lodgings of *Sylvia* as if he had been abſent a Week, which is an Age to a Lover; there they ſometimes would play at Cards, where he would loſe conſiderable Sums to her, or at Hazard: or be ſtudying what they ſhould do next to paſs the Hours moſt to her Content; not but he had rather have lain eternally at her Feet, gazing, doting, and ſaying a thouſand fond things, which at every View he took were conceiv'd in his Soul: And tho' but this laſt Minute he had finiſh'd, ſaying all that Love could dictate, he found his Heart oppreſs'd with a vaſt Store of new Softneſs, which he languiſh'd to unload in her raviſhing Boſom: But ſhe, who was not arriv'd to his pitch of loving, diverts his ſofter Hours with Play ſometimes, and otherwhile with making him follow her into the Gallery, which was adorn'd with pleaſant Pictures, all of *Hempskerk*'s Hand, which afforded great Variety

of Objects very Drole and Antique, *Octavio* finding ſomething to ſay of every one that might be of Advantage to his own Heart; for whatever Argument was in diſpute, he would be ſure to bring it home to the Paſſion he had for *Sylvia*; it ſhould end in Love, however remotely begun: So ſtrange an Art has Love to turn all things to the Advantage of a Lover.

'Twas thus they paſs'd their Time, and nothing was wanting that laviſh Expence could procure, and every Minute he advances to new Freedoms, and unſpeakable Delights, but ſtill ſuch as might hitherto be allow'd with Honour; he ſighs and wiſhes, he languiſhes and dies for more, but dares not utter the Meaning of one Motion of Breath, for he lov'd ſo very much, that every Look from thoſe fair Eyes charm'd him, aw'd him to a Reſpect that robb'd him of many happy Moments a bolder Lover would have turn'd to his Advantage, and he treated her as if ſhe had been an unſpotted Maid; with Caution of offending, he had forgot that general Rule, That where the ſacred Laws of Honour are once invaded, Love makes the eaſier Conqueſt.

All this while you may imagine *Brilliard* endur'd no little Torment, he could not on the one ſide determine what the *States* would do with him, when once they ſhould find him a falſe Accuſer of ſo great a Man, and on the other ſide he ſuffer'd a thouſand Pains and Jealouſies from Love; he knew too well the Charms and Power of *Octavio*, and what Effects Importunity and Opportunity have on the Temper of feeble Woman: He found the *States* did not make ſo conſiderable a Matter of his being impeach'd, as to confine him ſtrictly, and he dies with the Fears of thoſe happy Moments he might poſſibly enjoy with *Sylvia*, where there might be no Spies about her to give him any kind Intelligence; and all that could afford him any Glimpſe of Conſolation, was, that while they were thus confin'd, he was out of Fear of their being marry'd. *Octavio*'s Uncle this while was not idle, but taking it for a high Indignity his Nephew ſhould remain ſo long without being heard, he mov'd it to the Council,

Council, and accordingly they ſent for him to the State-Houſe the next Morning, where *Brilliard* was brought to confront him; whom, as ſoon as *Octavio* ſaw, with a ſcornful Smile, he cry'd —— *'Tis well*, Brilliard, *that you, who durſt not fight me fairly, ſhould find out this nobler way of ridding your ſelf of a Rival: I am glad at leaſt that I have no more honourable a Witneſs againſt me.* *Brilliard*, who never before wanted Aſſurance, at this Reproach was wholly confounded; for it was not from any Villany in his Nature, but the abſolute Effects of mad and deſperate Paſſion, which put him on the only Remedy that could relieve him; and looking on *Octavio* with modeſt Bluſhes, that half pleaded for him, he cry'd —— *Yes, my Lord, I am your Accuſer, and come to charge your Innocence with the greateſt of Crimes, and you ought to thank me for my Accuſation; when you ſhall know 'tis Regard to my own Honour, violent Love for* Sylvia, *and extream Reſpect to your Lordſhip, has made me thus ſawcy with your unſpotted Fame.* *How, reply'd* Octavio, *ſhall I thank you for accuſing me with a Plot upon the State? Yes, my Lord,* reply'd *Brilliard; and yet you had a Plot to betray the State, and by ſo new a Way, as could be found out by none but ſo great and brave a Man —— Heav'ns,* reply'd *Octavio*, enrag'd, *this is an Impudence, that nothing but a Traitor to his own King, and one bred up in Plots and Miſchiefs, could have invented: I betray my own Countrey? —— Yes, my Lord,* cry'd he (more briskly than before, ſeeing *Octavio* colour ſo at him) *to all the Looſeneſs of unthinking Youth, to all the Breach of Laws both Human and Divine; if all the Youth ſhould follow your Example, you would betray Poſterity itſelf; and only mad Confuſion would abound: In ſhort, my Lord, that Lady who was taken with you by the Meſſenger was my Wife:* And going towards *Sylvia*, who was ſtruck as with a Thunder-Bolt, he ſeiz'd her Hand, and cry'd, —— while all ſtood gazing on —— *This Lady, Sir, I mean —— ſhe is my Wife, my lawful marry'd Wife.* At this *Sylvia* could no longer hold her Patience within its Bounds, but with that other Hand he had left her, ſhe ſtruck

him a box on the Ear, that almoſt ſtagger'd him, coming unawares; and as ſhe ſtruck, ſhe cry'd aloud, *Thou ly'ſt, baſe Villain — and I'll be reveng'd*; and flinging her ſelf out of his Hand, ſhe got on the other ſide of *Octavio*, while the whole Company remain'd confounded at what they ſaw and heard. *How*, cry'd out old *Sebaſtian*, Uncle to *Octavio*, *a Woman, this? By my Troth, ſweet Lady, (if you be one) methought you were a very pretty Fellow:* And turning to *Brilliard*, he cry'd,——*Why, what Sir, then it ſeems all this Noiſe of betraying the State was but a Cuckold's Dream. Hah! and this wonderful and dangerous Plot, was but one upon your Wife, Sir; hah, ——was it ſo? Marry, Sir, at this rate, I rather think 'tis you have a Deſign of betraying the State ——you cuckoldy Knaves that bring your handſome Wives to ſeduce our young Senators from their Sobriety and Wits. Are theſe the Recompences*, reply'd *Brilliard*, *you give the Injur'd, and in lieu of reſtoring me my Right, am I reproach'd with the moſt ſcandalous Infamy that can befal a Man? Well, Sir*, reply'd *Sebaſtian*, *is this all you have to charge this Gentleman with?* At which he bow'd, and was ſilent —— and *Sebaſtian* continu'd —— *If your Wife, Sir, have a Mind to my Nephew, or he to her, it ſhould have been your Care to have forbid it, or prevented it, by keeping her under Lock and Key, if no other way to be ſecur'd; and, Sir, we do not ſit here to relieve Fools and Cuckolds; if your Lady will be civil to my Nephew, what's that to us: Let her ſpeak for her ſelf: What ſay you, Madam?——I ſay*, reply'd *Sylvia*, *that this Fellow is mad and raves, that he is my Vaſſal, my Servant, my Slave; but, after this, unworthy of the meaneſt of theſe Titles.* This ſhe ſpoke with a Diſdain that ſufficiently ſhow'd the Pride and Anger of her Soul ——*La you, Sir*, reply'd *Sebaſtian*, *you are diſcharg'd your Lady's Service, 'tis a plain Caſe ſhe has more mind to the young Count than the Husband, and we cannot compel People to be honeſt againſt their Inclinations.* And coming down from the Seat where he ſate, he embrac'd *Octavio* a hundred times, and told the Board, he was extreamly glad they found the mighty Plot but a Vagary

of

of Youth, and the Spleen of a jealous Husband or Lover, or whatſoever other malicious thing; and deſir'd the angry Man might be diſcharg'd, ſince he had ſo juſt a Provocation as the loſs of a Miſtreſs. So all laughing at the Jeſt, that had made ſo great a Noiſe among the Grave and Wiſe, they freed 'em all: And *Sebaſtian* adviſed his Nephew, that the next Cuckold he made he would make a Friend of him firſt, that he might hear of no more Complaints againſt him. But *Octavio* very gravely reply'd: *Sir, you have infinitely miſtaken the Character of this Lady, ſhe is a Perſon of too great Quality for this Railery; at more leiſure you ſhall have her Story.* While he was ſpeaking this, and their Diſcharges were making, *Sylvia*, confounded with Shame, Indignation, and Anger, goes out, and taking *Octavio*'s Coach that ſtood at the Gate, went directly to his Houſe, for ſhe reſolv'd to go no more where *Brilliard* was. After this *Sebaſtian* fell ſeriouſly to good Advice, and earneſtly beſought his Darling to leave off thoſe wild Extravagancies that had ſo long made ſo great a Diſcourſe all the Province over, where nothing but his ſplendid Amours, Treats, Balls, and Magnificences of Love, was the Buſineſs of the Town, and that he had forborn to tell him of it, and had hitherto juſtify'd his Actions, tho' they had not deſerv'd it; and he doubted this was the Lady to whom for theſe ſix or eight Months he heard he had ſo intirely dedicated himſelf: He deſires him to quit this Lady, or if he will purſue his Love, to do it diſcreetly, to love ſome unmarry'd Woman, and not injure his Neighbours; to all which he bluſh'd and bow'd, and ſilently ſeem'd to thank him for his grave Counſel. And *Brilliard* having receiv'd his Diſcharge, and Advice how he provok'd the Diſpleaſure of the *States* any more, by accuſing of great Perſons, he was ordered to ask *Octavio*'s Pardon; but, in lieu of that, he came up to him and challeng'd him to fight him for the Injuſtice he had done him, in taking from him his Wife; for he was ſure he was undone in her Favour, and that Thought made him mad enough to put himſelf on this ſecond Extravagancy: However this was not ſo ſilently manag'd but *Sebaſtian* perceiv'd it, and was

ſo inrag'd at the young Fellow for his ſecond Inſolence, that he was again confin'd, and ſent back to Priſon, where he ſwore he ſhould ſuffer the utmoſt of the Law: And the Council breaking up, every one departed to his own Home. But never was Man raviſh'd with Exceſs of Joy as *Octavio* was, to find *Sylvia* meet him with extended Arms on the Stair-Caſe, whom he did not imagine to have found there, nor knew he how he ſtood in the Heart of that Charmer of his own, ſince the Affront ſhe had receiv'd in the Court from thoſe that however did not know her, for they did not imagine this was that Lady, Siſter to *Philander*, of whoſe Beauty they had heard ſo much, and her Face being turn'd from the Light, the old Gentlemen did not ſo much conſider or ſee it. *Sylvia* came into his Houſe the back way, through the Stables and Garden, and had the good Fortune to be ſeen of none of his Family but the Coach-man, who brought her home, whom ſhe conjur'd not to ſpeak of it to the reſt of his Servants: And unſeen of any Body ſhe got into his Apartment, for often ſhe had been there at Treats and Balls with *Philander*. She was alone, for *Antonet* ſtay'd to ſee what became of her falſe Lover, and, after he was ſeiz'd again, retir'd to her Lodging the moſt diſconſolate Woman in the World, for having loſt her Hopes of *Brilliard*, to whom ſhe had engag'd all that Honour ſhe had. But when ſhe miſs'd her Lady there, ſhe accus'd her ſelf with all the Falſhood in the World, and fell to repent her Treachery. She ſends the Page to enquire at *Octavio*'s Houſe, but no body there could give him any Intelligence; ſo that the poor amorous Youth returning without Hope, endur'd all the Pain of a hopeleſs Lover, for *Octavio* had a-new charm'd his Coachman: And calling up an ancient Woman who was his Houſe-keeper, who had been his Nurſe, he acquainted her with the ſhort Hiſtory of his Paſſion for *Sylvia*, and order'd her to give her Attendance on the Treaſure of his Life; he bid her prepare all things as magnificent as ſhe could in that Apartment he deſign'd her, which was very rich and gay, and towards a fine Garden; The Hangings and Beds all glorious, and fitter for

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a Monarch than a Subject; the fineſt Pictures the World afforded, Flowers in-laid with Silver and Ivory, gilded Roofs, carved Wainſcot, Tables of Plate, with all the reſt of the Moveables in the Chambers of the ſame, all of great value, and all was perfum'd like an Altar, or the Marriage-Bed of ſome young King. Here *Sylvia* was deſign'd to lodge, and hither *Octavio* conducted her; and ſetting her on a Couch while the Supper was getting ready, he ſits himſelf down by her, and his Heart being ready to burſt with Grief, at the Thought of the Claim which was laid to her by *Brilliard*, he ſilently views her, while Tears were ready to break from his fix'd Eyes, and Sighs ſtopt what he would fain have ſpoke: While ſhe (wholly confounded with Shame, Guilt, and Diſappointment, for ſhe could not imagine that *Brilliard* could have had the Impudence to have claim'd her for a Wife) fix'd her fair Eyes to the Earth, and durſt not behold the languiſhing *Octavio*. They remain'd thus a long time ſilent, ſhe not daring to defend her ſelf from a Crime, of which ſhe knew too well ſhe was guilty, nor he daring to ask her a Queſtion to which the Anſwer might prove ſo fatal; he fears to know what he dies to be ſatisfy'd in, and ſhe fears to diſcover too late a Secret which was the only one ſhe had conceal'd from him. *Octavio* runs over in his Mind a thouſand Thoughts that perplex him, of the Probability of her being marry'd; he conſiders how often he had found her with that happy young Man, who more freely entertain'd her than Servants uſe to do: He now conſiders how he had ſeen 'em once on a Bed together, when *Sylvia* was in the Diſorder of a yielding Miſtreſs, and *Brilliard* of a raviſh'd Lover; he conſiders how he has found 'em alone at Cards and Dice, and often entertaining her with Freedoms of a Husband, and how he wholly manag'd her Affairs, commanded her Servants like their proper Maſter, and was in full Authority of all. Theſe, and a thouſand more Circumſtances, confirm *Octavio* in all his Fears: A thouſand times ſhe is about to ſpeak, but either Fear to loſe *Octavio* by clear Confeſſion, or to run her ſelf into farther Error by denying the Matter of Fact, ſtops her

Words, and ſhe only bluſhes and ſighs at what ſhe dares not tell; and if by chance their ſpeaking Eyes meet, they would both decline 'em haſtily again, as afraid to find there what their Language could not confeſs. Sometimes he would preſs her Hand and ſigh — *Ah*, Sylvia, *you have undone my Quiet*; to which ſhe would return no Anſwer, but ſigh; and now riſing from the Couch, ſhe walk'd about the Chamber as ſad and ſilent as Death, attending when he ſhould have advanc'd in ſpeaking to her, tho' ſhe dreads the Voice ſhe wiſhes to hear, and he waits for her Reply, tho' the Mouth that he adores ſhould deliver Poiſon and Daggers to his Heart. While thus they remain'd in the moſt ſilent and ſad Entertainment (that ever was between Lovers that had ſo much to ſay) the Page, which *Octavio* only truſts to wait, brought him this Letter.

BRILLIARD. *to* OCTAVIO.

My Lord,

I Am too ſenſible of my many high Offences to your Lordſhip, and have as much Penitence for my Sin committed towards you as 'tis poſſible to conceive; but when I implore a Pardon from a Lover, who by his own Paſſion may gueſs at the violent Effects of my deſpairing Flame, I am yet ſo vain to hope it. *Antonet* gave me the Intelligence of your Deſign, and rais'd me up to a Madneſs that hurry'd me to that Barbarity againſt your unſpotted Honour. I own the Baſeneſs of the Fact, but Lovers are not, my Lord, always guided by Rules of Juſtice and Reaſon; or if I had, I ſhould have kill'd the fair Adultreſs that drew you to your Undoing, and who merits more your Hate than your Regard; and who having firſt violated her Marriage Vow to me with *Philander*, would ſacrifice us both to you, and at the ſame time betray you to a Marriage that cannot but prove fatal to you, as it is moſt unlawful in her; ſo that, my Lord, if I have injur'd you, I have at the ſame time ſav'd you from a Sin and Ruin; and humbly implore that you will ſuffer the Good I have render'd you in the laſt to atone for the Ill I did you in the firſt. If I have accus'd you of a Deſign againſt the State, it

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was to ſave you from that of the too ſubtle and too charming *Sylvia*, which none but my ſelf could have ſnatch'd you from: 'Tis true, I might have acted ſomething more worthy of my Birth and Education; but, my Lord, I knew the Power of *Sylvia*; and if I ſhould have ſent you the Knowledge of this, when I ſent the Warrant for the Security of your Perſon, the haughty Creature would have prevail'd above all my Truths with the Eloquence of Love, and you had yielded and been betray'd worſe by her, than by the moſt ungenerous Meaſures I took to prevent it: Suffer this Reaſon, my Lord, to plead for me in that Heart where *Sylvia* reigns, and ſhews how powerful ſhe is every where. Pardon all the Faults of a moſt unfortunate Man undone by Love, and by your own, gueſs what his Paſſion would put him on, who aims or wiſhes at leaſt for the intire Poſſeſſion of *Sylvia*, tho' it was never abſolutely hop'd by the moſt unfortunate

BRILLIARD.

At the beginning of this Letter *Octavio* hop'd it contain'd the Confeſſion of his Fault in claiming *Sylvia*; he hop'd he would have own'd it done in order to his Service to his Lord, or his Love to *Sylvia*, or any thing but what it really was; but when he read on—and found that he yet confirm'd his Claim, he yielded to all the Grief that could ſink a Heart over-burthen'd with violent Love; he fell down on the Couch where he was ſate, and only calling *Sylvia* with a dying Groan, he held out his Hand in which the Letter remain'd, and look'd on her with Eyes that languiſh'd with Death, Love, and Deſpair; while ſhe, who already fear'd from whom it came, receiv'd it with Diſdain, Shame, and Confuſion: And *Octavio* recovering a little——cry'd in a faint Voice—— *See, Charming, Cruel Fair——ſee how much my Soul adores you, when even this——cannot extinguiſh one Spark of that Flame you have kindled in my Soul:* At this ſhe bluſh'd and bow'd with a graceful Modeſty that was like to have given the Lie to all the Accuſations againſt her: She reads the Letter, while he greedily fixes his Eyes upon her Face as ſhe read, obſerving with curious Search

every

every Motion there, all killing and adorable. He ſaw her Bluſhes ſometimes riſe, then ſink again to their proper Fountain, her Heart; there ſwell and riſe, and beat againſt her Breaſt that had no other covering than a thin Shirt, for all her Boſom was open, and betray'd the nimble Motion of her Heart. Her Eyes ſometimes would ſparkle with Diſdain, and glow upon the fatal tell-tale Lines; and ſometimes languiſh with Exceſs of Grief: But having concluded the Letter, ſhe laid it on the Table and began again to traverſe the Room, her Head declin'd, and her Arms acroſs her Boſom. *Octavio* made too true an Interpretation of this Silence and Calm in *Sylvia*, and no longer doubted his Fate. He fixes his Eyes eternally upon her, while ſhe conſiders what ſhe ſhall ſay to that afflicted Lover; ſhe conſiders *Philander* loſt, or if he ever returns, 'tis not to Love, ſo that he was for ever gone; for too well ſhe knew no Arts, Obligations, or Induſtry, could retrieve a flying *Cupid:* She found if even that could return, his whole Fortune was ſo exhauſted he could not ſupport her; and that ſhe was of a Nature ſo haughty and impatient of Injuries, that ſhe could never forgive him thoſe Affronts he had done her Honour firſt, and now her Love; ſhe reſolves no Law or Force ſhall ſubmit her to *Brilliard*; ſhe finds this Fallacy ſhe had put on *Octavio*, has ruin'd her Credit in his Eſteem, at leaſt ſhe juſtly fears it; ſo that believing her ſelf abandoned by all in a ſtrange Countrey, ſhe fell to weeping her Fate, and the Tears wet the Floor as ſhe walk'd: At which Sight ſo melting, *Octavio* ſtarts from the Couch, and catching her in his trembling Arms, he cry'd, *Be falſe, be Cruel, and Deceitful; yet ſtill I muſt, I am compell'd to adore you*——This being ſpoken in ſo hearty and reſolv'd a Tone, from a Man of whoſe Heart ſhe was ſo ſure, and knew to be ſo generous, gave her a little Courage—— and like ſinking Men ſhe catches at all that preſents her any Hope of eſcaping. She reſolves by diſcovering the whole Truth to ſave that laſt Stake, his Heart, tho' ſhe could pretend to no more; and taking the fainting Lover by the Hand, ſhe leads him to the Couch: *Well,* ſaid

ſhe,

ſhe, Octavio, *you are too generous to be impos'd on in any thing, and therefore I will tell you my Heart without Reſerve as abſolutely as to Heav'n it ſelf, if I were interceding my laſt Peace there.* She begg'd a thouſand Pardons of him for having conceal'd any Part of her Story from him, but ſhe could no longer be guilty of that Crime, to a Man for whom ſhe had ſo perfect a Paſſion; and as ſhe ſpoke ſhe embrac'd him with an unreſiſtible Softneſs that wholly charm'd him: She reconciles him with every Touch, and ſighs on his Boſom a thouſand grateful Vows and Excuſes for her Fault, while he weeps his Love, and almoſt expires in her Arms; ſhe is not able to ſee his Paſſion and his Grief, and tells him ſhe will do all things for his Repoſe. *Ah* Sylvia, ſigh'd he, *talk not of my Repoſe, when you confeſs your ſelf Wife to one and Miſtreſs to another, in either of which I have alas no Part: Ah, what is reſerv'd for the unfortunate* Octavio, *when two happy Lovers divide the Treaſure of his Soul? Yet tell me Truth, becauſe it will look like Love; ſhew me that excellent Virtue ſo rarely found in all your fickle Sex. Oh! tell me Truth, and let me know how much my Heart can bear before it break with Love; and yet perhaps to hear thee ſpeak to me with that inſinuating dear Voice of thine, may ſave me from the Terror of thy Words; and tho' each make a Wound, their very Accents have a Balm to heal! Oh quickly pour it then into my liſtening Soul and I'll be ſilent as o'er-raviſh'd Lovers, whom Joys have charm'd to tender Sighs and Pantings.* At this, embracing her anew, he let fall a Shower of Tears upon her Boſom, and ſighing cry'd——*Now I attend thy Story:* She then began anew the Repetition of the Loves between her ſelf and *Philander*; which ſhe ſlightly ran over, becauſe he had already heard every Circumſtance of it, both from herſelf and *Philander*; till ſhe arriv'd to that Part of it where ſhe left *Bellſont*, her Father's Houſe: *Thus far*, ſaid ſhe, *you have had a faithful Relation; and I was no ſooner miſs'd by my Parents, but you may imagine the diligent Search that would be made both by* Foſcario, *who I was to have marry'd the next Day, and my tender Parents; but all Search, all* Hue-and-Cries *were vain; at laſt they put*

me

me into the weekly Gazette, *deſcribing me to the very Features of my Face, my Hair, my Breaſt, my Stature, Youth and Beauty, omitting nothing that might render me apparent to all that ſhould ſee me, offering vaſt Sums to any that ſhould give Intelligence of ſuch a loſt Maid of Quality.* Philander, *who underſtood too well the Nature of the common People, and that they would betray their very Fathers for ſuch a proffer'd Sum, durſt truſt me no longer to their Mercy: His Affairs were ſo involv'd with thoſe of* Ceſario, *he could not leave* Paris; *for they every Moment expected the People ſhould riſe againſt their King, and thoſe glorious Chiefs of the Faction were oblig'd to wait and watch the Motions of the dirty Crowd. Nor durſt he truſt me in any Place from him, for he could not live a Day without me;* (at that Thought ſhe ſigh'd, and then went on;) *ſo that I was oblig'd to remain obſcurely lodg'd in* Paris, *where now I durſt no longer truſt my ſelf, though diſguis'd in as many Shapes as I was oblig'd to have Lodgings. At laſt we were betray'd, and had only the ſhort Notice given us to yield or ſecure our ſelves from the Hand of Juſtice by the next Morning, when they deſign'd to ſurprize us: To eſcape we found almoſt impoſſible, and very hazardous to attempt it; ſo that* Philander, *who was raving with his Fear, call'd my ſelf and this young Gentleman,* Brilliard *(then Maſter of his Horſe) and one that had ſerv'd us faithfully through the whole Courſe of our Lives, to Council: Many things were in vain debated, but at laſt this hard ſhift was found out of marrying me to* Brilliard, *for to* Philander *it was impoſſible; ſo that no Authority of a Father could take me from the Husband. I was at firſt extremely unwilling, but when* Philander *told me it was to be only a Mock-Marriage to ſecure me to himſelf, I was reconcil'd to it, and more when I found the infinite Submiſſion of the young Man, who vow'd he would never look up to me with the Eyes of a Lover or Husband, but in Obedience to his Lord did it to preſerve me intirely for him; nay farther, to ſecure my future Fear, he confeſs'd to me he was already privately marry'd to a Gentlewoman by whom he had two Children. Oh—— tell me true, my* Sylvia, *was he marry'd to another!* Cry'd

out

out the over-joy'd Lover. *Yes, on my Life,* reply'd *Sylvia; for when it was prov'd in Court that I was marry'd to* Brilliard *(as at last I was, and innocently bedded) this Lady came and brought her Children to me, and falling at my Feet wept and implor'd I would not own her Husband, for only she had right to him; we all were forc'd to discover to her the Truth of the Matter, and that he had only marry'd me to secure me from the Rage of my Parents; that if he were her Husband she was still as entirely possess'd of him as ever, and that he had advanc'd her Fortune in what he had done, for she should have him restor'd with those Advantages that should make her Life, and that of her Children more comfortable; and* Philander *making both her and the Children considerable Presents, sent her away very well satisfy'd. After this, before People, we us'd him to a thousand Freedoms, but when alone, he retain'd his Respect intire; however this us'd him to something more Familiarity than formerly, and he grew to be more a Companion than a Servant, as indeed we desir'd he should, and of late have found him more Presumptuous than usual: And thus much more, I must confess, I have Reason to believe him a most passionate Lover, and have lately found he had Designs upon me, as you well know.*

Judge now, oh dear Octavio, *how unfortunate I am; yet judge too, whether I ought to esteem this a Marriage, or him a Husband? No,* reply'd *Octavio,* more briskly than before, *nor can he by the Laws of God or Man pretend to such a Blessing, and you may be divorc'd.* Pleas'd with this Thought, he soon assum'd his native Temper of Joy and Softness, and making a thousand new Vows that he would perform all he had sworn on his Part, and imploring and pressing her to renew those she had made to him, she obeys him; she makes a thousand grateful Returns, and they pass the Evening the most happily that ever Lovers did. By this time Supper was serv'd up, noble and handsome, and after Supper he led her to his Closet, where he presented her with Jewels and other Rarities of great Value, and omitted nothing that might oblige an avaricious designing Woman, if *Sylvia* had been such;

ſuch; nor any thing that might beget Love and Gratitude in the moſt inſenſible Heart: And all he did, and all he gave, was with a peculiar Grace, in which there lyes as great an Obligation as in the Gift it ſelf: The handſome way of giving being an Art ſo rarely known, even to the moſt Generous. In theſe happy and glorious Moments of Love, wherein the Lover omitted nothing that could pleaſe, *Philander* was almoſt forgotten; for 'tis natural for Love to beget Love, and Inconſtancy its Likeneſs or Diſdain: And we muſt conclude *Sylvia* a Maid wholly inſenſible if ſhe had not been touch'd with Tenderneſs, and even Love it ſelf, at all theſe extravagant Marks of Paſſion in *Octavio*; and it muſt be confeſs'd ſhe was of a Nature ſoft and apt for Impreſſion; ſhe was, in a Word, a Woman. She had her Vanities and her little Foibleſes, and lov'd to ſee Adorers at her Feet, eſpecially thoſe in whom all things, all Graces, Charms of Youth, Wit, and Fortune agreed to form for Love and Conqueſt: She naturally lov'd Power and Dominion, and it was her Maxim, That never any Woman was diſpleas'd to find ſhe could beget Deſire.

'Twas thus they liv'd with uninterrupted Joys, no Spies to pry upon their Actions, no falſe Friends to cenſure their real Pleaſures, no Rivals to poiſon their true Content, no Parents to give Bounds or grave Rules to the Deſtruction of nobler laviſh Love; but all the Day was paſs'd in new Delights, and every Day produc'd a thouſand Pleaſures; and even the Thoughts of Revenge were no more remembred on either ſide; it leſſen'd in *Sylvia*'s Heart as Love advanc'd there, and her Reſentment againſt *Philander* was loſt in her growing Paſſion for *Octavio*: And ſure if any Woman had Excuſes for Loving and Inconſtancy, the moſt Wiſe and Prudent muſt allow 'em now to *Sylvia*; and if ſhe had Reaſon for Loving 'twas now, for what ſhe paid the moſt deſerving of his Sex, and whom ſhe manag'd with that Art of Loving (if there be Art in Love) that ſhe gain'd every Minute upon his Heart, and he became more and more her Slave the more he found he

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was belov'd: In ſpight of all *Brilliard*'s Pretenſion he would have marry'd her, but durſt not do it while he remain'd in *Holland*, becauſe of the Noiſe *Brilliard*'s Claim had made, and he fear'd the Diſpleaſure of his Uncle; but waited for a more happy Time, when he could ſettle his Affairs ſo as to remove her into *Flanders*, tho' he could not tell how to accompliſh that without ruining his Intereſt: Theſe Thoughts alone took up his Time whenever he was abſent from *Sylvia*, and would often give him abundance of Trouble, for he was given over to his Wiſh of poſſeſſing *Sylvia*, and could not live without her; he lov'd too much, and thought and conſider'd too little. Theſe were his eternal Entertainments when from the lovely Object of his Deſire, which was as ſeldom as poſſible, for they were both unwilling to part, tho' Decency and Reſt requir'd it, a thouſand ſoft things would hinder him, and make her willing to retain him; and tho' they were to meet again next Morning, they grudge themſelves the parting Hours, and the Repoſe of Nature. He longs and languiſhes for the bleſſed Moment that ſhall give him to the Arms of the raviſhing *Sylvia*, and ſhe finds but too much yielding on her Part in ſome of thoſe ſilent lone Hours, when Love was moſt prevailing, and feeble Mortals moſt apt to be overcome by that inſinuating God; ſo that tho' *Octavio* could not ask what he ſigh'd and dy'd for, tho' he reſolv'd he would not preſs her, though for the ſafety of his Life, for any Favours; and though, on the other ſide, *Sylvia* reſolv'd ſhe would not grant, no, tho' mutual Vows had paſs'd, tho' Love within pleaded, and almoſt unreſiſtible Beauties and Inducements without, tho' all the Powers of Love, of Silence, Night and Opportunity, tho' on the very Point a thouſand times of yielding, ſhe had reſiſted all: But oh! one Night; let it not riſe up in Judgment againſt her, you baſhful modeſt Maids, who never yet try'd any powerful Minute; nor you chaſte Wives, who give no Opportunities; one Night—— they loſt themſelves in Dalliance, forgot how very near they were to yielding, and with imperfect Tranſports found

found themſelves half dead with Love, claſp'd in each others Arms, betray'd by ſoft degrees of Joy to all they wiſh'd. 'Twould be too Amorous to tell you more, to tell you all that Night, that happy Night produc'd; let it ſuffice that *Sylvia* yielded all, and made *Octavio* happier than a God. At firſt he found her weeping in his Arms, raving on what ſhe had inconſideringly done; and with her ſoft Reproaches chiding her raviſh'd Lover, who lay ſighing by, unable to reply any other way, he held her faſt in thoſe Arms that trembled yet, with Love and new-paſt Joy; he found a Pleaſure even in her Railing, with a Tenderneſs that ſpoke more Love than any other Language Love could ſpeak. Betwixt his Sighs he pleads his Right of Love, and the Authority of his ſolemn Vows, he tells her that the Marriage Ceremony was but contriv'd to ſatisfy the Ignorant, and to proclaim his Title to the Crowd, but Vows and Contracts were the ſame to Heaven: He ſpeaks——and ſhe believes; and well ſhe might, for all he ſpoke was honourable Truth. He knew no Guile, but utter'd all his Soul, and all that Soul was honeſt, juſt and brave; thus by degrees he brought her to a Calm.

In this ſoft Rencounter he had diſcover'd a thouſand new Charms in *Sylvia*, and contrary to thoſe Men, whoſe end of Love is Luſt (which extinguiſh together) *Octavio* found Encreaſe of Tenderneſs from every Bliſs ſhe gave; and grew at laſt ſo fond——ſo doting on the ſtill more charming Maid, that he neglected all his Intereſt, his Buſineſs in the State, and what he ow'd his Uncle, and his Friends, and became the common Theme over all the United Provinces, for his Wantonneſs and Luxury, as they were pleas'd to call it; and living ſo contrary to the Humour of thoſe more ſordid and ſlovenly Men of Quality, which make up the Nobility of that parcel of the World. For while thus he liv'd retir'd, ſcarce viſiting any one, or permitting any to viſit him, they charge him with a thouſand Crimes of having given himſelf over to Effeminacy; as indeed he grew too lazy in her Arms; neglecting Glory, Arms and Power, for the more real

Joys

Joys of Life; while ſhe even rifles him with Extravagancy; and grows ſo bold and hardy, that regarding not the Humours of the ſtingy cenſorious Nation, his Intereſt, or her own Fame, ſhe is ſeen every Day in his Coaches going to take the Air out of Town; puts him upon Balls, and vaſt expenſive Treats; deviſes new Projects and Ways of Diverſion, 'till ſome of the more buſy Impertinents of the Town made a publick Complaint to his Uncle, and the reſt of the *States*, urging he was a Scandal to the Reverend and Honourable Society. On which it was decreed that he ſhould either loſe that Honour, or take up, and live more according to the Gravity and Authority of a Senator: This incenſed *Sebaſtian*, both againſt the *States* and his Nephew; for tho' he had often reprov'd and counſell'd him, yet he ſcorn'd his Darling ſhould be ſchool'd by his Equals in Power. So that reſolving either to diſcard him, or draw him from the Love of this Woman; he one Morning goes to his Nephew's Houſe, and ſending him up Word by his Page he would ſpeak to him, he was conducted to his Chamber, where he found him in his Night-Gown: He began to upbraid him, firſt with his want of Reſpect and Duty to him, and next, of his Affairs, neglecting to give his Attendance on the Publick: He tells him he is become a Scandal to the Common-wealth, and that he liv'd a lewd Life with another Man's Wife: He tells him he has all her Story, and ſhe was not only a Wife, but a ſcandalous Miſtreſs too to *Philander*: *She boaſts*, ſays he, *of honourable Birth; but what's that, when her Conduct is infamous? In ſhort, Sir*, continu'd he, *your Life is obnoxious to the whole Province: Why what Sir,——cannot honeſt Men's Daughters* (cry'd he more angrily) *ſerve your turn, but you muſt crack a Commandment? Why, this is flat Adultery: A little Fornication in a civil Way might have been allow'd, but this is ſtark naught. In fine, Sir, quit me this Woman, and quit her me preſently; or, in the firſt Place I renounce thee, caſt thee from me as a Stranger, and will leave thee to Ruin, and the incenſed States. A little Pleaſure——a little Recreation, I can allow:*

low: A Layer of Love, and a Layer of Buſineſs——But to neglect the Nation for a Wench, is flat Treaſon againſt the State; and I wiſh there were a Law againſt all ſuch unreaſonable Whore-Maſters——that are States-Men——for the reſt 'tis no great matter. Therefore in a Word, Sir, leave me off this Miſtreſs of yours, or we will ſecure her yet for a French *Spy, that comes to debauch our Common-wealths-Men——The States can do it Sir, they can——* Hitherto *Octavio* receiv'd all with Bluſh and Bow, in ſign of Obedience; but when his Uncle told him the States would ſend away his Miſtreſs; no longer able to contain his Rage, he broke out into all the Violence imaginable againſt them, and ſwore he would not now forgo *Sylvia* to be Monarch over all the naſty Provinces, and 'twas a greater Glory to be a Slave at her Feet. *Go, tell your States,* cry'd he,——*they are a Company of Cynical Fops, born to moil on in ſordid Buſineſs, who never were worthy to underſtand ſo great a Happineſs of Life as that of nobler Love. Tell 'em, I ſcorn the dull Gravity of thoſe Aſſes of the Common-wealth, fit only to bear the dirty Load of State-Affairs, and die old buſie Fools.* The Uncle, who little expected ſuch a Return from him who us'd to be all Obedience, began more gently to perſuade him with more ſolid Reaſon, but could get no other Anſwer from him, than that what he commanded he ſhould find it difficult to diſobey; and ſo for that time they parted. Some Days after (he never coming ſo much as near their Councils) they ſent for him to anſwer the Contempt: He came and receiv'd abundance of hard Reproaches, and finding they were reſolv'd to degrade him, he preſently rally'd them in Anſwer to all they ſaid; nor could all the Cautions of his Friends perſuade him to any Submiſſion, after receiving ſo rough and ill-bred a Treatment as they gave him: And impatient to return to *Sylvia*, where all his Joys were center'd, he was with much a-do perſuaded to ſtay and hear the Reſolution of the Council, which was to take from him thoſe Honours he held amongſt them; at which he cock'd and ſmil'd, and told 'em he receiv'd what he was much more proud

of

of than of thoſe uſeleſs Trifles they call'd Honours, and wiſhes they might treat all that ſerv'd them at that ungrateful Rate: For he that had receiv'd a hundred Wounds, and loſt a Stream of Blood for their Security, ſhall, if he kiſs their Wives againſt their Wills, be baniſh'd like a Coward: So haſting from the Council he got into his Coach, and went to *Sylvia*. This incens'd the old Gentleman to a high Degree, and they carry'd it againſt the younger Party (becauſe more in Number) that this *French* Lady who was for High-Treaſon, as they call'd it, ſorc'd to fly *France*, ſhould be no longer protected in *Holland*. And in Order to her Removal, or rather their Revenge on *Octavio*, they ſent out their Warrant to apprehend her; and either to ſend her as an Enemy to *France*, or force her to ſome other part of the World. For a Day or two *Sebaſtian*'s Intereſt prevail'd for the ſtopping the Warrant, believing he ſhould be able to bring his Nephew to ſome Submiſſion; which when he found in vain he betook himſelf to his Chamber, and refus'd any Viſits or Diverſions: By this time *Octavio*'s rallying the States, was become the Jeſt of the Town, and all the Sparks laugh'd at them as they paſt, and lampoon'd 'em to damnable *Dutch* Tunes, which ſo highly incens'd 'em that they ſent immediately and ſerv'd the Warrant on *Sylvia*, whom they ſurpriz'd in *Octavio*'s Coach as ſhe was coming from taking the Air. You may imagine what an Agony of Trouble and Grief our generous and ſurpriz'd Lover was in: It was in vain to make Reſiſtance, and he who before would not have ſubmitted to have ſav'd his Life, to the *States*, now for the Preſervation of one Moment's Content to *Sylvia*, was ready to go and fall at their Feet, kiſs their Shoes, and implore their Pity. He firſt accompanies her to the Houſe of the Meſſenger, where he only is permitted to behold her with Eyes of dying Love, and unable to ſay any thing to her, left her with ſuch Gifts, and Charge to the Meſſenger's Care, as might oblige him to treat her well; while *Sylvia* leſs ſurpriz'd, bid him, at going from her, not to afflict himſelf for any thing ſhe ſuffer'd; ſhe

found it was the Malice of the peeviſh old Magiſtrates, and that the moſt they could do to her, was to ſend her from him: This laſt ſhe ſpoke with a Sigh, that pierc'd his Heart more ſenſibly than ever any thing yet had done; and he only repli'd (with a Sigh) *No*, Sylvia, *no rigid Power on Earth ſhall ever be able to deprive you of my eternal Adoration, or to ſeparate me one Moment from* Sylvia, *after ſhe is compell'd to leave this ungrateful Place; and whoſe Departure I will haſten all that I can, ſince the Land is not worthy of ſo great a Bleſſing.* So leaving her for a little Space, he haſted to his Uncle, whom he found very much diſcontented: He throws himſelf at his Feet, and aſſails him with all the moving Eloquence of Sighs and Tears; in vain was all, in vain alas he pleads. From this he flies to Rage———and ſays all a diſtracted Lover could pour forth to eaſe a tortur'd Heart; what Divinity did he not provoke? Wholly regardleſs even of Heav'n and Man, he made a publick Confeſſion of his Paſſion, deny'd her being marry'd to *Brilliard*, and weeps as he proteſts her Innocence: He kneels again, implores and begs anew, and made the moving'ſt Moan that ever touch'd a Heart, but could receive no other Return but Threats and Frowns: The old Gentleman had never been in Love ſince he was born, no not enough to marry, but bore an unaccountable Hate to the whole Sex, and therefore was pityleſs to all he could ſay on the Score of Love; tho' he endeavours to ſoften him by a thouſand things more dear to him. *For, my ſake, Sir,* ſaid he, *if ever my ſoft Plea were grateful to you, when all your Joy was in the young* Octavio; *releaſe, releaſe the charming* Sylvia; *regard her tender Youth, her blooming Beauty, her timorous helpleſs Sex, her noble Quality, and ſave her from rude Aſſaults of Power——Oh ſave the lovely Maid!* This he utter'd with interrupting Sighs and Tears, which fell upon the Floor as he purſu'd the Obdurate on his Knees: At laſt Pity touch'd his Heart, and he ſaid ——*Spare, Sir, the Character of your inchanting* Circe; *for I have heard too much of her, and what Miſchiefs ſhe has bred in* France, *abandoning her Honour, betraying a*

virtuous

virtuous Siſter, defaming her noble Parents, and ruining an Illuſtrious young Nobleman, who was both her Brother and her Lover. This, Sir, in ſhort, is the Character of your beauteous Innocent. Alas, Sir, reply'd *Octavio, you never ſaw this Maid; or if you had, you would not be ſo cruel: Go too, Sir,* reply'd the old Gentleman; *I am not ſo ſoon ſoften'd at the Sight of Beauty. But do but ſee her, Sir,* reply'd *Octavio, and then perhaps you will be charm'd like me———You are a Fop, Sir,* reply'd *Sebaſtian, and if you would have me allow any Favour to your inchanting Lady, you muſt promiſe me firſt to abandon her, and marry the Widow of Monſieur——who is vaſtly rich, and whom I have ſo often recommended to you; ſhe loves you too, and tho' ſhe be not fair, ſhe has the beſt Fortune of any Lady in the* Netherlands. *On theſe Terms, Sir, I am for a Reconciliation with you, and will immediately go and deliver the fair Priſoner; and ſhe ſhall have her Liberty to go or ſtay, or do what ſhe pleaſe——and now, Sir, you know my Will and Pleaſure——Octavio* found it vain to purſue him any farther with his Petitions; only reply'd, it was wondrous hard and cruel. To which the old one reply'd; *'Tis what muſt be done, I have reſolv'd it, or my Eſtate in value above two hundred thouſand Pounds, ſhall be diſpoſed of to your Siſter, the Counteſs of* Clarinau: And this he ended with an Execration on himſelf if he did not do; and he was a Man that always was juſt to his Word.

Much more to this ungrateful Effect he ſpoke, and *Octavio* had Recourſe to all the Diſſimulation his generous Soul was capable of; and 'twas the firſt baſe thing, and ſure the laſt that ever he was guilty of. He promiſes his Uncle to obey all his Commands and Injunctions, ſince he would have it ſo; and only begg'd he might be permitted but one Viſit, to take his laſt leave of her: This was at firſt refuſed, but at laſt, provided he might hear what he ſaid to her, he would ſuffer him to go: *For,* ſaid the crafty old Man, (who knew too well the Cunning of Youth, *I will have no Tricks put upon me; I will not be outwitted by a young Knave:* This was the

worſt part of all; he knew, if he alone could ſpeak with her, they might have contriv'd, by handſome agreeing Flattery, to have accompliſh'd their Deſign; which was, firſt, by the Authority of the old Gentleman to have freed her from Confinement; and next, to have ſettled his Affairs in the beſt Poſture he could, and without valuing his Uncle's Fortune, his own being greater, he reſolv'd to go with her into *Flanders* or *Italy*; but his going with him to viſit her would prevent whatever they might reſolve: But ſince the Liberty of *Sylvia* was firſt to be conſider'd, he reſolves——ſince it muſt be ſo, and leaves the reſt to Time and his good Fortune. *Well then, Sir*, ſaid *Octavio*, *ſince you have reſolv'd your ſelf, to be a Witneſs of thoſe melancholy things, I ſhall poſſibly ſay to her, let us haſte to end the great Affair——— Hang it*, cry'd *Sebaſtian*, *if I go I ſhall abuſe the young Huſſie, or commit ſome Indecency that will not be ſuitable to good Manners———I hope you will, Sir* —— reply'd *Octavio———Whip 'em, whip 'em*, reply'd the Uncle, *I hate the young cozening Baggages, that wander about the World undoing young and extravagant Coxcombs; gots ſo they are naught, ſtark naught——Be ſure diſpatch as ſoon as you can; and——do you hear——let's have no Whining.* *Octavio*, overjoy'd he ſhould have her releas'd to Night, promis'd laviſhly all he was urg'd to; and his Coach being at the Gate they both went immediately to the Houſe of the Meſſenger; all the way the old Gentleman did nothing but rail againſt the Vices of the Age, and the Sins of Villainous Youth; the Snares of Beauty, and the Danger of witty Women; and of how ill Conſequences theſe were to a Common-wealth. He ſaid, if he were to make Laws, he would confine all young Women to Monaſteries, where they ſhould never ſee Man 'till Forty, and then come out and marry for Generation ſake, no more: For his part he had never ſeen the Beauty that yet could inſpire him with that ſilly thing call'd Love; and wonder'd what the Devil ail'd all the young Fellows of this Age that they talk'd of nothing elſe: At this rate they diſcours'd 'till they arriv'd at the Priſon, and calling

calling for the Meſſenger, he conducted them both to the Chamber of the fair Priſoner, who was laid on a Couch, near which ſtood a Table with two Candles, which gave a great Light to that part of the Room, and made *Sylvia* appear more fair than ever, if poſſible. She had not that Day been dreſs'd but in a rich Night-Gown, and Cornets of the moſt advantagious Faſhion: At his Approach ſhe bluſh'd (with a ſecret Joy, which never had poſſeſs'd her Soul for him before) and ſpread a thouſand Beauties round her fair Face: She was leaping with a tranſported Pleaſure to his Arms, when ſhe perceiv'd an old grave Perſon follow him into the Room; at which ſhe re-aſſum'd a Strangeneſs, a melancholy Languiſhment, which charm'd no leſs than her Gaiety. She approaches 'em with a modeſt Grace in her beautiful Eyes; and by the Reception *Octavio* gave her, ſhe found that reverend Perſon was his Uncle, or at leaſt ſome Body of Authority; and therefore aſſuming a Gravity unuſual, ſhe receiv'd 'em with all the Ceremony due to their Quality: And firſt ſhe addreſs'd her ſelf to the old Gentleman, who ſtood gazing at her, without Motion; at which ſhe was a little out of Countenance. When *Octavio* perceiving it, approach'd his Uncle and cry'd, *Sir, this is the Lady*——*Sebaſtian* ſtarting as from a Dream, cry'd——*Pardon me, Madam, I am a Fellow whom Age hath render'd leſs ceremonious than Youth: I have never yet been ſo happy as to have been us'd to a fair Lady. Women never took up one Minute of my more precious Time, but I have been a Satyr upon the whole Sex: And if my Treatment of you be rougher than your Birth and Beauty merits, I beſeech you*——*fair Creature, pardon it, ſince I come in order to do you Service. Sir,* reply'd *Sylvia* (bluſhing with Anger at the Preſence of a Man who had contributed to the having brought her to that Place) *I cannot but wonder at this ſudden Change of Goodneſs, in a Perſon to whom I am indebted for part of my Misfortune, and which I ſhall no longer eſteem as ſuch, ſince it has occaſion'd me a Happineſs, and an Honour, to which I could no other Way have arriv'd.* This laſt ſhe

ſpoke with uſual inſinuating Charms; the little Affectation of the Voice ſweeten'd to all the Tenderneſs it was poſſible to put on, and ſo eaſy and natural to *Sylvia:* And if before the old Gentleman were ſeiz'd with ſome unuſual Pleaſure, which before he never felt about his icy and inſenſible Heart, and which now began to thaw at the Fire of her Eyes——I ſay, if before he were ſurpriz'd with looking, what was he when ſhe ſpoke,—— with a Voice ſo ſoft, and an Air ſo bewitching? He was all Eyes and Ears, and had uſe of no other Senſe but what inform'd thoſe: He gazes upon her, as if he waited and liſten'd what ſhe would farther ſay, and ſhe ſtood waiting for his Reply, 'till aſham'd, ſhe turn'd her Eyes into her Boſom, and knew not how to proceed. *Octavio* views both by Turns, and knows not how to begin the Diſcourſe again, it being his Uncle's Cue to ſpeak: But finding him altogether mute —— he ſteps to him, and gently pull'd him by the Sleeve —— but finds no Motion in him; he ſpeaks to him, but in vain, for he could hear nothing but *Sylvia*'s charming Voice, nor ſaw nothing but her lovely Face, nor attended any thing but when ſhe would ſpeak again, and look that way. At this *Octavio* ſmil'd, and taking his Adorable by the Hand, he led her nearer her admiring Adverſary; whom ſhe approach'd with Modeſty and Sweetneſs in her Eyes, that the old Fellow, having never before beheld the like Viſion, was wholly vanquiſh'd, and his old Heart, burnt in the Socket, which being his laſt Blaze made the greater Fire. *Fine Lady,* cry'd he,——*or rather fine Angel, how is it I ſhall expiate for a Barbarity that nothing could be guilty of but the Brute, who had not learn'd Humanity from your Eyes: What Atonement can I make for my Sin; and how ſhall I be puniſh'd? Sir,* reply'd *Sylvia, if I can merit your Eſteem and Aſſiſtance, to deliver me from this cruel Confinement, I ſhall think of what's paſt as a Joy, ſince it renders me worthy of your Pity and Compaſſion. To anſwer you, Madam, were to hold you under this unworthy Roof too long; therefore let me convince you of my Service, by leading you to a Place more fit for ſo fair a Perſon.* And calling

calling for the Meſſenger, he ask'd him if he would take his Bail for his fair Priſoner; who reply'd, *Your Lordſhip may command all things:* So throwing him a little Purſe, about thirty Pounds in Gold, he bid him drink the Lady's Health; and without more Ceremony or Talk, led her to the Coach; and never ſo much as asking her whither ſhe would go, inſenſibly carries her, where he had a Mind to have her, to his own Houſe: This was a little Affliction to *Octavio*, who nevertheleſs durſt not ſay any thing to his Uncle, nor ſo much as ask him the Reaſon why: But being arriv'd all thither, he conducts her to a very fair Apartment, and bid her there command that World he could command for her: He gave her there a very magnificent Supper, and all three ſupp'd together, *Octavio* and *Sylvia* ſtill wondring what would be the Iſſue of this Buſineſs; for *Octavio* could not imagine that his Uncle, who was a ſingle Man, and a grave Senator, one fam'd for a Woman-Hater, a great Railer at the Vices of young Men, ſhould keep a fair young ſingle Woman in his Houſe: But it growing late, and no Preparation for her Departing, ſhe took the Courage to ſay——*Sir, I am ſo extreamly oblig'd to you, and have receiv'd ſo great a Favour from you, that I cannot flatter my ſelf 'tis for any Virtue in me, or merely out of Compaſſion to my Sex, that you have done this; but for ſome Body's ſake to whom I am more engag'd than I am aware of; and when you paſs'd your Parole for my Liberty, I am not ſo vain to think it was for my Sake; therefore pray inform me, Sir, how I can pay this Debt, and to whom; and who it is you require ſhould be bound for me, to ſave you harmleſs. Madam,* cry'd *Sebaſtian, tho' there need no greater Security than your own Innocence, yet leſt that Innocence ſhould not be ſufficient to guard you from the Outrage of a People approaching to Savages, I beg for your own Security, not mine, that you will make this Houſe your Sanctuary; my Power can ſave you from impending Harms; and all that I call mine, you ſhall command.* At this ſhe bluſhing bow'd, but durſt not make Reply to contradict him: She knew at leaſt that there ſhe was ſafe and well, free from

Fear

Fear of the Tyranny of the reſt, or any other Apprehenſion: 'Tis true ſhe found, by the Shyneſs of *Octavio* towards her before his Uncle, that ſhe was to manage her Amour with him by ſtealth, 'till they could contrive Matters more to their Advantage: She therefore finding ſhe ſhould want nothing, but as much of *Octavio*'s Converſation as ſhe deſir'd, ſhe begg'd he would give her leave to write a Note to her Page, who was a faithful ſober Youth, to bring her Jewels and what things ſhe had of Value to her, which ſhe did, and receiv'd thoſe and her Servants together, who found a perfect Welcome to the old Lover; but *Antonet* had like to have loſt her Place, but that *Octavio* pleaded for her, and ſhe herſelf confeſſing 'twas Love to the falſe *Brilliard* that made her do that fooliſh thing (in which ſhe vow'd ſhe thought no Harm, tho' it was like to have coſt her ſo dear) ſhe was again receiv'd into Favour: So that for ſome Days *Sylvia* found her ſelf very much at her Eaſe with the old Gentleman, and had no want of any thing but *Octavio's* Company: But ſhe had the Pleaſure to find by his Eyes and Sighs he wanted hers more: He dy'd every Day, and his fair Face faded like falling Roſes: Still ſhe was gay, for if ſhe had it not about her, ſhe aſſum'd it to keep him in Heart: She was not diſpleas'd to ſee the old Man on Fire too, and fancy'd ſome Diverſion from the Intrigue: But he concealed his Paſſion all he could, both to hide it from his Nephew, and becauſe he knew not what he ail'd: A ſtrange Change he found, a wonderous Diſorder in Nature, but could not give a Name to it, nor ſigh aloud for fear he ſhould be heard, and loſe his Reputation; eſpecially for this Woman, on whom he had rail'd ſo laviſhly. One Day therefore, after a Night of Torment very incommode to his Age, he takes *Octavio* into the Garden alone, telling him he had a great Secret to impart to him. *Octavio* gueſſing what it might be, put his Heart in as good order as he could to receive it: He at leaſt knew the worſt was but for him at laſt to ſteal *Sylvia* from him, if he ſhould be weak enough to dote on the young Charmer, and therefore reſolv'd to hear with Patience.

tience. But if he were prepar'd to attend, the other was not prepar'd to begin, and ſo both walk'd many ſilent Turns about the Garden. *Sebaſtian* had a Mind to ask a thouſand Queſtions of his Nephew, who he found, maugre all his Vows of deſerting *Sylvia*, had no Power of doing it: He had a Mind to urge him to marry the Widow, but durſt not now preſs it, tho' he us'd to do ſo, leſt he ſhould take it for Jealouſie in him; nor durſt he now forbid him ſeeing her, leſt he ſhould betray the Secrets of his Soul: He began every Moment to love him leſs, as he lov'd *Sylvia* more, and beholds him as an Enemy to his Repoſe, nay his very Life. At laſt the old Man (who thought if he brought his Nephew forth under Pretence of a Secret, and ſaid nothing to him, it would have look'd ill) began to ſpeak. *Octavio*, ſaid he, *I have hitherto found you ſo juſt in all you have ſaid, that 'twere a Sin to doubt you in what relates to* Sylvia. *You have told me ſhe is nobly born; and you have with infinite Imprecations convinc'd me ſhe is Virtuous; and laſtly, you have ſworn ſhe was not marry'd*——— At this he ſigh'd and paus'd, and left *Octavio* trembling with Fear of the Reſult: A thouſand times he was like to have deny'd all, but durſt not defame the moſt ſacred Idol of his Soul: Sometimes he thought his Uncle would be generous, and think it fit to give him *Sylvia*; but that Thought was too Seraphick to remain a Moment in his Heart. *Sir*, reply'd *Octavio*, *I own I ſaid ſo of* Sylvia, *and hope no Action ſhe has committed ſince ſhe had a Protection under your Roof has contradicted any thing I ſaid. No*, ſaid *Sebaſtian*, ſighing——and pauſing, as loath to ſpeak more: *Sir*, ſaid *Octavio*, *I ſuppoſe this is not the Secret you had to impart to me, for which you ſeparate me to this lonely Walk; fear not to truſt me with it, whatever it be, for I am ſo intirely your own, that I will grant, ſubmit, proſtrate my ſelf, and give up all my Will, Power, and Faculties to your Intereſt or Deſigns.* This incourag'd the old Lover, who reply'd ———*Tell me one Truth*, Octavio, *which I require of you, and I will deſire no more*———*Have not you had the Poſſeſſion of this fair Maid? You apprehend me.* Now it was that he fear'd what Deſign the Amorous old Gentleman

tleman had in his Head and Heart; and was at a loſs what to ſay, whether to give him ſome Jealouſie that he had known and poſſeſs'd her, and ſo prevent his Deſigns on her; or by ſaying he had not, to leave her defenceleſs to his Love. But on ſecond Thoughts, he could not reſolve to ſay any thing to the Diſadvantage of *Sylvia*, tho' to ſave his own Life; and therefore aſſur'd his Uncle he never durſt aſſume the Boldneſs to ask ſo rude a Queſtion of a Woman of her Quality: And much more he ſpoke to that purpoſe to convince him. That 'tis true he would have marry'd her, if he could have gain'd his Conſent; maugre all the Scandal that the malicious World had thrown upon her. But ſince he was poſitive in his Command for the Widow, he would bend his Mind to Obedience. *In that*, reply'd *Sebaſtian*, *you are Wiſe, and I am glad all your youthful Fires are blown over; and having once fixt you in the World as I deſign, I have reſolv'd on an Affair*——At this again he paus'd——*I am*, ſays he, *in Love*——*I think it is Love, or that which you call ſo: I cannot eat nor ſleep, nor even pray, but this fair Stranger interpoſes; or if by chance I ſlumber, all my Dreams are of her, I ſee her, I touch her, I embrace her, and find a Pleaſure even then, that all my waking Thoughts could never procure me. If I go to the State-houſe, I mind nothing there, my Heart's at home with the Young Gentlewoman; on the Change, or whereſoever I go, my reſtleſs Thoughts preſent her ſtill before me: And prithee tell me, is not this Love*, Octavio? *It may arrive to Love*, reply'd the bluſhing Youth, *if you would fondly give way to it: But you are Wiſe and Grave, ſhould hate all Women, Sir, 'till about Forty, and then for Generation only: You are above the Follies of vain Youth. And let me tell you, Sir, without offending, already you are charg'd with a thouſand little Vanities unſuitable to your Years, and the Character you have had, and the Figure you have made in the World. I heard a Lampoon on you the other Day*, ——*Pardon my Freedom, Sir, for keeping a Beauty in your Houſe, who they are pleas'd to ſay was my Miſtreſs before.* And pulling out a Lampoon, which his Page had before given him, he gave it his Uncle. But inſtead of making

him

him reſolve to quit *Sylvia*, it only ſerv'd to incenſe him againſt *Octavio*; he rail'd at all Wits, and ſwore there was not a more dangerous Enemy to a civil, ſober Common-wealth: That a Poet was to be baniſh'd as a Spy, or hang'd as a Traitor: That it ought to be as much againſt the Law to let 'em live, as to ſhoot with white Powder; and that to write Lampoons ſhould be put into the Statute againſt Stabbing. And could he find the Rogue that had the Wit to write that, he would make him a Warning to all the Race of that damnable Vermin; what to abuſe a Magiſtrate, one of the States, a very Monarch of the Common-wealth!—'twas abominable, and not to be borne, — and looking on his Nephew, —— and conſidering his Face a while, he cry'd —— *I fancy, Sir, by your Phyſiognomy, that you your ſelf have a Hand in this Libel:* At which *Octavio* bluſh'd, which he taking for Guilt, flew out into terrible Anger againſt him, not ſuffering him to ſpeak for himſelf, or clear his Innocence. And as he was going in this Rage from him, having forbidden him ever to ſet his Foot within his Doors, he told him, ——*If*, ſaid he, *the ſcandalous Town, from your Inſtructions, have ſuch Thoughts of me, I will convince it by marrying this fair Stranger the firſt thing I do: I cannot doubt but to find a Welcome, ſince ſhe is a baniſh'd Woman, without Friend or Protection; and eſpecially when ſhe ſhall ſee how civilly you have handled her here, in your Doggrel Ballad: I'll teach you to be a Wit, Sir; and ſo your humble Servant.*——And leaving him almoſt wild with his Fears, he went directly to *Sylvia*, where he told her his Nephew was going to make up the Match between himſelf and Madam the Widow of---and that he had made a ſcandalous Lampoon on her fair ſelf. He forgot nothing that might make her hate the amiable young Nobleman, whom ſhe knew too well to believe that any thing of this was other than the Effects of his own growing Paſſion for her. For tho' ſhe ſaw *Octavio* every Day, in this time ſhe had remain'd at his Uncle's, yet the old Lover ſo watch'd their very Looks, that 'twas impoſſible almoſt to tell one another's Heart by the Glance there. But *Octavio* had once

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in this time convey'd a Letter to her, which having Opportunity to do, he put it into her Comb-box, when he was with his Uncle one Day in her Dreſſing-room; for he durſt not truſt her Page, and leſs *Antonet*, who had before betray'd 'em: And having for *Sylvia*'s Releaſe ſo ſolemnly ſworn to his Uncle, (to which Vows he took Religious Care to keep him,) he had ſo perfect an Awe upon his Spirits from every Look and Command of his Uncle's, he took infinite heed how he gave him any Umbrage by any Action of his; and the rather becauſe he hop'd when time ſhould ſerve to bring about his Buſineſs of ſtealing *Sylvia* from him, for ſhe was kept and guarded like a mighty Heireſs; ſo that by this prudent Management on both ſides, they heighten'd the growing Love in every Heart. In that Billet which he dropt in her Comb-box, he did not only make ten thouſand Vows of Eternal Paſſion and Faith, and beg the ſame Aſſurance of her again; but told her he was ſecur'd (ſo well he thought of her) from fears of his Uncle's Addreſſes to her, and begg'd ſhe would not let 'em perplex her, but rather ſerve her for her Diverſion; that ſhe ſhould from time to time write him all he ſaid to her, and how he treated her when alone; and that ſince the old Lover was ſo watchful, ſhe ſhould not truſt her Letters with any Body; but as ſhe walk'd into the Garden, ſhe ſhould in paſſing thro' the Hall, put her Letter in at the broken Glaſs of an old Sedan that ſtood there, and had ſtood for ſeveral Years; and that his own Page, whom he could truſt, ſhould, when he came with him to his Uncles, take it from thence. Thus every Day they writ, and received the deareſt Returns in the World; where all the Satisfaction that Vows oft repeated could give, was rendred each other; with an Account from *Sylvia* that was very pleaſant, of all the Paſſion of the Doting old *Sebaſtian*, the Preſents he made her, the Fantaſtick Youth he would aſſume, and unuſual manner of his Love, which was a great Diverſion to both; and this Difficulty of ſpeaking to *Sylvia*, and entertaining her with Love, tho' it had its Pains, had its infinite

infinite Pleaſure too; it increas'd their Love on both ſides, and all their Wiſhes. But now by this laſt Baniſhment from the Houſe where ſhe was, to loſe that only Pleaſure of beholding the Adorable Maid, gave him all the Pains, without the Hope of one Pleaſure; and he began to fear he ſhould have a World of Difficulty to ſecure the dear Object of his continual Thoughts: He found no way to ſend to her, and dreads all his malicious Uncle and Rival may ſay to his Diſadvantage: He dreads even that infinite Tenderneſs and Eſteem he had for the good old Man, who had been ſo fond a Parent to him; leſt even that ſhould make him unwilling to uſe that Extremity againſt him in the regaining *Sylvia*, which he would uſe to any other Man. Oh, how he curſes the fatal Hour that ever he implor'd his Aid for her Releaſe; and having overcome all Difficulties, even that of his Fears of *Philander*, (from whom they had receiv'd no Letter in two Months) and that of *Sylvia*'s Diſdain, and had eſtabliſh'd himſelf in her Soul and her Arms; he ſhould, by employing his Uncle's Authority for *Sylvia*'s Service, be ſo unfortunate to involve 'em into new Dangers and Difficulties, of which he could foreſee no other End, than that which muſt be fatal to ſome of 'em. But he believ'd half his Torture would be eas'd, could he but write to *Sylvia*, for ſee her he could not hope: He bethought himſelf of a way at laſt.

His Uncle had belonging to his Houſe the moſt fine Garden of any in that Province, where thoſe things are not much eſteem'd, in which the old Gentleman took wonderful Delight, and kept a Gardener and his Family in a little Houſe at the farther end of the Garden, on purpoſe to look to it and dreſs it. This Man had a very great Veneration for *Octavio*, whom he call'd his Young Lord. Sure of the Fidelity of this Gardener, when it was dark enough to conceal him, he wrapt himſelf in his Cloak, and got him thither by a back way, where with Preſents, he ſoon won thoſe to his Intereſt, who would before have been commanded by him in any Service. He had a little clean Room, and ſome little *French* Novels which he brought; and there he was as well conceal'd as if he had been

been at the *Indies*, he left Word at home that he was gone out of the Town. He knew well enough that *Sylvia*'s Lodgings look'd that way; and when it was Dark enough he walk'd under her Window, 'till he saw a Candle lighted in *Sylvia*'s Bed-Chamber, which was as great a Joy to him as the Star that guides the Traveller or wandring Seaman, or the Lamp at *Sestos*, that guided the ravish'd Lover o'er the *Hellespont*. And by that time he could imagine all in Bed, he made a little Noise with a Key on the Pummel of his Sword; but whether *Sylvia* heard it or not I cannot tell, but she anon came to the Window, and putting up the Sash, lean'd on her Arms and look'd into the Garden. Oh! who but he himself that lov'd so well as *Octavio*, can express the Transports he was in at the Sight? which more from the Light within than that without, he saw was the lovely *Sylvia*; whom calling softly by her Name, answer'd him as if she knew the welcome Voice, and cry'd,——*Who's there*, Octavio? She was soon answer'd, you may imagine. And they began the most endearing Conversation that ever Love could dictate. He complains on his Fate that sets 'em at that distance, and she pities him. He makes a Thousand Doubts, and she undeceives 'em all. He fears; and she convinces his Error, and is impatient at his Suspicions. She will not indure him to question a Heart that has given him so many Proofs of its Tenderness and Graditude: She tells him her own Wishes, how soft and fervent they are; and assures him, he is extreambly oblig'd to her—— *Since for you——my Charming Friend*, said she to *Octavio*, *I have refus'd this Night to marry your Uncle; have a care*, said she, smiling, *how you treat me, lest I revenge my self on you; become your Aunt, and bring Heirs to the Estate you have a Right to: The Writings of all which I have now in my Chamber, and which were but just now laid at my Feet, and which I cannot yet get him to receive back. And to oblige me to a Compliance, has told me how you have deceived me, by giving your self to another, and exposing me in Lampoons.*—— To this *Octavio* would have reply'd, but she assur'd him she needed no Argument to convince her of the

the Falſhood of all. He ſighs and told her, all ſhe ſaid tho' dear and charming, was not ſufficient to eaſe his Heart, for he foreſaw a World of Hazard to get her from thence, and Miſchiefs if ſhe remain'd; inſomuch that he caus'd the Tears to flow from the fair Eyes of *Sylvia*, with the Reflections on her rigid Fortune. And ſhe cry'd, *Oh, my* Octavio! *what ſtrange Fate or Stars rul'd my Birth, that I ſhould be born to the Ruin of what I love, or of thoſe that love me?* At this rate they paſs'd the Night, ſometimes more ſoft, ſometimes encouraging one another; but the laſt Reſult was to contrive the means of eſcaping. He fancy'd ſhe might eaſily do it by the Garden from that Window: But that he was not ſure he could truſt the Gardener ſo far, who in all things would ſerve him, in which his Lord and Maſter was not injured; and he, amongſt the reſt of the Servants, had Orders not to ſuffer *Sylvia* out of the Garden, for which Reaſon he kept a ſtrict Guard on that Back-door. Some way muſt be found out which yet was not, and was left to time. He told her where he was, and that he would not ſtir from thence, 'till he were ſecur'd of her Flight: And Day coming on, tho' loath, yet for fear of Eyes and Ears that might ſpy upon 'em, he retir'd to his little Lodging, and *Sylvia* to Bed; after giving and receiving a thouſand Vows and Farewels. The next Night he came to the ſame Place, but inſtead of entertaining her——he only ſaw her ſoftly put up the Saſh a little, and throw ſomething white out of the Window and retire. He was wondring at the meaning, but taking up what was thrown down, he found and ſmelt it was *Sylvia*'s Handkerchief, in which was ty'd up a *Billet:* He went to his little Lodging and read it.

SYLVIA *to* OCTAVIO.

GO from my Window, my adorable Friend, and be not afflicted that I do not entertain you as I had the Joy to do laſt Night, for both our Voices were heard by ſome one that lodges below; and tho' your Uncle could not tell me any part of our Converſation, yet he heard I talk'd to ſome body: I have perſuaded him the

Fellow dream'd who gave him this Intelligence, and he is almoſt ſatisfy'd he did ſo; however hazard not thy dear ſelf any more ſo, but let me loſe for a while the greateſt Happineſs this Earth can afford me (in the Circumſtances of our Fortunes) rather than expoſe what is dearer to me than Life or Honour: Pity the Fate I was born to, and expect all things from

Your SYLVIA.

I will wait at the Window for your Anſwer, and let you down a Ribband, by which I will draw it up: But as you love me do not ſpeak.

He had no ſooner read this, but he went to write an Anſwer, which was this.

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA

COmplain not, thou Goddeſs of my Vows, on the Fate thou wert born to procure to all Mankind; but thank Heav'n for having receiv'd ten thouſand Charms that can recompenſe all the Injuries you ſo unwillingly do us: And who would not implore his Ruin from all the angry Powers, if in return they would give him ſo glorious a Reward? Who would not be undone to all the trifling Honours of the miſtaken World, to find himſelf, in lieu of all, poſſeſs'd of the raviſhing *Sylvia?* But oh! where is that preſumptuous Man, that can at the Price of all lay Claim to ſo vaſt a Bleſſing? Alas, my *Sylvia*, even while I dare call you mine, I am not that hoping Slave, no not after all the valu'd dear things you have ſaid and vow'd to me laſt Night in the Garden, welcome to my Soul as Life after a Sentence of Death, or Heav'n after Life is ended. But, oh *Sylvia!* all this even all you utter'd from your dear Mouth is not ſufficient to ſupport me: Alas, I die for *Sylvia*; I am not able to bear the cruel Abſence longer, therefore without Delay aſſiſt me to contrive your Eſcape, or I ſhall die, and leave you to the Ravage of his Love who holds thee from me; the very

very Thoughts of that is worſe than Death. I die, alas, I die, for an intire Poſſeſſion of thee: Oh let me graſp my Treaſure, let me ingroſs it all, here in my longing Arms. I can no longer languiſh at this Diſtance from my cruel Joy, my Life, my Soul! But oh I rave, and while I ſhould be ſpeaking a thouſand uſeful things, I am telling you my Pain, a Pain that you may gueſs; and confounding my ſelf between thoſe and their Remedies, am able to fix on nothing. Help me to think, oh my dear charming Creature, help me to think how I ſhall bear thee off! Take your own Meaſures, flatter him with Love; ſooth him to Faith and Confidence, and then—oh pardon me, if there be Baſeneſs in the Action——then——cozen him——deceive him——any thing——for he deſerves it all that thinks that lovely Body was form'd for his Embraces, whom Age has render'd fitter for a Grave. Form any Plots, uſe every Stratagem to ſave the Life of

Your OCTAVIO.

He writ this in Haſte and Diſorder, as you may plainly ſee by the Style, and went to the Window with it, where he found *Sylvia* leaning expecting him: The Saſhes were up, and he toſs'd it in the Handkerchief into her Window: She read it, and writ an Anſwer back as ſoft as Love could form, to ſend him pleas'd to Bed; wherein ſhe commanded him to hope all things from her Wit and induſtrious Love.

This had partly the Effects ſhe wiſh'd, and after kiſſing his Hand, and throwing it up towards *Sylvia*, they parted as ſilent as the Night from Day, which was now juſt dividing——ſo long they ſtay'd, tho' but to look at each other; ſo that all the Morning was paſs'd in Bed to make the Day ſeem ſhorter, which was too tedious to both: This Pleaſure he had after Noon, towards the Evening, that when *Sylvia* walk'd, as ſhe always did in the Garden, he could ſee her through the Glaſs of his Window, but durſt not open it; for the old Gentleman was ever with her. In this time *Octavio* fail'd not how-

ever to eſſay the good Nature of the Gardener in order to *Sylvia*'s Flight, but found there was no dealing with him in this Affair; and therefore durſt not come right down to the Point: The next Night he came under the belov'd Window again, and found the ſacred Object of his Wiſhes leaning in the Window expecting him: To whom, as ſoon as ſhe heard his Tread on the Gravel, ſhe threw down a Handkerchief again, which he took up, and toſs'd his own with a ſoft complaining Letter to entertain her 'till his Return; for he haſted to read hers, and ſwept the Garden as he paſs'd as ſwift as Wind; ſo impatient he was to ſee the Inſide——which he found thus:

SYLVIA *to* OCTAVIO.

I Beg, my charming Friend, you will be aſſur'd of all I have promis'd you; and to believe that but for the Pleaſure of thoſe dear Billets I receive from you, I could as little ſupport this cruel Confinement as you my Abſence. I have but one Game to play, and I beſeech you not to be ſurpriz'd at it, 'tis to promiſe to marry *Sebaſtian:* He is eternally at my Feet, and either I muſt give him my Vow to become his Wife, or give him hope of other Favours. I am ſo entirely yours, that I will be guided by you which I ſhall flatter him in to gain my Liberty, for if I grant either he has propos'd to carry me to his Countrey-houſe, two Leagues from the Town, and there conſummate whatever I deſign to bleſs him with; and this is it that has wrought my Conſent, that we being to go alone, only my own Servants, you may eaſily take me thence by Force upon the Road, or after our Arrival, where he will not guard me perhaps ſo ſtrictly as he does here: For that, I leave it to your Conduct, and expect your Anſwer to your impatient

SYLVIA.

He immediately ſate down, and writ this:

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA.

HAVE a care, my charming Fair, how you play with Vows; and however you are forc'd, for that religious End of ſaving your Honour, to deceive the poor old Lover, whom, by Heav'n I pity; yet rather let me die than know you can be guilty of Vow-Breach, tho' made in jeſt. I am well pleas'd at the Glimpſe of Hope you give me, that I ſhall ſee you at *his Villa*; and doubt not but to find a Way to ſecure you to my ſelf: Say any thing, promiſe to ſacrifice all to his Deſire; but oh, do not give away thy dear, thy precious ſelf by Vow, to any but the languiſhing

OCTAVIO.

After he had writ this, he haſted, and throws it into her Window, and return'd to Bed without ſeeing her, which was no ſmall Affliction to his Soul: He had an ill Night of it, and fancy'd a thouſand tormenting things; that the old Gentleman, might then be with her; and if alone, what might he not perſuade, by force of rich Preſents, of which his Uncle was well ſtor'd: And ſo he gueſs'd, and as he gueſs'd *it* prov'd, as by his next Night's Letter he was inform'd, that the old Lover no ſooner ſaw *Sylvia* retire, but having a Mind to try his Fortune in ſome critical Minute——for ſuch a Minute he had heard there was that favour'd Lovers; but he goes to his Cloſet, and taking out ſome Jewels of great Value, to make himſelf the more welcome, he goes directly to *Sylvia*'s Chamber, and enter'd juſt as ſhe had taken up *Octavio*'s Letter, and clap'd it in her Boſom as ſhe heard ſome body at the Door; but was not in a little Confuſion, when ſhe ſaw who it was, which ſhe excus'd, by telling him ſhe was ſurpriz'd to find her ſelf with a Man in her Chamber. That there he fell to pleading his Cauſe of Love, and offer'd her again to ſettle his Eſtate upon her, and implor'd ſhe would be his Wife. After a thouſand faint Denials, ſhe told him ſhe could not poſſibly receive that

Honour, but if ſhe could, ſhe would have look'd upon it as a great Favour from Heav'n; at that he was Thunder-ſtruck, and look'd as ghaſtly as if his Mother's Ghoſt had frighten'd him, and after much Debate, Love and Grief on his ſide, Deſign and Diſſimulation on hers, ſhe gave him Hopes that aton'd for all ſhe had before ſaid; inſomuch that before they parted an abſolute Bargain was ſtruck up, and he was to ſettle part of his Eſtate upon her, as alſo that *Villa*, to which he had reſolv'd in two Days to carry her; in earneſt of this he preſents her a Necklace of Pearl of good Value, and other Jewels, which was the beſt Rhetorick he had yet ſpoke to her; and now ſhe appear'd the moſt complaiſant Lady in the World, ſhe ſuffers him to talk wantonly to her, nay even to kiſs her, and rub his griſly Beard on her Divine Face, graſp her Hands and touch her Breaſt; a Bleſſing he had never before arriv'd to with any Body above the Quality of his own Servant-Maid. To all which ſhe makes the beſt Reſiſtance ſhe can, under the Circumſtances of one who was to deceive well; and while ſhe loths ſhe ſeems well pleas'd, while the gay Jewels ſparkled in her Eyes and *Octavio* in her Heart; ſo fond is Youth of Vanities, and to purchaſe an Addition of Beauty at any Price. Thus with her pretty Flatteries ſhe wrought upon his Soul, and ſmil'd and look'd him into Faith; loath to depart, ſhe ſends him pleas'd away, and having her Heart the more inclin'd to *Octavio* by being perſecuted with his Uncle's Love (for by Compariſon ſhe finds the mighty Difference) ſhe ſets her ſelf to write him the Account of what I have related; this Night's Adventure, and Agreement between his Uncle and her ſelf. She tells him that to Morrow, for now 'twas almoſt Day, ſhe had promis'd him to go to his *Villa*: She tells him at what Rate ſhe has purchas'd the Bleſſing expected; and laſtly, leaves the Management of the reſt to him, who needs not to be inſtructed. This Letter he receiv'd the next Night at the old Place, and *Sylvia* with it lets down a Velvet Night-Bag, which contain'd all the Jewels and things of Value ſhe had receiv'd of himſelf, his Uncle, or any other:

After

After which he retir'd, and was pretty well at eaſe, with the Imagination he ſhould e'er long be made happy in the Poſſeſſion of *Sylvia*: In order to it the next Morning he was early up, and dreſſing himſelf in a great coarſe Campaign-Coat of the Gard'ner's, putting up his Hair as well as he could under a Country-Hat, he got on a Horſe that ſuited his Habit, and rides to the *Villa*, whither they were to come, and which he knew perfectly well every Room of, for there our Hero was born. He went to a little *Caberet* in the Village, from whence he could ſurvey all the great Houſe, and ſee every body that paſs'd in and out: He remain'd fix'd at the Window, fill'd with a thouſand Agitations; this he had reſolv'd, not to ſet upon the good old Man as a Thief or Robber; nor could he find in his Heart or Nature to injure him, tho' but in a little affrighting him, who had given him ſo many anxious Hours, and who had been ſo unjuſt to deſire that Bleſſing himſelf he would not allow him; and to believe that Virtue in himſelf which he exclaim'd againſt as ſo great a Vice in his Nephew; nevertheleſs he reſolv'd to deceive him, to ſave his own Life. And he wanted that nice part of Generoſity, as to ſatisfy a little unneceſſary Luſt in an old Man, to ruin the eternal Content of a young one ſo nearly ally'd to his Soul, as was his own dear proper Perſon. While he was thus conſidering he ſaw his Uncle's Coach coming, and *Sylvia* with that doting Lover in it, who was that Day dreſs'd in all the Fopperies of Youth, and every thing was young and gay about him but his Perſon, that was Winter itſelf, diſguis'd in artificial Spring; and he was altogether a mere Contradiction: But who can gueſs the Diſorders and Pantings of *Octavio*'s Heart at the Sight; and tho' he had reſolv'd before, he would not to ſave his Life lay violent Hands on his old Parent; yet at their Approach, at their preſenting themſelves together before his Eyes as two Lovers going to betray him to all the Miſeries, Pangs and Confuſions of Love, going to poſſeſs——her, the dear Object and certain Life of his Soul, and ſhe the Parent of him, to whom ſhe had diſpos'd of her ſelf ſo intirely already,

he was provok'd to break from all his Reſolutions, and with one of thoſe two Piſtols he had in his Pockets, to have ſent unerring Death to his old amorous Heart: But that Thought was no ſooner born than ſtifled in his Soul, where it met with all the Senſe of Gratitude that ever could preſent the tender Love and dear Care of a Parent there; and the Coach paſſing into the Gate put him upon new Deſigns, and before they were finiſh'd he ſaw *Sylvia*'s Page coming from the Houſe, after ſeeing his Lady to her Apartment, and being ſhew'd his own, where he laid his Vallice and Riding-things, and was now come out to look about a Countrey where he had never been before. *Octavio* goes down and meets him, and ventures to make himſelf known to him: And ſo infinitely glad was the Youth to have an Opportunity to ſerve him, that he vow'd he would not only do it with his Life, on Occaſion, but believ'd he could do it effectually, ſince the old Gentleman had no ſort of Jealouſie now; eſpecially ſince they had ſo prudently managed Matters in this time of his Lady's remaining at *Sebaſtian's* Houſe. *So that, Sir, it will not be difficult,* ſays the generous Boy, *for me to convey you to my Lodging, when it is dark.* He told him his Lady caſt many a longing Look out towards the Road as ſhe paſs'd, *for you, I am ſure my Lord* ——— *for ſhe had told both my ſelf and* Antonet *of her Deſign before, leaſt our Surprize or Reſiſtance ſhould prevent any Force you might uſe on the Road, to take her from my Lord* Sebaſtian: *She ſigh'd and look'd on me as ſhe alighted, with Eyes, my Lord, that told me her Grief for your Diſappointment.* You may eaſily imagine how tranſported the poor *Octavio* was; he kiſs'd and imbrac'd the amiable Boy a thouſand times; and taking a Ring from his Finger of conſiderable Value, gave it the dear Reviver of his Hopes. *Octavio* already knew the Strength of the Houſe, which conſiſted but of a Gard'ner, whoſe Wife was Houſe-keeper, and their Son, who was his Father's Servant in the Garden, and their Daughter, who was a ſort of Maid-ſervant: And they had brought only the Coach-man, and one Foot-man, who were likely

ly to be merrily imploy'd in the Kitchen at Night when all got to Supper together. I ſay, *Octavio* already knew this, and there was now nothing that oppos'd his Wiſhes: So that diſmiſſing the dear Boy, he remain'd the reſt of the tedious Day at the *Caberet*; the moſt impatient of Night of any Man on Earth: And when the Boy appear'd it was like the Approach of an Angel. He told him his Lady was the moſt melancholy Creature that ever Eyes beheld, and that to conceal the Cauſe, ſhe had feign'd her ſelf ill, and had not ſtirr'd from her Chamber all the Day: That the old Lover was perpetually with her, and the moſt concern'd Dotard that ever *Cupid* enſlav'd: That he had ſo wholly taken up his Lady with his diſagreeable Entertainment, that it was impoſſible either by a Look or Note to inform her of his being ſo near her, whom ſhe conſider'd as her preſent Defender, and her future Happineſs. *But this Evening*, continu'd the Youth, *as I was waiting on her at Supper, ſhe ſpy'd the Ring on my Finger, which, my Lord, your Bounty made me Maſter of this Morning. She bluſh'd a thouſand times and fix'd her Eyes upon it, for ſhe knew it, and was impatient to have ask'd me ſome Queſtions, but contain'd her Words: And after that I ſaw a Joy dance in her lovely Eyes, that told me, ſhe divin'd you were not far from thence. Therefore I beſeech your Lordſhip let us haſte.* So both went out together, and the Page conducted him into a Chamber he better knew than the Boy, while every Moment he receives Intelligence how Affairs went in that of *Sylvia*'s by the Page, who leaving *Octavio* there went out as a Spy for him. In fine, with much ado, *Sylvia* perſuaded her old Lover to urge her for no Favours that Night, for ſhe was indiſpos'd and unfit for Love; yet ſhe perſuades with ſuch an Air, ſo ſmiling and inſinuating, that ſhe increaſes the Fire ſhe endeavour'd to allay: But he, who was all Obedience as well as new Deſire, reſolves to humour her, and ſhew the perfect Gallantry of his Love; he promiſes her ſhe ſhall command: And after that never was the old Gentleman ſeen in ſo excellent a Humour before in the whole Courſe of

his

his Life; a certain Lightning againſt a Storm that muſt be fatal to him. He was no ſooner gone from her, with a Promiſe to go to Bed and Sleep, that he might be the earlier up to ſhow her the fine Gardens which ſhe lov'd, but ſhe ſends *Antonet* to call the Page, from whom ſhe long'd to know ſomething of *Octavio*, and was ſure he could inform her. But ſhe was undreſſing while ſhe ſpoke, and got into her Bed before ſhe left her: But *Antonet*, inſtead of bringing the ſighing Youth, brought the tranſported and raviſh'd *Octavio*, who had by this time pull'd off his coarſe Campaign, and put down his Hair. He fell breathleſs with Joy on her Bedſide; when *Antonet*, who knew that Love deſir'd no Lookers on, retir'd, and left *Octavio* almoſt dead with Joy, in the claſping Arms of the trembling Maid, the lovely *Sylvia*. Oh, who can gueſs their Satisfaction? who can gueſs their Sighs and Love, their tender Words half ſtifled in Kiſſes? Lovers! fond Lovers! only can imagine; to all beſides this Tale will be inſipid. He now forgets where he is, that not far off lay his amorous Uncle, that to be found there was Death and ſomething worſe; but wholly raviſh'd with the languiſhing Beauty, taking his Piſtols out of either Pocket, he lays them on a Dreſſing-table near the Bed-ſide, and in a Moment throws off his Cloaths, and gives himſelf up to all the Heav'n of Love that lay ready to receive him there, without thinking of any thing but the vaſt Power of eithers Charms. They lay and forgot the haſty Hours, but old *Sebaſtian* did not. They were all counted by him with the Impatience of a Lover: He burnt, he rag'd with fierce Deſire, and toſt from Side to Side and found no Eaſe; *Sylvia* was preſent in Imagination, and he like *Tantalus* reaches at the Food, which, tho' in view, is not within his reach: He would have pray'd, but he had no Devotion for any Deity but *Sylvia*; he roſe and walk'd, and went to Bed again, and found himſelf uneaſy every way. A Thouſand times he was about to go, and try what Opportunity would do in the dark ſilent Night——but fears her Rage——he

fears

fears ſhe'll chide at leaſt; then he reſolves and unreſolves as faſt: Unhappy Lover——thus to blow the Fire when there were no Materials to ſupply it; at laſt overcome with fierce Deſire, too violent to be withſtood, or rather Fate would have it ſo ordain'd, he ventures all, and ſteals to *Sylvia*'s Chamber, believing when ſhe found him in her Arms ſhe could not be diſpleas'd; or if ſhe were, that was the ſureſt Place of Reconciliation: So that only putting his Night-Gown about him, he went ſoftly to her Chamber for fear of waking her: The unthinking Lovers had left open the Door, ſo that it was hardly put to; and the firſt Alarm was *Octavio*'s Hand being ſeiz'd, which was claſping his Treaſure. He ſtarts from the frighted Arms of *Sylvia*, and leaping from the Bed would have eſcap'd, for he knew too well the Touch of that old Hand; but *Sebaſtian*, wholly ſurpriz'd at ſo robuſt a Repulſe, took moſt unfortunately a ſtronger Hold, and laying both his Hands roughly upon him, with a Reſolution to know who he was, for he felt his Hair; and *Octavio* ſtruggling at the ſame Minute to get from him, they both fell againſt the Dreſſing-Table, threw down the Piſtols; in their Fall one of which going off, ſhot the unfortunate old Lover into the Head, ſo that he never ſpoke Word more: At the going off of the Piſtol, *Sylvia*, who had not minded thoſe *Octavio* laid on the Table, cry'd out——*Oh my* Octavio! *My deareſt Charmer*, reply'd he, *I'm well*——And feeling on the dead Body, which he wonder'd had no longer Motion, he felt Blood flowing round it, and ſighing cry'd—— *Ah* Sylvia! *I'm undone*——*My Uncle*——*Oh my Parent*——*Speak, Dear Sir! Oh! what unlucky Accident has done this fatal Deed?* *Sylvia*, who was very ſoft by Nature, was extreamly ſurpris'd, and frighten'd at the News of a dead Man in her Chamber, ſo that ſhe was ready to run mad with the Apprehenſion of it: She rav'd and tore her ſelf, and expreſs'd her Fright in Cries and Diſtraction; ſo that *Octavio* was compell'd from one charitable Grief to another. He goes to her and comforts her, and tells, ſince 'tis by no Deſign of either of them, their Innocence will be their Guardian

Angel

Angel. He tells her all their Fault was Love, which made him ſo heedleſly fond of Joys with her, he ſtaid to reap thoſe when he ſhould have ſecur'd 'em by Flight. He tells her this is now no Place to ſtay in, and that he would put on her Cloaths and fly with her to ſome ſecure Part of the World; *For who*, ſaid he, *that finds this poor Unfortunate here, will not charge his Death on me or thee.* —— *Haſte then, my deareſt Maid, haſte, haſte, and let us fly* ——— So dreſſing her he led her into *Antonet*'s Chamber, and conjur'd her to ſay nothing of the Accident, while he went to ſee which way they could get out. So locking the Chamber-door where the dead Body lay, which by this time was ſtiff and cold, he lock'd that alſo of his Uncle's Chamber, and calling the Page they all got themſelves ready; and putting two Horſes in the Coach, they unſeen and unperceiv'd got themſelves all out: The Servants having drunk hard at their meeting in the Country laſt Night were all too ſound aſleep to underſtand any thing of what paſs'd. It being now about the Break of Day, *Octavio* was the Coach-man, and the Page riding by the Coach-ſide, while *Sylvia* and *Antonet* were in it, they in an Hour's time reach'd the Town, where *Octavio* pack'd up all that was carriagable; took his own Coach and Six Horſes; left his Affairs to the Management of a Kinſman that dwelt with him, took Bills to the Value of two thouſand Pounds, and immediately left the Town, after receiving ſome Letters that came laſt Night by the Poſt, one of which was from *Philander*; and indeed this new Grief upon *Octavio*'s Soul made him the moſt dejected and melancholy Man in the World, inſomuch that he, who never wept for any thing but for Love, was often found with Tears rolling down his Cheeks, at the remembrance of an Accident ſo deplorable, and of which he and his unhappy Paſſion was the Cauſe, tho' innocently: Yet could not the dire Reflection of that, nor the loſs of ſo tender a Parent as was *Sebaſtian*, leſſen one Spark of that Fire for *Sylvia*, whoſe unfortunate Flame had been ſo fatal. While they were ſafe out of Danger, the Servants of *Sebaſtian* admir'd when ten, eleven and twelve a Clock was come, they

ſaw

ſaw neither the old Lord nor any of the new Gueſts. But when the Coach-man miſs'd his Coach and Horſes he was in a greater maze, and thought ſome Body had ſtollen 'em, and accuſing himſelf of Sluggiſhneſs and Debauchery, that made him not able to hear when the Coach went out, he forſwore all Drinking. But when the Houſe-keeper and he met and diſcourſed about the Lady and the reſt, they concluded that the old Gentleman and ſhe were agreed upon the matter; and being got to Bed together had quite forgot themſelves; and made a thouſand Roguiſh Remarks upon 'em. They believ'd the Maid and the Page too were as well employ'd, ſince they ſaw neither. But when Dinner was ready ſhe went up to the Maid's Chamber and found it empty, as alſo that of the Page; her Heart then preſaging ſomething, ſhe ventures to knock at her Lord's Chamber-door, but finding it lock'd, and none anſwer, they broke it open; and after doing the ſame by that of *Sylvia*, they found the poor *Sebaſtian* ſtretched on the Floor and ſhot in the Head, the Toilet pull'd almoſt down, and the Lock of the Piſtol hanging in the point of the Toilet intangled, and the Muzzle of it juſt againſt the Wound. At firſt when they ſaw him they fancy'd *Sylvia* might kill him, for either offering to come to Bed to her in the Night, or for ſome other Malicious end. But when they ſaw how the Piſtol lay they fancy'd it Accident in the Dark; *For*, ſaid the Woman——*I and my Daughter have been up ever ſince Day-break, and I'm ſure no ſuch thing happened then, nor could they ſince eſcape:* And it being natural in *Holland* to cry, *Loop Schellum*, that is, Run Rogue, to him that is alive, and who has kill'd another; and for every Man to ſet a helping Hand to bear him out of Danger, thinking it too much that one's already dead: I ſay, this being the Nature of the People, they never purſu'd the Murderers or fled Perſons, but ſuffer'd *Sebaſtian* to lie 'till the Coroner ſate upon him, who found it, or at leaſt thought it, Accident; and there was all for that time. But this, with all the reaſonable Circumſtances, did not ſatisfie the *States*. Here is one of their High and Mightie's kill'd, a fair Lady fled, and upon

on Enquiry a fine Young Fellow too, the Nephew: All knew they were Rivals in this fair Lady; all knew there were Animoſities between them; all knew *Octavio* was abſconded ſome Days before; ſo that, upon Conſideration, they concluded he was murder'd by Compact; and the rather, becauſe they wiſh'd it ſo in ſpight to *Octavio*; and becauſe both he and *Sylvia* were fled like guilty Perſons. Upon this they make a Seizure of both his and his Uncle's Eſtate to the uſe of the *States*. Thus the beſt and moſt glorious Man that ever grac'd that part of the World was undone by Love. While *Sylvia* with Sighs and Tears would often ſay, *That ſure ſhe was born the Fate of all that ador'd her, and no Man ever thriv'd that had a Deſign upon her, or a Pretenſion to her.*

Thus between Exceſs of Grief and Exceſs of Love, which indeed lay veil'd in the firſt, they arriv'd at *Bruxells*; where *Octavio*, having News of the Proceedings of the *States* againſt him, reſolving rather to loſe his Life, than tamely to ſurrender his Right, he went forth in order to take ſome Care about it: And in theſe Extreams of a troubled Mind he had forgot to read *Philander*'s Letters, but gave 'em to *Sylvia* to peruſe, 'till he return'd, beſeeching and conjuring her, by all the Charms of Love, not to ſuffer her ſelf to be afflicted, but now to conſider ſhe was wholly his; and ſhe could not, and ought not to rob him of a Sigh or Tear for any other Man. For they had concluded to marry as ſoon as *Sylvia* ſhould be deliver'd from that Part of *Philander* of which ſhe was poſſeſs'd. Therefore beholding her intirely his own, of whom ſhe was ſo fondly tender, he could not indure the Wind ſhould blow on her, and kiſs her lovely Face: Jealous of even the Air ſhe breath'd, he was ever putting her in Mind of whoſe and what ſhe was; and ſhe ever giving him new Aſſurances that ſhe was only *Octavio*'s. The laſt Part of his ill News he conceal'd from her; that of the Uſage of the *States*. He was ſo intirely careful of her Fame, that he had two Lodgings, one moſt magnificent for her, another for himſelf; and only viſited her all the live-long Day. And being now retir'd from her, ſhe whoſe Love and Curioſity grew leſs every Day

for

for the falſe *Philander*, open'd his Letter with a Sigh of departed Love, and read this.

PHILANDER *to* OCTAVIO.

SURE of your Friendſhip, my dear *Octavio*, I venture to lay before you the Hiſtory of my Misfortunes, as well as thoſe of my Joys, equally extream.

In my laſt I gave you an Account how triumphing a Lover I was in the Poſſeſſion of the adorable *Caliſta*; and how very near I was being ſurpris'd in the Fountain, where I had hid my ſelf from the Rage of old *Clarinau*; and eſcap'd wet and cold to my Lodging: And tho' indeed I eſcap'd, it was not without giving the old Husband a Jealouſie, which put him upon Inquiry after a ſtricter manner, as I heard the next Day from *Caliſta*; but with as ill Succeſs as the Night before; notwithſtanding it appears by what after happen'd that he ſtill retain'd his Jealouſie, and that of me, from a thouſand little Inquiries I had from time to time made, from my being now abſent, and moſt of all from my being (as now he fancy'd) that Viſion which *Caliſta* ſaw in the Garden. All theſe Circumſtances wrought a thouſand *Conundrums* in his *Spaniſh* politick Noddle: And he reſolves that *Caliſta*'s Actions ſhould be more narrowly watch'd. This I can only gueſs from what enſu'd. I am not able to ſay by what good Fortune I eſcap'd ſeveral happy Nights after the firſt, but 'tis certain I did ſo; for the old Man carrying all things fair to the lovely Counteſs, ſhe thought her ſelf ſecure in her Joys hitherto, as to any Diſcovery: However, I never went on this dear Adventure but I was well arm'd againſt any Miſhaps of Poniard, Sword, and Piſtol, that Garb of a right *Spaniard*. *Caliſta* had been married above two Years before I beheld her, and had never been with Child: But it ſo chanc'd, that ſhe conceiv'd the very firſt Night of our Happineſs; ſince which time not all her Flatteries and Charms could prevail for one Night with the old Count: For, whether from her ſeeming Fondneſs he imagin'd the Cauſe, or what other Reaſon

on he had to withſtand her Deſire and Careſſes, I know not: But ſtill he found or feign'd ſome Excuſes to put her off; ſo that *Caliſta*'s Fears and Love increas'd with her growing Belly. And tho' almoſt every Night I had the fair young Charmer in Bed with me (without the leaſt Suſpicion on *Dormina*'s ſide) or elſe in the Arbours, or on flow'ry Banks in the Garden; 'till I am confident there was not a Walk, a Grove, an Arbour, or Bed of Sweets, that was not conſcious of our ſtolen Delights; nay, we grew ſo very bold in Love, that we often ſuffer'd the Day to break upon us; and ſtill eſcap'd his Spies, who by either watching at the wrong Door or Part of the vaſt Garden, or by Sleepineſs or Careleſsneſs, ſtill let us paſs their View. Four happy Months, thus bleſs'd and thus ſecur'd, we liv'd, when *Caliſta* could no longer conceal her growing Shame from the Jealous *Clarinau* or *Dormina*. She fear'd with too much Reaſon that 'twas Jealouſie which made him refrain her Bed, tho' he diſſembled well all Day; and one Night, weeping in my Boſom, with all the Tenderneſs of Love, ſhe ſaid, *That if I lov'd her, as ſhe hoped I did, I ſhould be ſhortly very miſerable: For oh,* cry'd ſhe, *I can no longer hide this —— dear Effect of my ſtolen Happineſs —— and* Clarinau *will no ſooner perceive my Condition, but he will uſe his utmoſt Rigour againſt me; I know his jealous Nature, and find I am undone*—— With that ſhe told me how he had kill'd his firſt Wife, for which he was oblig'd to fly from the Court and Countrey of *Spain*: And that ſhe found from all his Severity he was not chang'd from his Nature. In fine, ſhe ſaid and lov'd ſo much, that I was wholly charm'd, and vow'd myſelf her Slave, or Sacrifice, either to follow what ſhe could propoſe, or fall a Victim with her to my Love. After which 'twas concluded (neither having a Mind to leave the World, when we both knew ſo well how to make ourſelves happy in it) that the next Night I ſhould bring her a Suit of Man's Cloaths; and ſhe would in that Diſguiſe fly with me to any Part of the World. For ſhe vow'd if this unlucky Force of Flying had not happen'd to her, ſhe had not been longer able to have indur'd his

Tyranny

Tyranny and Slavery: But had reſolv'd to break her Chain, and put her ſelf upon any Fortune. So that after the uſual Indearments on both ſides, I left her reſolv'd to follow my Fortune, and ſhe me, to ſacrifice all to her Repoſe. That Night, and all next Day, ſhe was not idle; but put up all her Jewels, of which ſhe had the richeſt of any Lady in all thoſe Parts, for in that the old Count was over laviſh: And the next Night I brought her a Suit, which I had made that Day on purpoſe, as gay as could be made in ſo ſhort a time; and ſcaling my Wall well arm'd, I found her ready at the Door to receive me; and going into an Arbour, by the aid of a Dark-Lanthorn I carry'd, ſhe dreſs'd her in a lac'd Shirt of mine, and this Suit I had brought her, of blue Velvet, trim'd with rich Loops and Buttons of Gold; a white Hat and white Feather; a fair Peruke, and Scarlet Breeches, the reſt ſuitable. And I muſt confeſs to you, my dear *Octavio*, that never any thing appear'd ſo raviſhing, and yet I have ſeen *Sylvia!* But even ſhe a Baby to this more noble Figure. *Caliſta* is tall, and faſhion'd the moſt divinely——the moſt proper for that Dreſs of any of her Sex: And I own I never ſaw any thing ſo beautiful all over, from Head to Foot: And viewing her thus (carrying my Lanthorn all about her,) but more eſpecially her Face, her wondrous Charming Face—— (Pardon me if I ſay what does but look like Flattery)——I never ſaw any thing more reſembling my dear *Octavio* than the lovely *Caliſta*. Your very Feature, your very Smile and Air; ſo that, if poſſible, that increas'd my Adoration and Eſteem for her: Thus compleated, I armed her, and buckled on her Sword, and ſhe would needs have one of my Piſtols too that ſtuck in my Belt; and now ſhe appear'd all lovely Man. 'Twas ſo late by that time we had done, that the Moon, which began to ſhine very bright, gave us a thouſand little Fears, and diſpoſing her Jewels all about us ſafe, we began our Adventure with a thouſand dreadful Apprehenſions on *Caliſta*'s ſide. And going up the Walk towards the Place where we were to mount the Wall, juſt at the end of it, turning a Corner we encounter'd two Men, who were too near us to be pre-

vented. *Oh*, cry'd *Caliſta* to me, who ſaw 'em firſt,—— *My dear* Philander *we are undone!* I look'd and ſaw 'em, and reply'd, *My Charmer, do not fear, they are but two to two whoe'er they be; for Love and I ſhall be of Force enough to encounter 'em. No, my* Philander, reply'd ſhe briskly, *'tis I will be your Second in this Rencounter.* At this approaching 'em more near (for they haſted to us, nor could we fly from them,) we ſoon found by his hobbling, that old *Clarinau* was one, and the other a tall *Spaniard*, his Nephew. I clap'd my Hair under my Hat, and both of us making a Stand, we reſolv'd, if they durſt not venture on us, to let 'em paſs——but *Clarinau*, who was on that ſide which fac'd *Caliſta*, cry'd, *Ah Villain, have I caught thee!* and at the ſame Inſtant with a Poniard ſtabbed her into the Arm; for with a ſudden Turn ſhe evaded it from her Heart, to which it was deſign'd. At which repaying his Compliment, ſhe ſhot off her Piſtol, and down he fell, crying out for a Prieſt; while I at the ſame time laid my tall Boy at his Feet. I caught my dear *Virago* in my Arms, and haſted through the Garden with her, and was very haſty in mounting my Ladder, putting my fair Second before me, without ſo much as daring yet to ask her if ſhe were wounded, leſt it ſhould have hindred our Flight if I had found her hurt: Nor knew I ſhe was ſo, 'till I felt her warm precious Blood ſtreaming on my Face, as I lifted her over the Wall; but I ſoon convey'd her into my new Lodgings, yet not ſoon enough to ſecure her from thoſe that purſu'd us. For with their bauling they alarm'd ſome of the Servants, who looking narrowly for the Murderers, track'd us by *Caſtilla*'s Blood, which they ſaw with their Flambeaus from the Place where *Clarinau* and his Nephew lay, to the very Wall; and thinking from our Wounds we could not eſcape far, they ſearching the Houſes, found me dreſſing *Caliſta*'s Wound, which I kiſs'd a thouſand times. But the matchleſs Courage of the fair *Virago!* the Magnanimity of *Caliſta*'s Soul! nothing of fooliſh Woman harbour'd there, nothing but ſofteſt Love, for while I was raving mad, tearing my Hair and curſing my Fate in vain, ſhe had no Concern but for me; no

Pain

Pain but that of her fear of being taken from me and being deliver'd to old *Clarinau*, whom I fear'd was not dead; nor could the very ſeizing her daunt her Spirits, but with an unmatch'd Fortitude ſhe bore it all; ſhe only wiſh'd ſhe could have eſcaped without Bloodſhed. We were both led to Priſon, but none knew who we were, for thoſe that ſeiz'd us had by chance never ſeen me, and *Caliſta*'s Habit ſecur'd the Diſcovery. While we both remain'd there, we had this Comfort of being well lodg'd together; for they did not go about to part us, being in for one Crime. And all the Satisfaction ſhe had, was, that ſhe ſhould, ſhe hop'd, die conceal'd, if ſhe muſt die for the Crime; and that was much a greater Joy than to think ſhe ſhould be render'd back to *Clarinau*, who in a few Days we heard was upon his Recovery. This gave her new Fears; but I confeſs to you I was not afflicted at it; nor did I think it hard for me to bribe *Caliſta* off; for the Maſter of the Priſon was very Civil and Poor, ſo that with the help of ſome few of *Caliſta*'s Jewels, he was wrought upon to let her eſcape, I offering to remain and bear all the brunt of the Buſineſs, and to pay whatever he could be fin'd for it. Theſe Reaſons, with the ready Jewels, mollify'd the needy Raſcal; and tho' loth ſhe were to leave me, yet ſhe being aſſur'd that all they could do was but to fine me, and her Stay ſhe knew was her inevitable Ruin, ſhe at laſt ſubmitted, leaving me ſufficient in Jewels to ſatisfy for all that could happen, which were the Value of a hundred thouſand Crowns. She is fled to *Bruxels*, to a Nunnery of *Auguſtins*, where the Lady Abbeſs is her Aunt, and where for a little time ſhe is ſecure, 'till I can follow her.

I beg of you, my dear *Octavio*, write to me, and write me a Letter of Recommendation to the Magiſtrates here, who all being concern'd when any one of 'em is a Cuckold, are very ſevere upon Criminals in thoſe Caſes. I tire you with my Melancholy Adventure——but 'tis ſome Eaſe in the Extreams of Grief to receive the tender Pity of a Friend, and that I'm ſure *Octavio* will afford his unhappy

PHILANDER.

As cold and as unconcern'd as *Sylvia* imagin'd ſhe had found her Heart to *Philander*'s Memory, at the reading of this Letter, in ſpight of all the Tenderneſs ſhe had for *Octavio*, ſhe was poſſeſs'd with all thoſe Pains of Love and Jealouſy, which heretofore tormented her when Love was young, and *Philander* appear'd with all thoſe Charms with which he firſt conquer'd; ſhe found the Fire was but hid under thoſe Embers, which every little Blaſt blows off and makes it flame anew. 'Twas now that ſhe, forgetting all the paſt Obligations of *Octavio*, all his vaſt Preſents, his Vows, his Sufferings, his Paſſion and his Youth, abandon'd her ſelf wholly to her Tenderneſs for *Philander*, and drowns her fair Cheeks in a Shower of Tears: And having eas'd her Heart a little by this natural Relief of her Sex, ſhe open'd the Letter that was deſign'd for her ſelf, and read this.

To SYLVIA.

I Know, my lovely *Sylvia*, I am accus'd of a thouſand Barbarities for unkindly detaining your Lover, who long e'er this ought to have thrown himſelf at your Feet, imploring a thouſand Pardons for his tedious ſix Months Abſence, tho' the Affliction of it is all my own, and I am afraid all the Puniſhment; but when, my deareſt *Sylvia*, I reflect again, it is in order to our future Tranquillity, I depend on your Love and Reaſon for my Excuſe. I know my Abſence has procur'd me a thouſand Rivals, and you as many Adorers, and fear *Philander* appears grown old in Love, and worn out with Sorrow and Care, unfit for the ſoft Play of the young and delicate *Sylvia*; new Lovers have new Vows and new Preſents, and your fickle Sex ſtoop to the laviſh Proſtrate. Ill luck—unkind Fate has rifled me, and of a ſhining Fortune left me even to the Charity of the ſtingy World; and I have now no Compliment to maintain the Eſteem in ſo great a Soul as that of *Sylvia*, but that old repeated one of telling her my dull, my trifling Heart is ſtill her own: But, oh! I want the preſenting Eloquence that ſo perſuades and

charms

charms the Fair, and am reduc'd to that fatal Torment of a generous Mind, rather to ask and take than to beſtow. Yet out of my contemptible Stock, I have ſent my *Sylvia* ſomething towards that dangerous unavoidable Hour, which will declare me, however, a happy Father of what my *Sylvia* bears about her; 'tis a Bill for a thouſand Pattacoons. I am at preſent under an eaſy Reſtraint about a little Diſpute between a Man of Quality here and my ſelf; I had alſo been at *Bruxels* to have provided all things for your coming Illneſs, but every Day expect my Liberty, and then without Delay I will take Poſt, and bring *Philander* to your Arms.

I have News that *Ceſario* is arriv'd at *Bruxels*. I am at preſent a Stranger to all that paſſes, and having a double Obligation to haſte, you need not fear but I ſhall do ſo.

This Letter rais'd in her a different Sentiment from that of the Story of his Misfortune; and that taught her to know that this he had writ to her was all falſe and diſſembl'd; which made her, in concluding the Letter, cry out with a vehement Scorn and Indignation, --- *Oh how I hate thee, Traitor! who haſt the Impudence to continue thus to impoſe upon me, as if I wanted common Senſe to ſee thy Baſeneſs: For what can be more Baſe and Cowardly than Lies, that poor Plebeian Shift, contemn'd by Men of Honour or of Wit.* Thus ſhe ſpoke without reminding that this moſt contemptible Quality ſhe her ſelf was equally guilty of, tho' infinitely more excuſable in her Sex, there being a thouſand little Actions of their Lives liable to Cenſure and Reproach, which they would willingly excuſe and colour over with little Falſities; but in a Man, whoſe moſt inconſtant Actions paſs oftentimes for innocent Gallantries, and to whom 'tis no Infamy to own a thouſand Amours, but rather a Glory to his Fame and Merit; I ſay, in him (whom Cuſtom has favour'd with an Allowance to commit any Vice and boaſt it) 'tis not ſo brave. And this Fault of *Philander*'s cur'd *Sylvia* of her Diſeaſe of Love, and chas'd from her Heart all that

Softneſs which once had ſo much favour'd him. Nevertheleſs ſhe was fill'd with Thoughts that fail'd not to make her extreamly melancholy: And 'twas in this Humour *Octavio* found her; who forgetting all his own Griefs to leſſen hers, (for his Love was arriv'd to a degree of Madneſs) he careſſes her with all the Eloquence his Paſſion could pour out; he falls at her Feet, and pleads with ſuch a Look and Voice as could not be reſiſted; nor ceas'd he 'till he had talk'd her into Eaſe, 'till he had look'd and lov'd her into a perfect Calm: 'Twas then he urg'd her to a new Confirmation of her Heart to him, and took hold of every yielding Softneſs in her to improve his Advantage. He preſs'd her to all he wiſh'd, but by ſuch tender Degrees, by Arts ſo fond and endearing, that ſhe could deny nothing. In this Humour ſhe makes a thouſand Vows againſt *Philander*, to hate him as a Man that has firſt ruin'd her Honour, and then abandon'd her to all the Ills that attend ungovern'd Youth, and unguarded Beauty: She makes *Octavio* ſwear as often to be reveng'd on him for the Diſhonour of his Siſter: Which being perform'd, they re-aſſum'd all the Satisfactions which had ſeem'd almoſt deſtroy'd by adverſe Fate, and for a little Space liv'd in great Tranquillity; or if *Octavio* had Sentiments that repreſented paſt Unhappineſſes, and a future Proſpect of ill Conſequences, he ſtrove with all the Power of Love to hide 'em from *Sylvia*. In this time they often ſent to the Nunnery of the *Auguſtins*, to inquire of the Counteſs of *Clarinau*; and at laſt hearing ſhe was arriv'd, no force of Perſuaſion or Reaſon could hinder *Sylvia* from going to make her a Viſit. *Octavio* pleads in vain the Overthrow of all his Revenge, by his Siſter's Knowledge that her Intrigue was found out: But in an Undreſs —— for her Condition permitted no other, ſhe is carry'd to the Monaſtery, and asks for the Mother Prioreſs, who came to the Grate; where after the firſt Compliments over, ſhe tells her ſhe is a Relation to that Lady who ſuch a Day came to the Houſe. *Sylvia*, by her Habit and Equipage, appearing of Quality, was anſwer'd, that tho' the Lady were very much indiſ-

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pos'd, and unfit to appear at the Grate, ſhe would nevertheleſs endeavour to ſerve her ſince ſhe was ſo earneſt; and commanding one of the Nuns to call down Madam the Counteſs, ſhe immediately came; but tho' in a Dreſs all negligent, and Face where Languiſhment appear'd, ſhe at firſt ſight ſurpriz'd our fair one, with a certain Majeſty in her Mein and Motion, and an Air of Greatneſs in her Face, which reſembled that of *Octavio:* So that not being able to ſuſtain her ſelf on her trembling Supporters, ſhe was ready to faint at a Sight ſo charming, and a Form ſo Angelick. She ſaw her all that *Philander* had deſcrib'd; nor could the Partiality of his Paſſion render her more lovely than ſhe appear'd this Inſtant to *Sylvia.* She came to reproach her —— but ſhe found a Majeſty in her Looks above all Cenſure, that aw'd the jealous Upbraider, and almoſt put her out of Countenance; and with a riſing Bluſh ſhe ſeem'd aſham'd of her Errand. At this Silence the lovely *Caliſta,* a little ſurpris'd, demanded of an attending Nun if that Lady would ſpeak with her? This awak'd *Sylvia* into an Addreſs, and ſhe reply'd, *Yes, Madam, I am the Unfortunate, who am compell'd by my hard Fate to complain of the moſt charming Woman that ever Nature made: I thought in my coming hither I ſhould have had no other Buſineſs but to have told you how falſe, how perjur'd a Lover I had had; but at a Sight ſo wondrous I blame him no more (whom I find now compell'd to Love) but you, who have taken from me, by your Charms, the only Bleſſing Heav'n had lent me.* This ſhe ended with a Sigh; and Madam the Counteſs, who from the beginning of her ſpeaking gueſs'd from a certain trembling at her Heart, who it was ſhe ſpoke of, reſolv'd to ſhow no Signs of a womaniſh Fear or Jealouſy, but with an unalterable Air and Courage, reply'd, *Madam, if my Charms were ſo powerful as you are pleas'd to tell me they are, they ſure have attracted too many Lovers for me to underſtand which of 'em it is I have been ſo unhappy to rob you of. If he be a gallant Man, I ſhall neither deny him, nor repent my loving him the more for his having been a Lover before.* To which *Sylvia,* who expected not ſo briſk an Anſwer, re-

ply'd; *She that makes ſuch a Confeſſion with ſo much Generoſity, I know cannot be inſenſible of the Injuries ſhe does, but will have a Conſideration and Pity for thoſe Wretches at leaſt, who are undone to eſtabliſh her Satisfaction. Madam,* reply'd the Counteſs (a little touch'd with the Tenderneſs and Sadneſs with which ſhe ſpoke) *you have ſo juſt a Character of my Soul, that I aſſure you I would not for any Pleaſure in the World do an Action ſhould render it leſs worthy of your good Thoughts. Name me the Man——— and if I find him ſuch as I may return you with Honour, he ſhall find my Friendſhip no more. Ah, Madam, 'tis impoſſible,* cry'd *Sylvia, that he can ever be mine, that has once had the Glory of being conquer'd by you; and what's yet more, of having conquer'd you. Nay, Madam,* reply'd *Caliſta, if your Loſs be irrecoverable, I have no more to do but to ſigh with you, and join our hard Fates; but I am not ſo vain of my own Beauty, nor have ſo little Admiration for that of yours, to imagine I can retain any thing you have a Claim to; for me, I am not fond of Admirers, if Heaven be pleas'd to give me one, I ask no more. I'll leave the World to you, ſo it allow me my* Philander. This ſhe ſpoke with a little Malice, which call'd up all the Bluſhes in the fair Face of *Sylvia*; who a little nettled at the Word *Philander*, reply'd; *Go, take the perjur'd Man; and ſee how long you can maintain your Empire over his fickle Heart, who has already betray'd you to all the Reproach an incens'd Rival and an injur'd Brother can load you with: See where he has expos'd you to* Octavio; *and after that tell me what you can hope from ſuch a perjur'd Villain*——At theſe Words ſhe gave her the Letter *Philander* had writ to *Octavio*, with that he had writ to her ſelf——and without taking Leave, or ſpeaking any more, ſhe left her thoughtful Rival: Who after pauſing a Moment on what ſhould be writ there, and what the angry Lady meant, ſhe ſilently paſs'd on to her Chamber. But if ſhe were ſurpris'd with her Viſiter, ſhe was much more, when opening the Letters ſhe found one to her Brother, fill'd with the Hiſtory of her Infamy, and what preſs'd her Soul more ſenſibly, the other fill'd with Paſſion

ſion and Softneſs to a Miſtreſs. She had ſcarcely read them out, but a young Nun, her Kinſwoman, came into her Chamber; whom I have ſince heard proteſt ſhe ſcarce ſaw in that Moment any Alteration in her, but that ſhe roſe and receiv'd her with her wonted Grace and Sweetneſs; and but for ſome Anſwers that ſhe made *mal a propo*, and Sighs that againſt her Will broke from her Heart, ſhe ſhould not have found an Alteration; but this being unuſual, made her inquiſitive; and the faint Denial ſhe met with made her importune, and that ſo earneſtly and with ſo many Vows of Fidelity and Secrecy, that *Caliſta*'s Heart, even breaking within, pour'd it ſelf for Eaſe into the faithful Boſom of this young Devotee; and having told her all the Story of her Misfortune, ſhe began, with ſo much Courage and Bravery of Mind, to make Vows againſt the charming Betrayer of her Fame, and with him all Mankind; and this with ſuch Conſideration and Repentance, as left no room for Reproach or Perſuaſion; and from this Moment reſolv'd never to quit the Solitude of the Cloiſters. She had all her Life before her Marriage liv'd in one, and wiſh'd now ſhe had never ſeen the World, or departed from a Life ſo pure and innocent. She look'd upon this fatal Accident now a Bleſſing, to bring her back to a Life of Devotion and Tranquillity: And indeed is a Miracle of Piety. Some time after this ſhe was brought to Bed, but commanded the Child ſhould be remov'd where ſhe might never ſee it, which accordingly was done; after which, in due time, ſhe took the Habit, and remains a rare Example of Repentance and Holy-living. This new Penitent became the News of the whole Town; and it was not without ſome Pleaſure that *Octavio* heard it, as the only Action ſhe could do that could reconcile him to her; the Knowledge of which, and few ſoft Days with *Sylvia*, made him chaſe away all thoſe Shiverings that had ſeiz'd him upon ſeveral Occaſions: But *Sylvia* was all Sweetneſs, all Love and good Humour, and made his Days eaſy, and his Nights entirely happy. While on the other ſide there was no Satisfaction, no Pleaſure, that the fond laviſh Lover did not

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at any Price purchaſe for her Repoſe; for it was the whole Buſineſs of his Life to ſtudy what would charm and pleaſe her: And being aſſur'd by ſo many Vows of her Heart, there was nothing reſted to make him perfectly happy, but her being deliver'd of what belong'd to his Rival, and in which he had no Part, he was at perfect Eaſe. This ſhe wiſhes with an Impatience equal to his; whoſe Love and Fondneſs for *Octavio* appear'd to be arriv'd to the higheſt Degree, and ſhe every Minute expected to be freed from the only thing that hinder'd her from giving her ſelf intirely to her impatient Lover.

In the midſt of this Serenity of Affairs, *Sylvia's* Page one Day brings 'em News his Lord was arriv'd, and that he ſaw him in the Park, walking with ſome *French* Gentlemen, and undiſcover'd to him came to give her Notice, that ſhe might take her Meaſures accordingly. In ſpight of all her Love to *Octavio*, her Bluſhes flew to her Cheeks at the News, and her Heart panted with unuſual Motion; ſhe wonders at her ſelf, and fears and doubts her own Reſolution; ſhe 'till now believ'd him wholly indifferent to her, but ſhe knows not what Conſtruction this new Diſorder will bear; and what confounded and perplex'd her more, was, that *Octavio* beheld all theſe Emotions with unconceivable Reſentment; he ſwells with Pride and Anger, and even burſts with Grief, and not able longer to contain his Complaint, he reproaches her in the ſofteſt Language that ever Love and Grief invented; while ſhe weeps with Shame and divided Love, and demands of him a thouſand Pardons; ſhe deals thus kindly at leaſt with him, to confeſs this Truth; that 'twas impoſſible, but at the Approach of a Man who taught her firſt to love, and for which Knowledge ſhe had paid ſo infinitely dear, ſhe could not but feel unuſual Motions; that that Tenderneſs and Infant Flame he once inſpir'd, could not but have left ſome Warmth about her Heart, and that *Philander*, the once charming dear *Philander*, could never be abſolutely to her as a common Man, and begg'd that he would give ſome Grains of Allowance to a Maid, ſo ſoft by Nature, and who had

had once lov'd ſo well to be undone for the dear Object; and tho' every kind Word ſhe gave his Rival was a Dagger at his Heart, nevertheleſs he found, or would think he found ſome Reaſon in what ſhe ſaid; at leaſt he ſeem'd more appeas'd, while ſhe on the other ſide diſſembl'd all the Eaſe and Repoſe of Mind, that could flatter him to Calmneſs.

You muſt know that for *Sylvia*'s Honour ſhe had Lodgings by her ſelf, and *Octavio* had his in another Houſe, at an Aunt's of his, a Widow, and a Woman of great Quality; and *Sylvia* being near her Lying-in, had provided all things with the greateſt Magnificence imaginable, and paſs'd for a young Widow whoſe Husband dy'd at the Siege of——*Octavio* only viſited her daily, and all the Nights ſhe had to her ſelf. For he treated her as one whom he deſigned to make his Wife, and one whoſe Honour was his own; but that Night the News of *Philander*'s Arrival was told her, ſhe was more than ordinary impatient to have him gone, pretending Illneſs, and yet ſeem'd loth to let him go, and Lovers (the greateſt Cullies in Nature, and the apteſt to be deceiv'd, tho' the moſt quick-ſighted)——do the ſooneſt believe; and finding it the more neceſſary he ſhould depart, the more ill ſhe feigned to be, he took his Leave, and left her to her Repoſe, after taking all Care neceſſary for one in her Circumſtances. But ſhe, to make his Abſence more ſure, and fearing leſt he ſhould ſuſpect ſomething of her Deſign, being her ſelf guilty, ſhe orders him to be call'd back, and careſſes him anew, tells him ſhe was never more unwilling to part with him, and all the while is complaining and wiſhing to be in Bed; and ſays he muſt not ſtir till he ſees her laid. This obliges and cajoles him anew, and he will not ſuffer her Women to undreſs her, but does the grateful Buſineſs himſelf, and reaps ſome dear recompence by every Service, and pleaſes his Eyes and Lips with the raviſhing Beauties of the looſe unguarded ſuffering Fair One. She permits him any thing to have him gone, which was not till he ſaw her laid as if to her Reſt: But

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he was no ſooner got into his Coach, but ſhe roſe and ſlipp'd on her Night-Gown, and ſome other looſe things, and got into a Chair, commanding her Page to conduct the Chairman to all the great *Cabarets*, where ſhe believ'd it moſt likely to find *Philander*; which was accordingly done; and the Page entring, enquires for ſuch a *Cavalier*, deſcribing his Perſon and fine remarkable black Hair of his own: But the firſt he entred into, he ſaw *Brilliard* beſpeaking Supper: For you muſt know that that Husband-Lover being left, as I have ſaid, in Priſon in *Holland*, for the Accuſation of *Octavio*; the unhappy young Nobleman was no ſooner fled upon the unlucky Death of his Uncle, but the *States* ſet *Brilliard* at Liberty; who took his Journey immediately to *Philander*, whom he found juſt releas'd from his troubleſome Affair, and deſign'd for *Bruxels*, where they arriv'd that very Morning: Where the firſt thing he did was to go to the Nunnery of St. *Auſtin*, to enquire for the fair *Caliſta*; but inſtead of encountring the kind, the impatient, the brave *Caliſta*, he was addreſs'd to by the old Lady Abbeſs in ſo rough a manner, that he no longer doubted upon what Terms he ſtood there, tho' he wonder'd how they ſhould know his Story with *Caliſta*: When to put him out of doubt, ſhe aſſur'd him he ſhould never more behold the Face of her injur'd Niece; for whoſe Revenge ſhe left him to Heav'n. It was in vain he kneel'd and implor'd; he was confirm'd again and again ſhe ſhould never come from out the Confines of thoſe Walls; and that her whole remaining Life ſpent in Penitence was too little to waſh away her Sins with him: And giving him the Letter he ſent to *Octavio* (which *Sylvia* had given *Caliſta*, and ſhe the Lady Abbeſs, with a full Confeſſion of her Fault) ſhe cry'd; *See there, Sir, the Treachery you have committed againſt a Woman of Quality —— whom your criminal Love has render'd the moſt miſerable of her Sex.* At the ending of which ſhe drew the Curtain over the Grate, and left him, wholly amaz'd and confounded, finding it to be the ſame he had writ to *Octavia*, and in it that he had writ to *Sylvia*: By the Sight

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of which he no longer doubted but that Confident had betray'd him every way. He rails on his falſe Friendſhip, curſes the Lady Abbeſs, himſelf, his Fortune and his Birth; but finds it all in vain: Nor was he ſo infinitely afflicted with the Thought of the eternal Loſs of *Caliſta*, (becauſe he had poſſeſs'd her) as he was to find himſelf betray'd to her, and doubtleſs to *Sylvia*, by *Octavio*; and nothing but *Caliſta*'s being confin'd from him (tho' ſhe were very dear and charming to his Thought) could have made him rave ſo extreamly for a Sight of her: He loves her the more by how much the more it was impoſſible for him to ſee her; and that Difficulty and his Deſpair increas'd his Flame. In this Humour he went to his Lodging, the moſt undone Extravagant that ever rag'd with Love. He conſiders her in a Place where no Art, or Force of Love, or human Wit, can retrieve her; no nor ſo much as ſend her a Letter. This added to his Fury, and in his firſt wild Imaginations he reſolves nothing leſs than firing the Monaſtery, that in that Confuſion he might ſeize his Right of Love, and do a Deed that would render his Name famous as the *Athenian* Youth, who to get a Fame, tho' an inglorious one, fir'd the Temple of their Gods. But his Rage abating by Conſideration, that Impiety dwelt not long with him: And he ran over a Number more, 'till from one to another he reduc'd himſelf to a Degree of Moderation, which preſenting him with ſome flattering Hope, that gave him a little Eaſe: 'Twas then that *Chevalier Tomaſo*, and another *French* Gentleman of *Ceſario*'s Faction, (who were newly arriv'd at *Bruxels*) came to pay him their Reſpects: And after a while carry'd him into the Park to walk, where *Sylvia*'s Page had ſeen him; and from whence they ſent *Brilliard* to beſpeak Supper at this *Cabaret*, where *Sylvia*'s Chair and her ſelf waited, and where the Page found *Brilliard*, of whom he ask'd for his Lord; but underſtanding he would not poſſibly come in ſome Hours, being deſign'd for Court that Evening, whither he was oblig'd to go and kiſs the Governor's Hands, he went to the Lady, who was almoſt

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dead with Impatience, and told her what he had learn'd: Upon which ſhe order'd her Chairmen to carry her back to her Lodgings, for ſhe would not be perſuaded to ask any Queſtions of *Brilliard*, for whom ſhe had a mortal Hate: However ſhe reſolv'd to ſend her Page back with a Billet to wait *Philander*'s coming, which was not long; for having ſooner diſpatch'd their Compliment at Court, than they believ'd they ſhould, they went all to Supper together, where *Brilliard* had beſpoke it; where being impatient to learn all the Adventures of *Ceſario* ſince his Departure from him, and of which no Perſon could give ſo good an Account as *Chevalier Tomaſo*, *Philander* gave Order that no Body whomſoever ſhould diſturb them, and ſate himſelf down to liſten to the Fortune of the Prince.

You know, my Lord, ſaid *Tomaſo*, the State of things at your Departure; and that all our glorious Deſigns for the Liberty of all *France* were diſcover'd and betray'd by ſome of thoſe little Raſcals, that great Men are oblig'd to make uſe of in the greateſt Deſigns: Upon whoſe Confeſſion you were proſcrib'd, my ſelf, this Gentleman, and ſeveral others: It was our good Fortunes to eſcape untaken, and yours to fall firſt into the Meſſenger's Hands, and carry'd to the *Baſtile*, even from whence you had the Luck to eſcape: But it was not ſo with *Ceſario*. *Heav'ns*, cry'd *Philander*, *the Prince, I hope, is not taken?* Not ſo neither, reply'd *Tomaſo*, nor ſhould you wonder you have receiv'd no News of him in a long time, ſince forty thouſand Crowns being offer'd for his Head, or to any that could diſcover him, it would have expos'd him to have written to any Body, he being beſet on all Sides with Spies from the King, ſo that it was impoſſible to venture a Letter without very great Hazard of his Life. Beſides all theſe Hindrances, *Ceſario*, who, you know, was ever a great Admirer of the Fair Sex, happen'd in this his Retreat to fall moſt deſperately in Love: Nor could the Fears of Death, which alarm'd him on all Sides, deter him from this new Amour: Which, becauſe it has Relation to ſome Part of his Adventures,

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I cannot omit, eſpecially to your Lordſhip, his Friend, to whom every Circumſtance of that Prince's Fate and Fortune will be of Concern.

You muſt imagine, my Lord, that your Seiſure and Eſcape was enough to alarm the whole Party; and there was not a Man of the League who did not think it high time to look about him, when one, ſo conſiderable as your Lordſhip, was ſurpriz'd. Nor did the Prince himſelf any longer believe himſelf ſafe, but retir'd himſelf under the Darkneſs of the following Night: He went only accompany'd with his Page to a Lady's Houſe, a Widow of Quality at *Paris*, that populous City; being, as he conceiv'd, the ſecureſt Place to conceal himſelf in. This Lady was Madam the Counteſs of——who had, as you know, my Lord, one only Daughter, *Madamoiſell Hermione*, the Heireſs of her Family. The Prince knew this young Lady had a Tenderneſs for him ever ſince they were both very young, which firſt took beginning in a Mask at Court, where ſhe then acted *Mercury*, and danc'd ſo exceeding finely, that ſhe gave our young Hero new Deſire, if not abſolute Love, and charm'd him at leaſt into Wiſhes. She was then old enough to perceive ſhe conquer'd, as well as to make a Conqueſt: And ſhe was capable of receiving Impreſſions as well as to give 'em: And it was believ'd by ſome who were very near the Prince, and knew all his Secrets then, that this young Lady pity'd the Sighs of the Royal Lover, and even then rewarded 'em: And tho' this were moſt credibly whiſper'd, yet methinks it ſeems impoſſible he ſhou'd then have been happy; and after ſo many Years, after the Poſſeſſion of ſo many other Beauties, ſhou'd return to her again, and find all the Paſſions and Pains of a beginning Flame. But there is nothing to be wonder'd at in the Contradictions and Humours of human Nature. But however inconſtant and wavering he had been, *Hermione* retain'd her firſt Paſſion for him; and that I leſs wonder at, ſince you know the Prince has the moſt charming Perſon in the World, and is the moſt perfectly beautiful of all his Sex: To this his Youth and Quality

Quality adds no little Luſtre; and I ſhould not wonder if all the ſofter Sex ſhould languiſh for him, not that any one ſhould love on —— who hath once been touch'd with Love for him. 'Twas his laſt Aſſurance the Prince ſo abſolutely depended on, that (notwithſtanding ſhe was far from the Opinion of his Party) made him reſolve to take Sanctuary in thoſe Arms he was ſure would receive him in any Condition and Circumſtances. But now he makes her new Vows, which poſſibly at firſt his Safety oblig'd him to, while ſhe return'd 'em with all the Paſſion of Love. He made a thouſand Submiſſions to Madam the Counteſs, who he knew was fond of her Daughter to that degree, that for her Repoſe ſhe was even willing to behold the Sacrifice of her Honour to this Prince, whom ſhe knew *Hermione* lov'd even to Death; ſo fond, ſo blindly fond is Nature: And indeed after a little time that he lay there conceal'd, he reap'd all the Satisfaction that Love could give him, or his Youth could wiſh, with all the Freedom imaginable. He only made Vows of renouncing all other Women, what Ties or Obligations ſoever he had upon him; and to reſign himſelf intirely up to *Hermione*. I know not what new Charms he had found by frequent Converſation with her, and being uninterrupted by the Sight of any other Ladies; but 'tis moſt certain, my Lord, that he grew to that Exceſs of Love, or rather Dotage, (if Love in one ſo young can be call'd ſo) that he languiſh'd for her, even while he poſſeſs'd her all: He dy'd, if oblig'd by Company to retire from her an Hour, at the end of which, being again brought to her, he would fall at her Feet, and ſigh, and weep, and make the moſt pitious Moan that ever Love inſpir'd. He would complain upon the Cruelty of a Moment's Abſence, and vow he could not live where ſhe was not. All that diſturb'd his Happineſs he reproach'd as Enemies to his Repoſe, and at laſt made her feign an Illneſs, that no Viſits might be made her, and that he might poſſeſs all her Hours. Nor did *Hermione* perceive all this without making her Advantages of ſo glorious an Opportunity; but, with the uſual Cunning of her Sex, improv'd every Minute

nute ſhe gave him: She now found her ſelf ſure of the Heart of the fineſt Man in the World; and of one ſhe believ'd would prove the greateſt, being the Head of a moſt powerful Faction, who were reſolv'd, the firſt Opportunity, to order Affairs ſo as to come to an open Rebellion, and to make him a King. All theſe things, how unlikely ſoever in Reaſon, her Love and Ambition ſuggeſted to her; ſo that ſhe believ'd ſhe had but one Game more to play to eſtabliſh her ſelf the greateſt and moſt happy Woman in the World. She conſults in this weighty Affair, with her Mother, who had a ſhare of Cunning that could carry on a Deſign as well as any of her Sex. They found but one Obſtacle to all *Hermione*'s riſing Greatneſs; and that was the Prince's being marry'd; and that to a Lady of ſo conſiderable Birth and Fortune, ſo eminent for her Virtue, and all Perfections of Womankind; and withal ſo excellent for Wit and Beauty, that 'twas impoſſible to find any Cauſe of a Separation between 'em. So that finding it improbable to remove that Lett to her Glories, ſhe grew very melancholy, which was ſoon perceiv'd by the too amorous Prince, who pleads, and ſighs, and weeps on her Boſom Day and Night to find the Cauſe: But ſhe, who found ſhe had a difficult Game to play, and that ſhe had need of all her little Aids, pretends a thouſand little frivolous Reaſons before ſhe diſcovers the true one; which ſerv'd but to oblige him to ask a-new, as ſhe deſign'd he ſhould——At laſt, one Morning, finding him in the ſofteſt Fit in the World, and ready to give her whatever ſhe could ask in return for the Secret of her Diſquiet, ſhe told him with a Sigh, how unhappy ſhe was in loving ſo violently a Man who could never be any thing to her more than the Robber of her Honour: And at laſt, with Abundance of Sighs and Tears, bewail'd his Marriage——He taking her with all the Joy imaginable in his Arms, thank'd her for ſpeaking of the only thing he had a thouſand times been going to offer to her, but durſt not for fear ſhe ſhould reproach him. He told her he look'd upon himſelf as marry'd to no Woman but

her ſelf, to whom by a thouſand ſolemn Vows he had contracted himſelf, and that he would never own any other while he liv'd, let Fortune do what ſhe pleas'd with him. *Hermione* thriving hitherto ſo well, urg'd his ſoft Heart yet farther, and told him, Tho' ſhe had left no Doubt remaining in her of his Love and Virtue, no Suſpicion of his Vows, yet the World would ſtill eſteem the Princeſs his Wife, and her ſelf only as a Proſtitute to his youthful Pleaſure; and as ſhe conceiv'd her Birth and Fortune not to be much inferior to that of the Princeſs, ſhe ſhould die with Indignation and Shame, to bear all the Reproach of his Wantonneſs, while his now Wife would live eſteem'd and pity'd as an injur'd Innocent. To all which he reply'd, as mad in Love, that the Princeſs, he confeſs'd, was a Lady to whom he had Obligations, but that he eſteem'd her no more his Wife, ſince he was marry'd to her at the Age of twelve Years; an Age wherein he was not capacitated to chuſe Good or Evil, or to anſwer for himſelf, or his Inclinations: And tho' ſhe were a Lady of abſolute Virtue, of Youth, Wit and Beauty; yet Fate had ſo ordain'd it, that he had reſerv'd his Heart to this Moment intirely for her ſelf; and that he renounc'd all Pretenders to him except her ſelf; that he had now poſſeſs'd the Princeſs for the ſpace of twenty Years; that Youth had a long Race to run, and could not take up at thoſe Years with one ſingle Beauty: That hitherto Ravage and Deſtruction of Hearts had been his Province and Glory, and that he thought he had never loſt time but when he was a little while conſtant: but now he was fix'd to all he would ever poſſeſs whilſt he had Breath; and that ſhe was both his Miſtreſs and his Wife; his eternal Happineſs, and the end of all his loving. 'Tis there he ſaid he would remain as in his firſt State of Innocence: That hitherto his Ambition had been above his Paſſion, but that now his Heart was ſo intirely ſubdu'd to this fair Charmer (for ſo he call'd and thought her) that he could be content to live and die in the Glory of being hers alone, without wiſhing for Liberty or Empire, but to render her more glorious. A thou-

thouſand things tender and fond he ſaid to this purpoſe, and the Reſult of all ended in moſt ſolemn Vows, that if ever Fortune favour'd him with a Crown, he would fix it on her Head, and make her in ſpite of all former Ties and Obligations, Queen of *France*. This was ſufficient to appeaſe her Sighs and Tears, and ſhe remain'd intirely ſatisfy'd of his Vows, which were exchang'd before Madam the Counteſs, and confirm'd by all the binding Obligations, Love on his ſide could invent, and Ambition and Subtilty on hers. When I came at any time to viſit him, which by ſtealth a-Nights I ſometimes did, to take Orders from him how I ſhould act in all things, (tho' I lay conceal'd like himſelf) he would tell me all that had paſs'd between him and *Hermione*. I ſuppoſe, not ſo much for the repoſing the Secret in my Breaſt, as out of a fond Pleaſure to be repeating Paſſages of his Dotage, and repeating her Name, which was ever in his Mouth: I ſaw ſhe had reduc'd him to a great degree of Slavery, and could not look tamely on, while a Hero ſo young, ſo gay, ſo great, and ſo hopeful, lay idling away his precious Time, without doing any thing, either in order for his own Safety or Ambition. 'Twas, my Lord, a great Pity to ſee how his noble Reſolution was chang'd, and how he was perfectly effeminated into ſoft Woman. I endeavour'd at firſt to rouſe him from this Lethargy of Love; and argu'd with him the little Reaſon, that in my Opinion he had to be ſo charm'd. I told him *Hermione*, of all the Beauties of *France*, was eſteem'd one of the meaneſt, and that if ever ſhe had gain'd a Conqueſt (as many ſhe was infamouſly fam'd for) it was purely the force of her Youth and Quality; but that now that Bloom was paſt, and ſhe was one of thoſe, which in leſs Quality we call'd old. At theſe Reproaches of his Judgment, I often perceiv'd him to bluſh, but more with Anger than Shame. Yet becauſe, according to the Vogue of the Town, he found there was Reaſon in what I ſaid, and which he could only contradict by ſaying, however ſhe was ſhe appear'd all otherwiſe to him: He blam'd me a little kindly for my hard Words againſt her, and

began to ſwear to me he thought her all over Charm. He vow'd there was abſolute Faſcination in her Eyes and Tongue. *'Tis confeſs'd*, ſaid he, *ſhe has not much of Youth, nor of that which we agree to call Beauty: But ſhe has a Grace ſo maſculine, an Air ſo raviſhing, a Wit and Humour ſo abſolutely made to charm, that they all together ſufficiently recompenſe for her want of Delicacy in Complexion and Feature: And in a Word, my* Tomaſo, cries he, imbracing me, *ſhe is, tho' I know not what, or how, a Maid that compels me to adore her; ſhe has a natural Power to pleaſe above the reſt of her dull Sex; and I can abate her a Face and Shape, and yet vie her for Beauty with any of the celebrated ones of* France.

I found, by the manner of his ſaying this, that he was really charm'd, and, paſt all Retrieve, bewitch'd to this Lady. I found it vain therefore to preſs him to a Separation, or to leſſen his Paſſion, but on the contrary told him there was a time for all things; if Fate had ſo ordain'd it that he muſt love. But I beſought him with all the Eloquence of perfect Duty and Friendſhip, not to ſuffer his Paſſion to ſurmount his Ambition and his Reaon, ſo far as to neglect his Intereſt and Safety; and for a little Pleaſure with a Woman, ſuffer all his Friends to periſh that had woven their Fortunes with his, and muſt ſtand or fall as he thriv'd: I implor'd him not to caſt away the *Good Cauſe* which was ſo far advanc'd, and that yet, notwithſtanding this Diſcourſe, might all be retriev'd by his Conduct and good Management. That I knew, however the King appear'd in outward ſhew to be offended, that it was yet in his Power to calm the greateſt Tempeſt this Diſcovery had rais'd: That 'twas but caſting himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet, and begging his Mercy, by a Confeſſion of the Truth of ſome part of the Matter; and that it was impoſſible he could fail of a Pardon from ſo indulgent a Monarch as he had offended: That there was no Action could wholly raze out of the King's Heart that Tenderneſs and Paſſion he had ever expreſs'd towards him; and his Peace might be made with all the Facility imaginable. To this he urg'd a very great

great Reluctancy, and cry'd he would ſooner die, than by a Confeſſion expoſe the Lives of his Friends, and let the World ſee their whole Deſign before they had Power to effect it: And not only ſo, but put it paſt all their Induſtry ever to bring ſo hopeful a Plot about again. At this I ſmil'd, and ask'd his Highneſs pardon, told him I was of another Opinion, as moſt of the Heads of the *Hugonots* were, that what he ſaid to his Majeſty in private could never poſſibly be made publick: That his Majeſty would content himſelf with the Knowledge of the Truth, without caring to ſatisfie the World, ſo greatly to the Prejudice of a Prince of the Blood, and a Man ſo very dear to him as himſelf: He urg'd the Fears this would give thoſe of the reform'd Religion, and alarm 'em with a thouſand Apprehenſions, that it would diſcover every Man of 'em by unravelling the Intrigue. To this I reply'd, that their Fears would be very ſhort-liv'd; for as ſoon as he had, by his Submiſſion and Confeſſion, gain'd his Pardon, he had no more to do but to renounce all he had ſaid, leave the Court, and put himſelf into the Protection of his Friends, who were ready to receive him. That he need but appear abroad a little time, and he would ſee himſelf addreſs'd to again by all of the *Hugonot* Party, who would quickly put him into a Condition of fearing nothing.

My Counſel, with the ſame Perſuaſion from all of Quality of the Party, who came to ſee him, was at laſt approv'd of by him, and he began to ſay a thouſand things to aſſure me of his Fidelity to his Friends, and the Faction, which he vow'd never to forſake for any other Intereſt, but to ſtand or fall in its Defence, and that he was reſolv'd to be a King or nothing; and that he would put in Practice all the Arts and Stratagems of Cunning, as well as Force, to attain to this glorious End, however crooked and indirect they might appear to Fools. However he conceiv'd the firſt neceſſary Step to this, was the getting his Pardon to gain a little time to manage things a-new to the beſt Advantage: That at preſent all things were at a ſtand without Life or Motion, wanting

the ſight of himſelf who was the very Life and Soul of Motion; the Axle-tree that could turn the Wheel of Fortune round again.

And now he had talk'd himſelf into Senſe again, he cry'd——*Oh my* Tomaſo! *I long to be in Action, my Soul is on the Wing, and ready to take its Flight through any Hazard*——But ſighing, on a ſudden again he cry'd: *But oh, my Friend, my Wings are impt by Love, I cannot mount the Regions of the Air, and thence ſurvey the World; but ſtill as I would riſe to mightier Glory, they flag to humble Love, and fix me there. Here I am charm'd to laſie ſoft Repoſe, here 'tis I ſmile and play, and love away my Hours: But I will rouſe, I will, my dear* Tomaſo; *nor ſhall the winged Boy hold me enſlav'd: Believe me, Friend, he ſhall not*——he ſent me away pleas'd with this, and I left him to his Repoſe.

Supper being ready to come upon the Table, tho' *Philander* were impatient to hear the Story out, yet he would not preſs *Tomaſo* 'till after Supper; in which time they diſcours'd of nothing but of the Miracle of *Ceſario*'s Love to *Hermione*. He could not but wonder a Prince ſo young, ſo amorous and ſo gay, ſhould return again, after almoſt fifteen Years, to an old Miſtreſs, and who had never been in her Youth a celebrated Beauty: One whom it was imagin'd the King, and ſeveral after him at Court, had made a Gallantry with——On this he paus'd for ſome time, and reflected on his Paſſion for *Sylvia*; and this fantaſtick Intrigue of the Prince's inſpired him with a kind of Curioſity to try, whether fleeting Love would carry him back again to this abandon'd Maid. In theſe Thoughts, and ſuch Diſcourſe, they paſs'd away the time during Supper: Which ended, and a freſh Bottle brought to the Table, with a new Command that none ſhould interrupt 'em; the impatient *Philander* oblig'd *Tomaſo* to give him a farther Account of the Prince's Proceedings; which he did in this manner.

My Lord, having left the Prince, as I imagin'd very well reſolv'd, I ſpoke of it to as many of our Party as I could conveniently meet with, to prepare 'em for the

Diſco-

Diſcovery I believ'd the Prince would pretend to make, that they ſhould not by being alarm'd at the firſt News of it, put themſelves into Fears, that might indeed diſcover them: Nor would I ſuffer *Ceſario* to reſt, but daily ſaw him, or rather nightly ſtole to him, to keep up his Reſolution: And indeed, in ſpite of Love, to which he had made himſelf ſo entire a Slave, I brought him to his own Houſe, to viſit Madam his Wife, who was very well at Court, maugre her Husband's ill Conduct, as they call'd it. The King being, as you know, my Lord, extremely kind to that deſerving Lady, often made her Viſits, and would without very great Impatiency hear her plead for her Husband, the Prince; and poſſibly it was not ungrateful to him: All this we daily learn'd from a Page, who ſecretly brought Intelligence from Madam the Princeſs: So that we conceiv'd it wholly neceſſary for the Intereſt of the Prince, that he ſhould live in a good Underſtanding with this prudent Lady. To this end he feign'd more Reſpect than uſual to her, and as ſoon as it was dark, every Evening made her his Viſits. One Evening, amongſt the reſt, he happen'd to be there, juſt as the Proclamation came forth of four thouſand Crowns to any that could diſcover him; and within half an Hour after came the King to viſit the Princeſs, as every Night he did; her Lodging being in the Court: The King came without giving any Notice, and with a very ſlender Train that Night; ſo that he was almoſt in the Princeſs's Bed-chamber before any Body inform'd her he was there; ſo that the Prince had no time to retire but into Madam the Princeſs's *Cabaret*, the Door of which, ſhe immediately locking, made ſuch a Noiſe and Buſtle that it was heard by his Majeſty, who nevertheleſs had paſs'd it by, if her Confuſion and Bluſhes had not farther betray'd her, with the unuſual Addreſs ſhe made to the King: Who therefore ask'd her who ſhe had conceal'd in her Cloſet. She endeavour'd to put him off with ſome feign'd Replies but 'twould not do; the more her Confuſion, the more the King was inquiſitive, and urg'd her to give him the Key of her *Caba-*

ret: But ſhe, who knew the Life of the Prince would be in very great Danger, ſhould he be taken ſo, and knew on the other ſide, that to deny it would betray the Truth as much as his Diſcovery would, and cauſe him either to force the Key or the Door, fell down at his Feet, and wetting his Shoes with her Tears, and graſping his Knees with her trembling Arms, implor'd that Mercy and Pity for the Prince her Husband, whom her Virtue had render'd dear to her, however criminal he appear'd to his Majeſty: She told him his Majeſty had more peculiarly the Attributes of a God than any other Monarch upon Earth, and never heard the Wretched or the Innocent plead in vain. She told him that her ſelf, and her Children who were dearer to her than Life, ſhould all be as Hoſtages for the good Conduct and Duty of the Prince's future Life and Actions: And they would all be oblig'd to ſuffer any Death, tho' never ſo ignominious, upon the leaſt breaking out of her Lord: That he ſhould utterly abandon thoſe of the reform'd Religion, and yield to what Articles his Majeſty would graciouſly be pleas'd to impoſe, quitting all his falſe and unreaſonable Pretenſions to the Crown, which was only the Effects of the Flattery of the *Hugonot* Party, and the *Male-Contents*. Thus with the Virtue and Goodneſs of an Angel, ſhe pleaded with ſuch moving Eloquence, mix'd with Tears from beautiful Eyes, that ſhe fail'd not to ſoften the Royal Heart, who knew not how to be deaf when Beauty pleaded: Yet he would not ſeem to yield ſo ſuddenly, leſt it ſhould be imagin'd he had too light a Senſe of his Treaſons, which, in any other great Man, would have been puniſh'd with no leſs than Death: Yet, as ſhe pleaded, he grew calmer, and ſuffer'd it without Interruption, 'till ſhe waited for his Reply; and oblig'd him by her Silence to ſpeak. He numbers up the Obligations he had heap'd on her Husband; how he had, by putting all Places of great Command and Intereſt into his Hands, made him the greateſt Prince and Favourite of a Subject, in the World; and infinitely happier than a Monarch: That he had all the Glory and

Power

Power of one, and wanted but the Care: All the Sweets of Empire, while all that was diſagreeable and toilſome, remain'd with the Title alone. He therefore upbraided him with infinite Ingratitude, and want of Honour; with all the Folly of ambitious Youth; And left nothing unſaid that might make the Princeſs inſenſible it was too late to hide any of his Treaſons from him, ſince they were all but too apparent to his Majeſty. 'Twas therefore that ſhe urg'd nothing but his Royal Mercy and Forgiveneſs, without endeavouring to leſſen his Guilt, or enlarge on his Innocency. In fine, my Lord, ſo well ſhe ſpoke, that at laſt ſhe had the Joy to perceive the happy Effects of her Wit and Goodneſs, which had mov'd Tears of Pity and Compaſſion from his Majeſty's Eyes; which was *Ceſario*'s Cue to come forth, as immediately he did (having heard all that had paſs'd) and threw himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet: And this was the critical Minute he was to ſnatch for the gaining his Point, and of which he made a moſt admirable Uſe. He call'd up all the Force of neceſſary Diſſimulation, Tenderneſs to his Voice, Tears to his Eyes, and Trembling to his Hands, that ſtay'd the too willing and melting Monarch by his Robe, 'till he had heard him implore, and granted him his Pity: Nor did he quit his Hold, 'till the King cry'd, with a ſoft Voice——*Riſe*——at which he was aſſur'd of what he ask'd. He refus'd however to riſe, 'till the Pardon was pronounc'd. He own'd himſelf the greateſt Criminal in Nature; that he was drawn from his Allegiance by the moſt ſubtle Artifices of his Enemies, who under falſe Friendſhips had allur'd his Hopes with gilded Promiſes; and which he now too plainly ſaw were Deſigns to propagate their own private Intereſts, and not his Glory. He humbly beſought his Majeſty to make ſome gracious Allowances for his Vanities of Youth, and to believe now he had ſo dearly bought Diſcretion, at almoſt the Price of his Majeſty's eternal Diſpleaſure, that he would reform, and lead ſo good a Life, ſo abſolutely from any Appearance of Ambition, that his Majeſty ſhould ſee he had not a more faithful Subject than himſelf.

ſelf. In fine, he found himſelf, by this Acknowledgment he had begun with, to advance yet farther: Nor would his Majeſty be ſatisfy'd without the whole Scene of the Matter; and how they were to have ſurpris'd and ſeiz'd him; where, and by what Numbers. All which he was forc'd to give an Account of; ſince now to have fallen back, when he was in their Hands, had been his infallible Ruin. All which he perform'd with as much Tenderneſs and Reſpect to his Friends concern'd, as if his own Life had been depending: And tho' he were extreamly preſs'd to diſcover ſome of the great Ones of the Party, he would never give his Conſent to an Action ſo mean, as to be an Evidence. All that could be got from him farther, was, to promiſe his Majeſty to give under his Hand, what he had in private confeſs'd to him; with which the King remain'd very well ſatisfy'd, and order'd him to come to Court the next Day. Thus for that Night they parted, with infinite Careſſes on the King's Part, and no little Joy on his. His Majeſty was no ſooner gone, but he gave immediate Order to the Secretaries of State to draw up his Pardon, which was done with ſo good ſpeed, that he had it in his own Hands the next Day. When he came to Court it is not to be imagin'd the Surpriſe it was to all to behold the Man, in the greateſt State imaginable, who but Yeſterday was to have been crucify'd at any Price: And thoſe who moſt exclaim'd againſt him, were the firſt that paid him Homage, and careſs'd him at the higheſt rate; only the moſt Wiſe and Judicious propheſy'd his Glories were not of long Continuation. The King made no Viſits where the Prince did not publickly appear: He told all the People with infinite Joy, that the Prince had confeſs'd the whole Plot, and that he would give it under his Hand and Seal, in order to have it publiſh'd throughout all *France*, for the Satisfaction of all thoſe who had been deluded and deceived by our ſpecious Pretences; and for the Terror of thoſe, who had anyways adher'd to ſo pernicious a Villany: So that he met with nothing but Reproaches from thoſe of our own Par-

ty

ty at Court: For there were many, who hitherto were unſuſpected, and who now, out of Fear of being betray'd by the Prince, were ready to fall at the King's Feet and confeſs all: Others there were that left the Court and Town upon it. In fine, the Face of things ſeem'd extreamly alter'd, while the Prince bore himſelf like a Perſon who had the Misfortune juſtly to lye beneath the Exclamations of a diſoblig'd Multitude, as they at leaſt imagin'd, and bore all, as if their Fears had been true, without ſo much as offering at his Juſtification, to confirm his Majeſty's good Opinion of him: He added to his Pardon a Preſent of twenty thouſand Crowns, half of it being paid the next Day after his coming to Court. And in ſhort, my Lord, his Majeſty grew ſo fond of the Prince, he could not endure to ſuffer him out of his Preſence, and was never ſatisfy'd with ſeeing him: He carry'd him the next Day to the publick *Theatre* with him, to ſhew the World he was reconcil'd. But by this time he had all confirm'd, and grew impatient to declare himſelf to his Friends, whom he would not have remain long in their ill Opinion of him. It happen'd the third Day of his coming to Court (in returning ſome of thoſe Viſits he had receiv'd from all the great Perſons) he went to wait upon the Dutcheſs of——a Lady who had ever had a tender Reſpect for the Prince: In the time of this Viſit, a young Lady of Quality happen'd to come in; one whom your Lordſhip knows a great Wit, and much eſteem'd at Court, *Madamoiſel Mariana*: By this Lady he found himſelf welcom'd to Court with all the Demonſtrations of Joy; as alſo by the old Dutcheſs, who had divers times heretofore perſuaded the Prince to leave the *Hugonots*, and return to the King and Court: She us'd to tell him he was a handſome Youth; and ſhe lov'd his Mother well; that he danc'd finely, and ſhe had rather ſee him in a Ball at Court, than in Rebellion in the Field; and often to this purpoſe her Love would rally him; and now ſhew'd no leſs Concern of Joy for his Reconciliation; and looking on him as a true Convert, fell a railing, with all the Malice and Wit ſhe could invent, at thoſe publick-ſpirited

Knaves

Knaves who had ſeduc'd him. She rail'd on, and curs'd thoſe Politicks which had betray'd him to almoſt Ruin it ſelf. The Prince heard her with all the Patience he could for ſome time, but when he found her touch him ſo tenderly, and name his Friends, as if he had own'd any ſuch ill Counſellors, his Colour came in his Face, and he could not forbear defending us with all the Force of Friendſhip. He told her he knew of no ſuch Seducers, no Villains of the Party, nor of any traiterous Deſign, that either himſelf, or any Man in *France*, had ever harbour'd: At which ſhe going to upbraid him in a manner too paſſionate, he thought it decent to end his Viſit, and left her very abruptly. At his going out he met with the Duke of——Brother to the Dutcheſs, going to viſit her: *En paſſant*, a very indifferent Ceremony paſs'd on both ſides, for this Duke never had entertain'd a Friendſhip, or ſcarce Reſpect for *Ceſario*; but going into his Siſter's the Dutcheſs her Chamber, he found her all in a Rage at the Prince's ſo publick Defence of the *Hugonots* and their Allies; and the Duke entering, they told him what had paſs'd. This was a very great Pleaſure to him who had a mortal Hate at this time to the Prince. He made his Viſit very ſhort, haſtens to Court, and went directly to the King, and told him how infinitely he found his Majeſty miſtaken in the imagin'd Penitence of the Prince; and then told him what he had ſaid at the Dutcheſs of ———Lodgings, and had diſown'd he ever confeſs'd any treaſonable Deſign againſt his Majeſty, and gave 'em the Lie, who durſt charge him with any ſuch Villany. The King who was unwilling to credit what he wiſh'd not true, plainly told the Duke he could not believe it, but that it was the Malice of his Enemies who had forg'd this; the Duke reply'd, he would bring thoſe to his Majeſty that heard the Words: Immediately thereupon diſpatch'd away his Page to beg the Dutcheſs would come to Court, with *Madamoiſel Mariana*. The Dutcheſs ſuſpecting the Truth of the Buſineſs, and unwilling to do the Prince an ill Office, excus'd her ſelf by ſending Word ſhe was ill of the Cholick. But *Mariana* who lov'd the King's Intereſt,

Intereſt, and found the Ingratitude, as ſhe call'd it, of the Prince, haſted in her Chair to Court, and juſtify'd all the Duke had ſaid; who being a Woman of great Wit and Honour, found that Credit which the Duke fail'd of, as an open Enemy to the Prince. About an Hour after the Prince appear'd at Court, and found the Face of Things chang'd extreamly; and thoſe, who before had kiſs'd his Hand, and were proud of every Smile from him, now beheld him with Coldneſs, and ſcarce made way as he paſs'd. However, he went on to the Preſence and found the King, whoſe Looks were alſo very much chang'd; who taking him into the Bed-Chamber, ſhew'd him his whole Confeſſion, drawn up ready for him to ſign, as he had promis'd, tho' he never intended any ſuch thing; and now reſolv'd to die rather than do it, he took it in his Hand, while the King cry'd——*Here, keep your Word, and ſign your Narrative*——*Stay, Sir*, reply'd the Prince, *I have the Counſel of my Friends to ask in ſo weighty an Affair.* The King, confirm'd in all he had heard, no longer doubted but he had been too cunning for him; and going out in a very great Diſcontent, he only cry'd——*Sir, if you have any better Friends than my ſelf I leave you to 'em*;——and with this left him. The Prince was very glad he had got the Confeſſion Paper, hoping it would never come to light again; the King was the only Perſon to whom he had made the Confeſſion, and he was but one Accuſer; and him he thought the Party could at any time be too powerful to oppoſe, all being eaſily believ'd on their Side, and nothing on that of the Court. After this, in the Evening, the King going to viſit Madam the Dutcheſs of ——for whom he had a very great Eſteem, and whither every Day the whole Court follow'd him; the Prince, with all the Aſſurance imaginable, made his Court there alſo; but he was no ſooner come into the Preſence, but he perceiv'd Anger in the Eyes of that Monarch, who had indeed a peculiar Greatneſs and Fierceneſs there when angry: A Minute after he ſent Monſieur ——to the Prince, with a Command to leave the Court; and without much Ceremony he accordingly

cordingly departed, and went directly to *Hermione*, who with all the Impatience of Love expected him; nor was much surpris'd to find him banish'd the Court: For he made her acquainted with his most secret Designs; who having made all his Interests her own, espous'd whatever related to him, and was capable of retaining all with great Fidelity: Nor had he quitted her one Night, since his coming to Court; and he hath often with Rapture told me, *Hermione* was a Friend as well a Mistress, and one with whom, when the first Play was ended, he could discourse with of useful things of State as well as Love; and improve in both the noble Mysteries by her charming Conversation. The Night of this second Disgrace I went to *Hermione*'s to visit him, where we discours'd what was next to be done. He did not think his Pardon was sufficient to secure him, and he was not willing to trust a King who might be convinc'd, that that Tenderness he had for him, was absolutely against the Peace and Quiet of all *France*. I was of this Opinion, so that upon farther Debate, we thought it absolutely necessary to quit *France*, 'till the Court's Heat should be a little abated; and that the King might imagine himself by his Absence, in more Tranquillity than he really is. In order to this, he made me take my Flight into *Flanders*, here to provide all things necessary against his coming, and I receiv'd his Command to seek you out, and beg you would attend his coming hither. I expect him every Day. He told me at Parting he long'd to consult with you how next to play this mighty Game, on which so many Kingdoms are stak'd, and which he is resolv'd to win, or be nothing. *An imperfect Relation*, reply'd *Philander*, *we had of this Affair, but I never could learn by what Artifice the Prince brought about his good Fortune at Court; but of your own Escape I have heard nothing, pray oblige me with the Relation of it. Sir*, said *Tomaso*, *there is so little worthy the Trouble you will take in hearing it, that you may spare your self the Curiosity. Sir*, reply'd *Philander*, *I always had too great a Share in what concern'd you not to be curious of the Story: In which*, reply'd *Thomaso*, *tho' there be nothing Novel, I will satisfie you.*

Be

Be pleas'd to know, my Lord, that about a Week before our Deſign was fully diſcover'd by ſome of our own Under-Rogues, I had taken a great Houſe in *Fabour St. Jermins*, for my Miſtreſs, whom you know, my Lord, I had liv'd with for the ſpace of a Year. She was gone to drink the Waters of *Bourbon* for ſome Indiſpoſition, and I had promis'd her all things ſhould be fitted againſt her Return, agreeable to her Humour and Deſire; and indeed I ſpar'd no Coſt to make her Apartment magnificent: And I believe few Women of Quality could purchaſe one ſo rich; for I lov'd the young Woman, who had Beauty and Diſcretion enough to charm, tho' the *Pariſians* of the Royal Party call'd her *Nicky Nacky*, which was given her in Deriſion to me, not to her, for whom every Body, for her own ſake, had a conſiderable Eſteem. Beſides, my Lord, I had taken up Money out of the Orphans and Widows Bank from the Chamber of *Paris*, and could very well afford to be Laviſh when I ſpent upon the publick Stock. While I was thus ordering all things, my *Vallet* came running out of Breath to tell me, that being at the *Loovre*, he ſaw ſeveral Perſons carry'd to the Secretaries Office with Meſſengers; and that enquiring who they might be, he found they were two *Pariſians*, who had offer'd themſelves to the Meſſengers to be carry'd to be examin'd about a Plot, the Prince *Ceſario* and thoſe of the Reform'd Religion had to ſurpriſe his Majeſty, kill Monſieur his Brother, and ſet all *Paris* in a Flame: And as to what particularly related to my ſelf, he ſaid, That I was nam'd as the Perſon deſign'd to ſeize upon the King's Guards, and diſpatch Monſieur. This my own Conſcience told me was too true, for me to make any Doubt but I was diſcover'd; I therefore left a Servant in the Houſe, and in an Hackney-Coach took my Flight. I drove a little out of *Paris* 'till Night, and then return'd again, as the ſureſt Part of the World where I could conceal my ſelf: I was not long in ſtudying who I ſhould truſt with my Life and Safety, but went directly to the Palace of Madam, the Counteſs of —— who you know, my Lord, was a Widow, and a

Woman

Woman who had, for a Year paſt, a moſt violent Paſſion for me; but ſhe being a Lady who had made many ſuch Gallantries, and paſt her Youth, I had only a very great Reſpect and Acknowledgment for her and her Quality, and being oblig'd to her for the Effects of her Tenderneſs ſhewn upon ſeveral Occaſions, I could not but acquit my ſelf like a *Cavalier* to her, whenever I could poſſibly; and which, tho' I have a thouſand times feign'd great Buſineſs to prevent, yet I could not always be ungrateful; and when I paid her my Services, 'twas ever extreamly well receiv'd; and becauſe of her Quality, and ſetting up for a ſecond Marriage, ſhe always took care to make my Approaches to her in as conceal'd a manner as poſſible; and only her Porter, one Page, and one Woman, knew this ſecret Amour; and for the better carrying it on, I ever went in a Hackney-Coach, leſt my Livery ſhould be ſeen at her Gate: And as it was my Cuſtom at other times, ſo I now ſent the Porter (who, by my Bounty and his Lady's, was intirely my own Creature) for the Page to come to me, who immediately did, and I deſir'd him to let his Lady know I waited her Commands; that was the Word: He immediately brought me Anſwer, That by good Fortune his Lady was all alone, and infinitely wiſhing ſhe knew where to ſend him for me: And I immediately, at that good News, ran up to her Chamber; where I was no ſooner come, but deſiring me to ſit, ſhe order'd her Porter to be call'd, and gave him Orders, upon pain of Life, not to tell of my being in the Houſe, whatever Enquiry ſhould be made after me; and having given the ſame Command to her Page, ſhe diſmiſs'd 'em, and came to me with all the Fear and Trembling imaginable. *Ah Monſieur*, cry'd ſhe, falling on my Neck, *we are undone* ——I not imagining ſhe had heard the News already; cry'd, *Why, is my Paſſion diſcover'd? Ah*, reply'd ſhe in Tears, *I would to Heav'n it were no worſe! would all the Earth had diſcover'd that, which I ſhould eſteem my Glory —— But 'tis, my charming Monſieur*, continu'd ſhe, *your Treaſons and not Amour, whoſe Diſcovery will be ſo fatal to me.* At this

this I ſeem'd amaz'd, and begg'd her to let me underſtand her: She told me what I have ſaid before; and moreover, that the Council had that very Evening iſſu'd out Warrants for me, and ſhe admir'd how I eſcap'd. After a little Diſcourſe of this kind, I ask'd her what ſhe would adviſe me to do? for I was very well aſſur'd the violent Hate the King had particularly for me, would make him never conſent I ſhould live on any Terms: And therefore 'twas determin'd I ſhould not ſurrender my ſelf; and ſhe reſolv'd to run the risk of concealing me; which, in fine, ſhe did three Days, furniſhing me with Money and Neceſſaries for my Flight. In this time a Proclamation came forth, and offer'd five hundred Crowns for my Head, or to ſeize me alive or dead. This Sum ſo wrought with the ſlaviſh Minds of Men, that no Art was left unaſſay'd to take me: They ſearch'd all Houſes, all Hackney-Coaches that paſs'd by Night; and did all that Avarice could inſpire to take me, but all in vain: At laſt this glorious Sum ſo dazzled the Mind of Madam the Counteſs's Porter, that he went to a Captain of the Muſquetiers, and aſſur'd him, if the King would give him the aforeſaid Sum, he would betray me, and bring him the following Night to ſurprize me without any Reſiſtance: The Captain, who thought, if the Porter ſhould have all the Sum, he ſhould get none; and every one hoping to be the happy Man that ſhould take me and win the Prize, could not indure another ſhould have the Glory of both, and ſo never told the King of the Offer the Porter had made. But however ſecret one may imagine an Amour to be kept, yet in ſo buſie a Place as *Paris*, and the Apartments of the Court Coquets, this of ours had been diſcours'd, and the Intrigue more than ſuſpected: Whether this, or the Captain before nam'd, imagin'd to find me at the Houſe of the Counteſs, becauſe the Porter had made ſuch an Offer; I ſay, however it was, the next Morning, upon a *Sunday*, the Guards broke into ſeveral Chambers, and miſſing me, had the Inſolence to come to the Door of that of the Counteſs; and ſhe had only time to ſlip on her Night-Gown, and running to the

Door, beſought them to have Reſpect to her Sex and Quality, while I ſtarted from my Bed, which was the ſame from whence the Counteſs roſe; and not knowing where to hide, or what to do, concealing my Cloaths between the Sheets, I mounted from the Table to a great Silver Sconce that was faſten'd to the Wall by the Bed-ſide, and from thence made but one Spring up to the Teſter of the Bed; which being one of thoſe rais'd with ſtrong Wood-work and Japan, I could eaſily do; or rather it was by Miracle I did it; and laid my ſelf along on the Top, while my Back touch'd the Ceiling of the Chamber; by this time, when no Intreaties could prevail, they had burſt open the Chamber-door, and running directly to the Bed, they could not believe their Eyes: They ſaw no Perſon there, but the plain Print of two, with the Pillows for two Perſons. This gave them the Curioſity to ſearch farther, which they did, with their Swords, under the Bed, in every Corner, behind every Curtain, up the Chimney, felt all about the Wainſcot and Hangings for falſe Doors or Cloſets; ſurvey'd the Floor for a Trap-door: At laſt they found my fring'd Gloves in the Window, and the Saſh a little up, and then they concluded I had made my Eſcape out at that Window: This Thought they ſeem'd confirm'd in, and therefore ran to the Garden, where they thought I had deſcended, and with my Gloves, which they bore away as the Trophies of their almoſt gain'd Victory, they ſearch'd every Hedge and Buſh, Arbour, Grotto, and Tree; but not being able to find what they ſought, they concluded me gone, and told all the Town how very near they were to ſeizing me. After this, the very Porter and Page believ'd me eſcap'd out at that Window, and there was no farther Search made after me: But the Counteſs was amaz'd, as much as any of the Soldiers, to find which way I had convey'd my ſelf, when I came down and undeceiv'd her; but when ſhe ſaw from whence I came, ſhe wonder'd more than before how I could get up ſo high; when trying the Trick again, I could not do it, if I might have won never ſo conſiderable a

Wager

Wager upon it, without pulling down the Sconce and the Teſter alſo.

After this I remain'd there undiſcover'd the whole time the Prince was at *Hermione*'s, till his coming to Court, when I verily believ'd he would have gained me my Pardon, with his own; but the King had ſworn my final Deſtruction, if he ever got me in his Power; and proclaiming me a Traitor, ſeiz'd all they could find of mine. 'Twas then that I believ'd it high time to take my Flight; which, as ſoon as I heard the Prince again in Diſgrace, I did, and got ſafely into *Holland*, where I have remain'd about ſix Weeks. But, oh! what is Woman! The firſt News I heard, and that was while I remain'd at the Counteſs's, that my Miſtreſs, for whom I had taken ſuch Care, and who had profeſs'd to love me above all things, no ſooner heard I was fled and proſcrib'd, but retiring to a Friend's Houſe (for her own was ſeiz'd for mine) and the Officers imagining me there too, they came to ſearch; and a young *Cavalier*, of a noble Aſpect, great Wit and Courage, and indeed a very fine Gentleman, was the Officer that enter'd her Chamber to ſearch for me; who, being at firſt ſight ſurpriz'd with her Beauty, and melted with her Tears, fell moſt deſperately in Love with her, and after hearing how ſhe had loſt all her Money, Plate, and Jewels, and rich Furniture, offer'd her his Service to retrieve 'em, and did do it; and, from one Favour to another, continu'd ſo to oblige the fair fickle Creature, that he won, with that and his handſom Mein, a Poſſeſſion of her Heart, and ſhe yielded in a Week's time to my moſt mortal Enemy. And the Counteſs, who, at my going from her, ſwooned, and bathed me all in Tears, making a thouſand Vows of Fidelity, and never to favour Mankind more: This very Woman, Sir, as ſoon as my Back was turn'd, made new Advances to a young Lord, who, believing her to be none of the moſt faithful, would not truſt her under Matrimony: He being a Man of no great Fortune, and ſhe a Miſtreſs of a very conſiderable one, his ſtanding off on theſe Terms inflames her the more; and I have advice that ſhe is very much in Love

with him, and 'tis believ'd will do what he deſires of her: So that I was no ſooner abandon'd by Fortune, but fickle Woman follow'd her Example, and fled me too. Thus, my Lord, you have the Hiſtory of my double Unhappineſs: And I am waiting here a Fate which no human Wit can gueſs at: The Arrival of the Prince will give a little Life to our Affair; and I yet have hope to ſee him in *Paris*, at the Head of forty thouſand *Hugonots*, to revenge all the Inſolencies we have ſuffer'd.

After diſcourſing of ſeveral things, and of the Fate of ſeveral Perſons, it was Bed-time; and they taking Leave, each Man departed to his Chamber.

Philander, while he was undreſſing, being alone with *Brilliard*, began to diſcourſe of *Sylvia*, and to take ſome Care of letting her know he was arriv'd at *Bruxels*; and for her Convoy thither. *Brilliard*, who even yet retain'd ſome unaccountable Hope, as Lovers do, of one Day being happy with that fair one; and believing he could not be ſo, with ſo much Felicity, while ſhe was in the Hands of *Octavio*, as thoſe of *Philander*, would never tell his Lord his Sentiments of her Conduct, nor of her Love to *Octavio*, and thoſe other Paſſages that had occurr'd in *Holland*: He only cry'd, he believ'd ſhe might be overcome, being left to her ſelf, and by the Merits and good Faſhion of *Octavio*; but would not give his Maſter an abſolute Fear, or any Account of Truth, that he might live with her again; if poſſible, as before; and that ſhe might hold her ſelf ſo oblig'd to him for his Silence in theſe Affairs, as might one Day render him happy. Theſe were the unweigh'd Reaſons he gave for deluding his Lord into a kind Opinion of the fickle Maid: But ever when he nam'd *Sylvia*, *Philander* could perceive his Bluſhes riſe, and from 'em, believ'd there was ſomething behind in his Thought, which he had a Mind to know: He therefore preſs'd him to the laſt degree,—— and cry'd —— *Come ——confeſs to me*, Brilliard, *the reaſon of your Bluſhes: I know you are a Lover, and I was content to ſuffer you my Rival, knowing your Reſpect to me.* This, tho' he ſpoke ſmiling, rais'd a greater Confuſion in *Brilliard*'s Heart. *I own,*

own, my Lord, ſaid he, *that I have in ſpight of that Reſpect, and all the force of my Soul, had the daring to love her whom you lov'd; but ſtill the Conſideration of my Obligations to your Lordſhip ſurmounted that ſaucy Flame, notwithſtanding all the Incouragement of your Inconſtancy, and the Advantage of the Rage it put* Sylvia *in againſt you. How*, cry'd *Philander*, *does* Sylvia *know then of my Falſeneſs, and is it certain that* Octavio *has betray'd me to her?* With that *Brilliard* was forc'd to advance, and with a Deſign of ſome Revenge upon *Octavio* (whom, he hop'd, would be challeng'd by his Lord, where one or both might fall in the Rancounter, and leave him Maſter of his Hopes) he told him all that had paſs'd between 'em, all but real Poſſeſſion, which he only imagin'd, but laid the whole Weight on *Octavio*, making *Sylvia* act but as an incens'd Woman, purely out of high Revenge and Reſentment of ſo great an Injury as was done her Love. He farther told him, how in the Extravagancy of her Rage ſhe had reſolv'd to marry *Octavio*, and how he prevented it by making a publick Declaration ſhe was his Wife already; and for which *Octavio* procur'd the *States* to put him in Priſon; but by an Accident that happen'd to the Uncle of *Octavio*, for which he was forc'd to fly, the *States* releas'd him, when he came to his Lord: *How*, cry'd *Philander*, *and is the Traitor* Octavio *fled from* Holland, *and from the Reach of my Chaſtiſement? Yes*, reply'd *Brilliard*; *and not to hold you longer from the Truth, has forc'd* Sylvia *away with him.* At this *Philander* grew into a violent Rage, ſometimes againſt *Octavio* for his Treaſons againſt Friendſhip; ſometimes he felt the old Flame revive, rais'd and blown Jealouſie, and was raving to imagine any other ſhould poſſeſs the lovely *Sylvia*. He now beholds her with all thoſe Charms that firſt fir'd him, and thinks, if ſhe be criminal, 'twas only the Effects of the greateſt Love, which always hurries Women on to the higheſt Revenges. In vain he ſeeks to extinguiſh his returning Flame by the Thought of *Caliſta*; yet at that Thought he ſtarts like one awaken'd from a Dream of Honour, to fall aſleep again, and dream of Love. Before 'twas Rage and Pride, but now it was Tenderneſs and Grief, ſofter

Paſſions, and more inſupportable. New Wounds ſmart moſt, but old ones are moſt dangerous. While he was thus raging, walking, pauſing, and loving, one knock'd at his Chamber-door. It was *Sylvia*'s Page, who had waited all the Evening to ſpeak to him, and could not till now be admitted. *Brilliard* was juſt going to tell him he was there before, when he arriv'd now again: *Philander* was all unbutton'd, his Stockings down, and his Hair under his Cap, when the Page, being let in by *Brilliard*, ran to his Lord, who knew him and imbrac'd him: And 'twas a pretty while they thus careſs'd each other, without the Power of ſpeaking; he of asking a Queſtion, and the Boy of delivering his Meſſage; at laſt he gave him *Sylvia*'s Billet, which was thus——

To PHILANDER.

FAlſe and perjur'd as you are, I languiſh for a Sight of you, and conjure you to give it me as ſoon as this comes to your Hands. Imagine not that I have prepar'd thoſe Inſtruments of Revenge that are ſo juſtly due to your Perfidy; but rather that I have yet too tender Sentiments for you, in ſpight of the Outrage you have done my Heart; and that for all the Ruin you have made, I ſtill adore you: And tho' I know you now another's Slave, yet I beg you would vouchſafe to behold the Spoils you have made, and allow me this Recompence for all, to ſay—— Here was the Beauty I once eſteem'd, tho' now ſhe is no more *Philander*'s

SYLVIA.

How! cry'd he out, *No more* Philander's Sylvia? *By Heav'n, I had rather be no more* Philander! And at that Word, without conſidering whether he were in order for a Viſit or not, he advancing his joyful Voice, cry'd out to the Page, *Lead on, my faithful Boy, lead on to* Sylvia. In vain *Brilliard* beſeeches him to put himſelf into a better Equipage; in vain he urges to him the Indecency of making a Viſit in that Poſture; he thought of nothing but *Sylvia*;

via; however he ran after him with his Hat, Cloak, and Comb, and as he was in the Chair dreſs'd his Hair, and ſuffer'd the Page to conduct him where he pleas'd: Which being to *Sylvia*'s Lodgings, he ran up Stairs, and into her Chamber, as by Inſtinct of Love, and found her laid on her Bed, to which he made but one Step from the Door; and catching her in his Arms, as he kneel'd upon the Carpet, they both remain'd unable to utter any thing but Sighs: And ſurely *Sylvia* never appear'd more charming; ſhe had for a Month or two liv'd at her Eaſe, and had beſides all the Advantage of fine dreſſing, which ſhe had purpoſely put on, in the moſt tempting Faſhion, on purpoſe to ingage him, or rather to make him ſee how fine a Creature his Perfidy had loſt him: She firſt broke Silence, and with a thouſand violent Reproaches, ſeem'd as if ſhe would fain break from thoſe Arms, which ſhe wiſh'd might be too ſtrong for her Force; while he endeavours to appeaſe her by ſwearing and lying, as Lovers do, proteſting a thouſand times that there was nothing in that Hiſtory of his Amour with *Caliſta*, but Revenge on *Octavio*, who he knew was making an Intereſt in her Heart, contrary to all the Laws of Honour and Friendſhip, (for he had learned, by the Reproaches of the Lady Abbeſs, that *Caliſta* was Siſter to *Octavio*) he has had the Daring to confeſs to me his Paſſion, ſaid he, for you, and could I do leſs in Revenge than to tell him I had one for his Siſter? I knew by the violent Reproaches I ever met with in your Letters, tho' they were not plainly confeſs'd, that he had play'd me foul, and diſcover'd my feign'd Intrigue to you; and even this I ſuffer'd, to ſee how far you could be prevail'd with againſt me. I knew *Octavio* had Charms of Youth and Wit, and that you had too much the Aſcendant over him, to be deny'd any Secret you had a Mind to draw from him; I knew your Nature too curious, and your Love too inquiſitive, not to preſs him to a Sight of my Letters, which ſeen muſt incenſe you; and this Trial I deſignedly made of your Faith, and as a Return to *Octavio*. Thus he flatters, and ſhe believes, becauſe ſhe has a Mind to believe; and

thus by degrees he ſoftens the liſtening *Sylvia*; ſwears his Faith with Sighs, and confirms it with his Tears, which bedew'd her fair Boſom, as they fell from his bright diſſembling Eyes; and yet ſo well he diſſembled, that he ſcarce knew himſelf that he did ſo: And ſuch Effects it wrought on *Sylvia*, that in ſpight of all her Honour and Vows engag'd to *Octavio*, and horrid Proteſtations, never to receive again the Fugitive to her Arms, ſhe ſuffers all he asks, gives her ſelf up again to Love, and is a ſecond time undone. She regards him as one to whom ſhe had a peculiar Right as the firſt Lover: She was marry'd to his Love, to his Heart, and *Octavio* appear'd the intruding Gallant, that would, and ought to be content with the Gleanings of the Harveſt *Philander* ſhould give him the Opportunity to take up: And tho' if ſhe had at this very time been put to her ſober Choice, which ſhe would have abandon'd, it would have been *Philander*, as not in ſo good Circumſtances at that time to gratify all her Extravagancies of Expence; but ſhe would not indure to think of loſing either: She was for two Reaſons covetous of both, and ſwore Fidelity to both, proteſting each the only Man; and ſhe was now contriving in her Thoughts how to play the Jilt moſt artificially; a Help-meet, tho' natural enough to her Sex, ſhe had not yet much eſſay'd, and never to this purpoſe: She knew well ſhe ſhould have need of all her Cunning in this Affair, for ſhe had to do with Men of Quality and Honour, and too much Wit to be groſſly impos'd upon. She knew *Octavio* lov'd ſo well, it would either make her loſe him by Death or reſenting Pride, if ſhe ſhould ever be diſcover'd to him to be untrue; and ſhe knew ſhe ſhould loſe *Philander* to ſome new Miſtreſs, if he once perceiv'd her falſe. He ask'd her a thouſand Queſtions concerning *Octavio*, and ſhe ſeem'd to laviſh every Secret of her Soul to her Lover; but, like a right Woman, ſo order'd her Diſcourſe as all that made for her Advantage ſhe declar'd, and all the reſt ſhe conceal'd. She told him that thoſe Hopes which her Revenge had made her give *Octavio*, had oblig'd him to preſent her with ſuch and ſuch fine Jewels,

ſuch

ſuch Plate, ſuch Sums; and in fine, made him underſtand that all her Trophies from the believing Lover ſhould be laid at his Feet, who had conquer'd her Heart: And that now, having enrich'd her ſelf, ſhe would abandon him wholly to Deſpair. This did not ſo well ſatisfy *Philander*, but that he needed ſome greater Proofs of her Fidelity, fearing all theſe rich Preſents were not for a little Hope alone; and ſhe fail'd not giving what Proteſtations he deſir'd.

Thus the Night paſs'd away, and in the Morning, ſhe knowing he was not very well furniſh'd with Money, gave him the Key of her Cabinet, where ſhe bid him furniſh himſelf with all he wanted; which he did and left her, to go take Orders about his Horſes and other Affairs, not ſo abſolutely ſatisfy'd of her Virtue, but he fear'd himſelf put upon, which the Advantage he was likely to reap by the Deceit, made him leſs conſider than he would perhaps otherwiſe have done. He had all the Night a full Poſſeſſion of *Sylvia*, and found in the Morning he was not ſo violently concern'd as he was over Night: It was but a Repetition of what he had been feaſted with before; 'twas no new Treat, but, like Matrimony, went dully down: And now he found his Heart warm a little more for *Caliſta*, with which little Impatience he left *Sylvia*.

That Morning a Lady having ſent to *Octavio*, to give her an Aſſignation in the Park; tho' he were not curious after Beauty, yet believing there might be ſomething more in it than merely a Lady, he dreſs'd himſelf and went, which was the Reaſon he made not his Viſit that Morning, as he us'd to do, to *Sylvia*, and ſo was yet ignorant of her Ingratitude; while ſhe, on the other ſide, finding her ſelf more poſſeſs'd with Vanity than Love; for having gain'd her End as imagin'd, and got a ſecond Victory over his Heart, in ſpight of all *Caliſta*'s Charms, ſhe did not ſo much conſider him as before; nor was he ſo dear to her as ſhe fancy'd he would have been, before ſhe believ'd it poſſible to get him any more to her Arms; and ſhe found it was Pride and Revenge

to

to *Caliſta*, that made her ſo fond of indearing him, and that he ſhould thereby triumph over that haughty Rival, who pretended to be ſo ſure of the Heart of her Hero: And having ſatisfy'd her Ambition in that Point, ſhe was more pleas'd than ſhe imagin'd ſhe ſhould be, and could now turn her Thoughts again to *Octavio*, whoſe Charms, whoſe Endearments, and laviſh Obligations, came anew to her Memory, and made him appear the moſt agreeable to her Genius and Humour, which now lean'd to Intereſt more than Love; and now ſhe fancies ſhe found *Philander* duller in her Arms than *Octavio*, that he taſted of *Caliſta*, while *Octavio* was all her own entirely, adoring and ever preſenting; two Excellencies, of which *Philander* now had but part of one. She found *Philander* now in a Condition to be ever taking from her, while *Octavio*'s was ſtill to be giving; which was a great Weight in the Scale of Love, when a fair Woman guides the Balance: And now ſhe begins to diſtruſt all that *Philander* had ſaid of his Innocence, from what ſhe now remembers ſhe heard from *Caliſta* her ſelf, and reproaches her own Weakneſs for believing: While her penitent Thoughts were thus wandering in favour of *Octavio* that Lover arriv'd, and approach'd her with all the Joy in his Soul and Eyes that either could expreſs. *'Tis now my fair Charmer*, ſaid he, *that I am come to offer you what alone can make me more worthy of you*—— And pulling from his Pocket the Writings and Inventories of all his own and his Uncle's Eſtate— *See here*, ſaid he, *what thoſe mighty Powers that favour Love have done for* Sylvia? *It is not*, continu'd he, *the Trifle of a Million of Money (which theſe amount to) that has pleas'd me, but becauſe I am now able to lay it without Controul at your Feet.* If ſhe were before inclin'd to receive him well, what was ſhe now, when a Million of Money render'd him ſo charming? She embrac'd his Neck with her ſnowy Arms, lays her Cheek to his raviſh'd Face, and kiſs'd him a thouſand Welcomes; ſo well ſhe knew how to make her ſelf Miſtreſs of all this vaſt Fortune: And I ſuppoſe he never appear'd ſo fine as at this Moment. While ſhe thus careſs'd him,

him, he could not forbear ſighing, as if there were yet ſomething behind to compleat his Happineſs: For though *Octavio* were extreamly blinded with Love, he had abundance of Wit, and a great many Doubts (which were augmented by the Arrival of *Philander*,) and he was too wiſe and too haughty to be impos'd upon, at leaſt as he believ'd: And yet he had ſo very good an Opinion of *Sylvia*'s Honour and Vows, which ſhe had engag'd to him, that he durſt hardly name his Fears, when by his Sighs ſhe found them: And willing to leave no Obſtacle unremov'd, that might hinder her poſſeſſing this Fortune, ſhe told him; *My dear* Octavio —— *I am ſenſible theſe Sighs proceed from ſome Fears you have of* Philander's *being in* Bruxels, *and conſequently that I will ſee him, as heretofore; but be aſſur'd that that falſe Man ſhall no more dare to pretend to me; but, on the contrary, I will behold him as my mortal Enemy, the Murderer of my Fame and Innocence, and as the moſt ungrateful and perfidious Man that ever liv'd.* This ſhe confirm'd with Oaths and Tears, and a thouſand endearing Expreſſions. So that eſtabliſhing his Heart in a perfect Tranquillity, and he leaving his Writings and Accounts with her, he told her he was oblig'd to dine with the Advocates, who had acted for him in *Holland*, and could not ſtay to dine with her.

You muſt know, that as ſoon as the Noiſe of old *Sebaſtian*, *Octavio*'s Uncle's Death was noiſed about, and that he was thereupon fled, they ſeiz'd all the Eſtates, both that of the Uncle, and that of *Octavio*, as belonging to him by Right of Law; but looking upon him as his Uncle's Murderer, they were forfeited to the *States*. This part of ill News *Octavio* kept from *Sylvia*, but took Order that there ſhould be ſuch a Proceſs began in his Name with the *States* that might retrieve it; and ſent Word, if it could not be carry'd on by Attorneys (for he was not, he ſaid, in Health) that nevertheleſs he would come into *Holland* himſelf. But they being not able to prove, by the Witneſs of any of *Octavio*'s or *Sebaſtian*'s Servants, that *Octavio* had any Hand in his Death; but,

but, on the contrary, all Circumſtances, and the Coroner's Verdict, brought it in as a thing done by Accident, and through his own Fault, they were oblig'd to releaſe to *Octavio* all his Fortune, with that of his Uncle, which was this Day brought to him, by thoſe he was oblig'd to dine and make up ſome Accounts withal: He therefore told her he fear'd he ſhould be abſent all that Afternoon; which ſhe was the more pleas'd at, becauſe if *Philander* ſhould return before ſhe had order'd the Method of their Viſit, ſo as not to meet with each other, (which was her only Contrivance now,) ſhe ſhould be ſure he would not ſee or be ſeen by *Octavio*; who had no ſooner taken his Leave, but *Philander* returns; who being now fully bent upon ſome Adventure to ſee *Caliſta*, if poſſible, and which Intrigue would take up his whole Time; to excuſe his Abſence to the jealous *Sylvia*, he feign'd that he was ſent to by *Ceſario*, to meet him upon the Frontiers of *France*, and conduct him into *Flanders*, and that he ſhould be abſent ſome Days. This was as *Sylvia* could have wiſh'd; and after forcing her ſelf to take as kind a Leave of him as ſhe could, whoſe Head was wholly poſſeſs'd with a Million of Gold, ſhe ſent him away, both Parties being very well pleas'd with the Artifices with which they jilted each other. At *Philander*'s going into his Chair, he was ſeen by the old Count of *Clarinau*, who, cur'd perfectly of his Wound, was come thither to ſeek *Philander*, in order to take the Revenge of a Man of Honour, as he call'd it; which in *Spaniſh* is the private Stab, for private Injuries; and indeed more reaſonable than baſe *French* Duelling, where the Injur'd is as likely to ſuffer as the Injurer: But *Clarinau* durſt not attack him by Day-Light in the open Street, nor durſt he indeed appear in his own Figure in the King of *Spain*'s Dominions, ſtanding already there convicted of the Murder of his firſt Wife; but in a Diſguiſe came to *Bruxels*. The Chair with *Philander* was no ſooner gone from the Lodgings, but he enquir'd of ſome of the Houſe, who lodg'd there that that Gentleman came to viſit? and they told him a great Belly'd Lady, who was a

Woman

Woman of Quality, and a Stranger: This was ſufficient, you may believe, for him to think it Madam the Counteſs of *Clarinau*. With this Aſſurance he repairs to his Lodging, which was but hard by, and ſets a Footman that attended him to watch the Return of *Philander* to thoſe Lodgings, which he believ'd would not be long: The Footman, who had not ſeen *Philander*, only ask'd a Deſcription of him; he told him he was a pretty tall Man in black Cloaths (for the Court was then in Mourning,) with long black Hair, fine black Eyes, very handſome and well made; this was enough for the Lad; he thought he ſhould know him from a thouſand by theſe Marks and Tokens. Away goes the Footman, and waited till the ſhutting in of the Evening, and then, running to his Lord, told him *Philander* was come to thoſe Lodgings; that he ſaw him alight out of the Chair, and took perfect Notice of him; that he was ſure it was that *Philander* he look'd for: *Clarinau*, overjoy'd that his Revenge was at hand, took his Dagger, Sword and Piſtol, and haſted to *Sylvia*'s Lodgings, where he found the Chair ſtill waiting, and the Doors all open; he made no more ado, but goes in and aſcends the Stairs, and paſſes on, without any Oppoſition, to the very Chamber where they ſate, *Sylvia* in the Arms of her Lover, not *Philander*, but *Octavio*, who being alſo in black, tall, long, brown Hair, and handſome, and by a Sight that might very well deceive; he made no more to do, not doubting but it was *Philander* and *Caliſta*, but ſteps to him, and offering to ſtab him, was prevented by his ſtarting at the Suddenneſs of his Approach; however the Dagger did not abſolutely miſs him, but wounded him in the left Arm; but *Octavio*'s Youth, too nimble for *Clarinau*'s Age, ſnatching at the Dagger as it wounded him, at once prevented the Hurt being much, and return'd a home Blow at *Clarinau*, ſo that he fell at *Sylvia*'s Feet, whoſe Shrecks alarm'd the Houſe to their Aid, where they found by the Light of the Candle that was brought, that the Man was not dead, but lay gazing on *Octavio*, who ſaid to him, *Tell me, thou unfortunate Wretch, what miſerable*

Fate

Fate brought thee to this Place, to diſturb the Repoſe of thoſe who neither know thee, nor had done thee Injury? Ah, Sir, reply'd *Clarinau, you have Reaſon for what you ſay; and I ask Heav'n, that unknown Lady, and your ſelf, a thouſand Pardons for my Miſtake and Crime: Too late I ſee my Error, pity and forgive me; and let me have a Prieſt, for I believe I am a dead Man. Octavio* was extreamly mov'd with Compaſſion at theſe Words, and immediately ſent his Page, who was alarm'd up in the Croud, for a Father and a Surgeon; and he declar'd before the reſt that he forgave that Stranger, meaning *Octavio*, ſince he had, by a Miſtake of his Footman, pull'd on his own Death, and had deſerv'd it: And thereupon, as well as he could, he told them for whom he had miſtaken *Octavio*, who having injur'd his Honour, he had vow'd Revenge upon; and that he took the fair Lady, meaning *Sylvia*, for a faithleſs Wife of his, who had been the Authoreſs of all this. *Octavio* ſoon divin'd this to be his Brother-in-law *Clarinau*, whom yet he had never ſeen; and ſtooping down to him, he cry'd, *'Tis I, Sir, that ought to demand a thouſand Pardons of you, for letting the Revenge of* Caliſta's *Honour alone ſo long. Clarinau* wonder'd who he ſhould be that nam'd *Caliſta*, and asking him his Name, he told him he was the unhappy Brother to that fair Wanton, whoſe Story was but too well known to him. This while *Clarinau* viewing his Face, found him the very Picture of that falſe Charmer; while *Octavio* went on and aſſur'd him, if it were his Unhappineſs to die, that he would revenge the Honour of him and his Siſter on the Betrayer of both. By this time the Surgeon came, who found not his Wound to be mortal, as was fear'd, and ventur'd to remove him to his own Lodgings, whither *Octavio* would accompany him; and leaving *Sylvia* inclin'd, after her Fright, to be repos'd, he took his Leave of her for that Evening, not daring, out of Reſpect to her, to viſit her any more that Night: He was no ſooner gone, but *Philander*, who never us'd to go without two very good Pocket Piſtols about him, having left 'em under his Pillow laſt Night at

Sylvia's

Sylvia's Lodgings; and being upon Love Adventures, he knew not what Occaſion he might have for 'em, return'd back to her Lodgings: When he came ſhe was a little ſurpris'd at firſt to ſee him, but after reflecting on what Revenge was threaten'd him, ſhe expos'd *Octavio*'s Secret to him, and told him the whole Adventure, and how ſhe had got his Writings, which would be all her own, if ſhe might be ſuffer'd to manage the fond Believer. But he, whoſe Thought ran on the Revenge was threaten'd him, cry'd out —— *He has kindly awaken'd me to my Duty by what he threatens; 'tis I that ought to be reveng'd on his Perfidy of ſhewing you my Letters; and to that end, by Heav'n, I will defer all the Buſineſs in the World to meet him, and pay his Courteſie —— If I had injoy'd his Siſter, he might ſuppoſe I knew her not to be ſo; and what Man of Wit or Youth would refuſe a lovely Woman, that preſents a Heart laden with Love, and a Perſon all over Charms, to his Boſom? I were to be eſteem'd unworthy the Friendſhip of a Man of Honour, if I ſhould: But he has baſely betray'd me every way, makes Love to my celebrated Miſtreſs, whom he knows I love, and getting Secrets, unravels 'em to make his Court and his Acceſs the eaſier.* She foreſaw the dangerous Conſequence of a Quarrel of this Nature, and had no ſooner blown the Fire (which ſhe did, to the end that *Philander* ſhould avoid her Lodgings, and all Places where he might meet *Octavio)* but ſhe hinders all her Deſigns; and fixing him there, he was reſolv'd to expect him at the firſt Place he thought moſt likely to find him in: She endeavour'd, by a thouſand Intreaties, to get him gone, urging it all for his Safety; but that made him the more reſolv'd; and all ſhe could do, could not hinder him from ſtaying Supper, and after that from going to Bed: So that ſhe was forc'd to hide a thouſand Terrors and Fears by feign'd Careſſes, the ſooner to get him to meet *Ceſario* in the Morning, as he ſaid he was to do; And tho' ſhe could not help flattering both, while by, yet ſhe ever lov'd the abſent beſt; and now repented a thouſand times that ſhe had told him any thing.

Early

Early the next Morning, as was his Cuſtom, *Octavio* came to inquire of *Sylvia*'s Health; and tho' he had oftentimes only inquir'd and no more (taking Excuſe of ill Nights, or Commands that none ſhould come to her till ſhe call'd) and had departed ſatisfy'd, and came again: Yet now, when he went into *Antonet*'s Chamber, he found ſhe was in a great Conſternation, and her looks and flattering Excuſes made him know, there was more than uſual in his being to Day deny'd; he therefore preſs'd it the more, and ſhe grew to greater Confuſion by his preſſing her. At laſt he demanded the Key of her Lady's Chamber, he having, he ſaid, Buſineſs of great Importance to communicate to her; ſhe told him ſhe had as great a Reaſon not to deliver it, —— *That is*, ſaid ſhe (fearing ſhe had ſaid too much) *my Lady's Commands*; and finding no Perſuaſion would prevail, and rather venturing *Sylvia*'s eternal Diſpleaſure, than not to be ſatisfy'd in the Jealouſies ſhe had rais'd; eſpecially reflecting on *Philander*'s being in Town, he took *Antonet* in his Arms, and forc'd the Key from her, who was willing to be forc'd; for ſhe admir'd *Octavio*'s Bounty, and car'd not for *Philander*. *Octavio* being Maſter of the Key, flies to *Sylvia*'s Door like Lightning, or a jealous Lover, mad to diſcover what ſeen would kill him: He opens the Chamber-door, and goes ſoftly to the Bed-ſide, as if he now fear'd to find what he ſought, and wiſh'd to Heaven he might be miſtaken; he open'd the Curtains, and found *Sylvia* ſleeping with *Philander* in her Arms. I need make no Deſcription of his Confuſion and Surprize; the Character I have given of that gallant, honeſt and generous Lover, is ſufficient to make you imagine his Heart, when indeed he could believe his Eyes: Before he thought——he was about to draw his Sword, and run 'em both through, and revenge at once his injur'd Honour, his Love, and that of his Siſter; but that little Reaſon he had left check'd that Barbarity, and he was readier from his own natural Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, to run himſelf upon his own Sword: And there the Chriſtian pleaded--and yet found his Heart breaking, his whole Body

Body trembling, his Mind all Agony, his Cheeks cold and pale, his Eyes languiſhing, his Tongue refuſing to give Utterance to his Preſſure, and his Legs to ſupport his Body; and much ado he had to reel into *Antonet's* Chamber, where he found the Maid dying with Grief for her concern for him. He was no ſooner got to her Bed-ſide, but he fell dead upon it; while ſhe, who was afraid to alarm her Lady and *Philander*, leſt *Octavio* being found there, had accus'd her with betraying 'em; but ſhutting the Door cloſe (for yet no Body had ſeen him but her ſelf) ſhe endeavour'd all ſhe could to bring him to Life again, and it was a great while before ſhe could do ſo: As ſoon as he was recover'd he lay a good while without ſpeaking, reflecting on his Fate; but after appearing as if he had aſſum'd all his manly Spirits together he roſe up, and conjur'd *Antonet* to ſay nothing of what had happen'd, and that ſhe ſhould not repent the Service ſhe would do him by it. *Antonet*, who was his abſolute devoted Slave, promis'd him all he deſir'd; and he had the Courage to go once again, to confirm himſelf in the Lewdneſs of this undone fair one, whoſe Perjuries had render'd her even odious now to him, and he beheld her with Scorn and Diſdain: And that ſhe might know how indifferently he did ſo (when ſhe ſhould come to know it) he took *Philander's* Sword that lay on her *Toylet*, and left his own in the Place, and went out pleas'd; at leaſt in this, that he had commanded his Paſſion in the midſt of the moſt powerful Occaſion for Madneſs and Revenge that ever was.

They lay thus ſecur'd in each others Arms 'till nine a Clock in the Morning, when *Philander* receiv'd a Note from *Brilliard*, who was managing his Lord's Deſign of getting a Billet deliver'd to *Caliſta* by the way of a Nun, whom *Brilliard* had made ſome Addreſs to, to that end, and ſent to beg his Lord would come to the Grate and ſpeak to the young Nun, who had undertaken for any innocent Meſſage. This Note made him riſe and haſte to go out, when he receiv'd another from an unknown Hand; which was thus:

To PHILANDER.

MY Lord, I have important Buſineſs with you, and beg I may ſpeak with you at three of the Clock; I will wait for you by the Fountain in the Park: Yours.

Sylvia, who was impatient to have him gone, never ask'd to ſee either of theſe Notes, leſt it ſhould have deterr'd him; and ſhe knew *Octavio* would viſit her early, tho' ſhe knew withal ſhe could refuſe him Entrance with any ſlight Excuſe, ſo good an Opinion he had of her Virtue, and ſo abſolute an Aſcendant ſhe had over him. ——She had given Orders, if he came, to be refus'd her Chamber; and ſhe was glad to know he had not yet been at her Lodgings. A hundred times ſhe was about to make uſe of the leſſen'd Love *Philander* had for her, and to have propos'd to him the ſuffering *Octavio* to ſhare her Embraces for ſo good an Intereſt, ſince no Returns could be had from *France*, nor any Signs of an Amendment of their Fortunes any other way: But ſtill ſhe fear'd he had too much Honour to permit ſuch a Cheat in Love, to be put even upon an Enemy. This Fear deferr'd her ſpeaking of it, or offering to ſacrifice *Octavio* as a Cully to their Intereſt, though ſhe wiſh'd it; nor knew ſhe long how to deceive both; the Buſineſs was to put *Philander* off handſomly, if poſſible, ſince ſhe fail'd of all other Hopes. Theſe were her Thoughts, while *Philander* was dreſſing, and rais'd by his asking for ſome more Piſtoles from her Cabinet, which ſhe found would quickly be at an end, if one Lover diminiſh'd daily, and the other was hinder'd from increaſing: But *Philander* was no ſooner dreſs'd but he left her to her Repoſe; and *Octavio* (who had a *Griſon* attending the Motions of *Philander* all that Morning, and had brought him word he was gone from *Sylvia*) went to viſit her, and enter'd her Chamber, all chang'd from what he was before, and Death ſate in his Face and Eyes, maugre all his Reſolves and Art of Diſſembling. She not at firſt perceiving it as ſhe lay, ſhe

ſtretch'd

ſtreth'd out her Arms to receive him with her wonted Careſſes; but he gently put her off, and ſighing cry'd — *No*, Sylvia, *I leave thoſe Joys for happier Lovers.* She was a little ſurpriz'd at that—but not imagining he had known her Guilt, reply'd; *Then thoſe Careſſes were only meant for him; for if* Sylvia *could make him happy, he was ſure of being the Man*; and by force compell'd him to ſuffer her Kiſſes and Embraces, while his Heart was burſting, without any Senſe of the Pleaſure of her Touches. *Ah*, Sylvia, ſays he, *I can never think my ſelf ſecure or happy while* Philander *is ſo near you; every abſent Moment alarms me with ten thouſand Fears; in Sleep I dream thou art falſe, and giveſt thy Honour up all my abſent Nights, and all Day thy Vows:* And that he was ſure, ſhould ſhe again ſuffer her ſelf to ſee *Philander*, he ſhould be abandon'd; and perhaps ſhe again undone. *For ſince I parted with you*, continu'd he, *I heard from* Clarinau, *that he ſaw* Philander *Yeſterday come out of your Lodgings. How can I bear this, when you have vow'd not to ſee him, with Imprecations that muſt damn thee*, Sylvia, *without ſevere Repentance?*——At this ſhe offer'd to ſwear again— but he ſtopp'd her, and begg'd her not to ſwear 'till ſhe had well conſider'd; then ſhe confeſs'd he made her a Viſit, but that ſhe us'd him with that Pride and Scorn, that if he were a Man of Honour he could never bear; and ſhe was ſure he would trouble her no more: In fine, ſhe flatter'd, fawn'd, and jilted ſo, as no Woman common in the Trade of ſinful Love, could be ſo great a Miſtreſs of the Art. He ſuffer'd her to go on in all that could confirm him ſhe thought him an errant Coxcomb; and all that could render her the moſt contemptible of her Sex. He was pleas'd, becauſe it made him deſpiſe her; and that was eaſier than adoring her; yet though he heard her with Scorn, he heard her with too much Love. When ſhe was even Breathleſs with eager Proſtitution——he cry'd, *Ah, indiſcreet and unadviſed* Sylvia, *how I pity thee. Ah*, ſaid ſhe——obſerving him ſpeak this with a ſcornful Smile——*is it poſſible you ſhould indeed be offended for a ſimple Viſit! which neither was by my Invitation*

or Wiſh: Can you be angry if I treat Philander *with the Civility of a Brother? Or rather, that I ſuffer him to ſee me to receive my Reproaches?*——*Stop here*, ſaid he, *thou fair deluding Flatterer, or thou art for ever ruin'd. Do not charge thy Soul yet farther*;——*do not delude me on*——*all yet I can forgive as I am dying, but ſhould I live, I could not promiſe thee. Add not new Crimes by cozening me a-new, for I ſhall find out Truth, though it lye hid even in the bottom of* Philander's *Heart.* This he ſpoke with an Air of Fierceneſs —— which ſeeing her grow pale upon, he ſunk again to Compaſſion, and in a ſoft Voice cry'd——*Whatever Injuries thou haſt done my Honour, thy Word, and Faith to me, and my poor Heart, I can perhaps forgive when you dare utter Truth: There is ſome Honeſty in that.*——She once more embracing him, fell a new to proteſting her ill Treatment of *Philander*, how ſhe gave him back his Vows, and aſſur'd him ſhe would never be reconcil'd to him. *And did you part ſo*, Sylvia? reply'd the dying *Octavio. Upon my Honour*, ſaid ſhe, *juſt ſo.*——*Did you not Kiſs at Parting?* ſaid he faintly. ——*Juſt kiſs'd, as Friends, no more, by all thy Love.* At this he burſts into Tears, and cry'd——*Oh! why, when I repos'd my Heart with thee, and laviſh'd out my very Soul in Love, could I not merit this poor Recompence of being fairly dealt with? Behold this Sword*——*I took it from your* Toylet; *view it, it is* Philander's; *my ſelf this Morning took it from your Table: No more*——*ſince you may gueſs the fatal reſt: I am undone, and I am ſatisfy'd*—— *I had a thouſand Warnings of my Fate, but ſtill the Beauty charm'd, and my too good Nature yielded: Oft you have cozen'd me, and oft I ſaw it, and ſtill Love made me willing to forgive; the fooliſh Paſſion hung upon my Soul, and ſooth'd me into Peace.* Sylvia, quite confounded, (not ſo much with the Knowledge he had of the unlucky Adventure, as at her ſo earneſtly denying and forſwearing any Love had paſs'd between 'em) lay ſtill to conſider how to retrieve this loſt Game, and gave him leiſure to go on——*Now*, ſaid he, *thou art ſilent*——*would thou hadſt ſtill been ſo: Ah, hapleſs Maid, who haſt this Fate attending*

tending thee, to ruin all that love thee! Be dumb, be dumb for ever; let the falſe Charm that dwells upon thy Tongue be ended with my Life: Let it no more undo believing Man, leſt amongſt the Number ſome one may conquer thee, and deaf to all thy Wit, and blind to Beauty, in ſome mad Paſſion think of all thy Cozenings, ſhould fall upon thee and forget thy Sex, and by thy Death revenge the loſt Octavio. At theſe Words he would have roſe from her Arms, but ſhe detain'd him, and with a pitious Voice implor'd his Pardon; but he calmly reply'd; *Yes*, Sylvia, *I will pardon thee, and wiſh that Heav'n may do ſo; to whom apply thy early Rhetorick and Penitence, for it can never, never charm me more: My Fortune, if thou ever want'ſt Support to keep thee Chaſte and Virtuous, ſhall ſtill be commanded by thee, with that uſual Frankneſs it has hitherto ſerv'd thee; but for* Octavio, *he is reſolv'd to go where he will never more be ſeen by Woman —— or hear the name of Love to ought but Heav'n.——Farewell——one parting Kiſs, and then a long Farewell*——As he bow'd to kiſs her ſhe caught him faſt in her Arms, while a Flood of Tears bath'd his Face, nor could he prevent his from mixing with hers: While thus they lay, *Philander* came into the Room, and finding them ſo cloſely intwin'd, he was as much ſurpris'd almoſt as *Octavio* was before; and, drawing his Sword, was about to have kill'd him; but his Honour overcame his Paſſion; and he would not take him at ſuch Diſadvantage, but with the Flat of his Sword ſtriking him on the Back as he lay, he cry'd, *Riſe, Traitor, and turn to thy mortal Enemy. Octavio*, not at all ſurpris'd, turn'd his Head and his Eyes bedew'd in Tears towards his Rival. *If thou be'ſt an Enemy*, ſaid he, *thou never could'ſt have taken me in a better Humour of dying. Finiſh*, Philander, *that Life then, which if you ſpare, it will poſſibly never leave thine in Repoſe; the Injuries you have done me being too great to be forgiven. And is it thus*, reply'd *Philander*,——*thus with my Miſtreſs, that you would revenge 'em? Is it in the Arms of* Sylvia *that you would repay me the Favours I did your Siſter* Caliſta? *You have by that Word*, ſaid *Octa-*

vio, handſomely reproach'd my Sloth. And leaping briskly from the Bed, he took out his Sword, and cry'd: *Come then —— let us go where we may repair both our Loſſes, ſince Ladies Chambers are not fit Places to adjuſt Debts of this nature in.* At theſe Words they both went down Stairs; and 'twas in vain *Sylvia* call'd and cry'd out to conjure them to come back; her Power of commanding ſhe had in one unlucky Day loſt over both thoſe gallant Lovers: And both left her with Pity; to ſay no worſe of the Effect of her ill Conduct.

Octavio went directly to the Park, to the Place whither he before had challeng'd. *Philander*, who loſt no time but follow'd him: As ſoon as he was come to the Fountain he drew, and told *Philander* that was the Place whither he invited him in his Billet that Morning; however, if he lik'd not the Ground, he was ready to remove to any other: *Philander* was a little ſurpris'd to find that Invitation was a Challenge, and that *Octavio* ſhould be beforehand with him upon the Score of Revenge; and reply'd, *Sir, if the Billet came from you, it was a Favour I thank you for, ſince it kindly put me in mind of that Revenge I ought ſo juſtly to take of you for betraying the Secrets of Friendſhip I repos'd in you, and making baſe Advantages of 'em, to recommend your ſelf to a Woman you knew I lov'd, and who hates you, in ſpight of all the ungenerous ways you have taken to gain her. Sir,* reply'd *Octavio, I confeſs with a Bluſh, and infinite Shame, the Error with which you accuſe me, and have nothing to defend ſo great a Perfidy. To tell you I was wrought out of it by the greateſt Cunning imaginable, and that I muſt have ſeen* Sylvia *die at my Feet if I had refus'd 'em, is not Excuſe enough for the Breach of that Friendſhip. No, tho' I were exaſperated with the Relation there of my Siſter's Diſhonour: I muſt therefore adjuſt that Debt with you as well as I can; and if I die in the juſter Quarrel of my Siſter's Honour, I ſhall believe it the Vengeance of Heav'n upon me for that one Breach of Friendſhip. Sir,* reply'd *Philander, you have given me ſo great a Satisfaction in this Confeſſion, and have made ſo good and gallant an Atonement by this*

Acknow-

Acknowledgment, that 'tis with Reluctancy I go to puniſh you for other Injuries, of which I am aſſur'd you cannot ſo well acquit your ſelf. Tho' I would not juſtifie a Baſeneſs, reply'd *Octavio, for which there ought to be no Excuſe; yet I will not accuſe my ſelf, or acknowledge other Injuries, but leave you ſomething to maintain the Quarrel on——and render it a little juſt on your ſide; nor go to wipe off the Outrage you pretend I have done your Love, by adoring the fair Perſon who at leaſt has been dear to you, by the Wrongs you have done my Siſter. Come, Sir, we ſhall not by diſputing quit Scores,* cry'd *Philander* a little impatiently; *what I have lately ſeen, has made my Rage too brisk for long Parly.* At that they both advanc'd, and made above twenty Paſſes before either receiv'd any Wound; the firſt that bled was *Octavio*, who receiv'd a Wound in his Breaſt, which he return'd on *Philander*, and after that many were given and taken; ſo that the Track their Feet made, in following and advancing as they fought, was mark'd out by their Blood: In this Condition (ſtill fighting) *Sylvia* (who had call'd 'em back in vain, and only in her Night-Gown in a Chair purſu'd 'em that Minute they quitted her Chamber) found 'em thus employ'd, and without any Fear ſhe threw her ſelf between them: *Octavio*, out of Reſpect to her, ceas'd; but *Philander*, as if he had not regarded her, would ſtill have been ſtriving for Victory, when ſhe ſtay'd his Hand and, begg'd him to hear her; he then ſet the Point of his Sword to the Ground, and breathleſs and fainting almoſt, attended what ſhe had to ſay: She conjur'd him to ceaſe the Quarrel, and told him if *Octavio* had injur'd him in her Heart, he ought to remember he had injur'd *Octavio* as much in that of his Siſter: She conjur'd him by all the Friendſhip both ſhe and himſelf had receiv'd at *Octavio*'s Hands; and concluded with ſaying ſo many fine things of that *Cavalier*, that in lieu of appeaſing, it but the more exaſperated the jealous *Philander*, who took new Courage with new Breath, and paſs'd at *Octavio*. She then addreſs'd to *Octavio*, and cry'd: *Hold, oh hold, or make your Way through me, for here I will defend Virtue and Honour!* and put

her ſelf before *Octavio*: She ſpoke with ſo pitious a Voice and pleaded with ſo much Tenderneſs, that *Octavio*, laying his Sword at her Feet, bid her diſpoſe——falſe as ſhe was, of his Honour. *For oh*, ſaid he, *my Life is already fallen a Victim to your Perjuries!* He could ſay no more, but falling where he had laid his Sword, left *Philander* Maſter of the Field. By this time ſome Gentlemen that had been walking came up to 'em, and found a Man lye dead, and a Lady imploring another to fly: They look'd on *Octavio*, and found he had yet Life; and immediately ſent for Surgeons, who carry'd him to his Lodgings with very little Hope: *Philander*, as well as his Wounds would give him leave, got into a Chair, telling the Gentlemen that look'd on him, he would be reſponſible for *Octavio*'s Life, if he had had the ill Fortune to take it; that his Quarrel was too juſt to ſuffer him to fly.——So being carry'd to the *Cabaret*, with an abſolute Command to *Sylvia* not to follow him, or viſit him: For fear of hurting him by diſobeying, ſhe ſuffer'd her ſelf to be carry'd to her Lodgings, where ſhe threw her ſelf on her Bed, and drown'd her fair Eyes in a Shower of Tears: She adviſes with *Antonet* and her Page what to do in this Extremity; ſhe fears ſhe has, by her ill Management, loſt both of her Lovers, and ſhe was in a Condition of needing every Aid. They who knew the excellent Temper of *Octavio*, and knew him to be the moſt conſiderable Lover of the two, beſought her, as the beſt Expedient ſhe could have Recourſe to, to viſit *Octavio*, who could not but take it kindly; and they did not doubt but ſhe had ſo abſolute a Power over him, that with a very little Complaiſance towards him, ſhe would retrieve that Heart her ill Luck had this Morning forfeited; and which, they proteſted, they knew nothing of, nor how he got into her Chamber. This Advice ſhe took; but becauſe *Octavio* was carry'd away dead, ſhe fear'd (and ſwooned with the Fear) that he was no longer in the World, or at leaſt, that he would not long be ſo: However ſhe aſſum'd her Courage again at the Thought, that, if he did die, ſhe had an abſolute Poſſeſſion of all his Fortune, which

was

was to her the moſt conſiderable part of the Man, or at leaſt what render'd him ſo very agreeable to her: However ſhe thought fit to ſend her Page, which ſhe did in an Hour after he was carry'd home, to ſee how he did; who brought her Word that he was reviv'd to Life, and had commanded his Gentleman to receive no Meſſages from her. This was all ſhe could learn, and what put her into the greateſt extremity of Grief. She after ſent to *Philander*, and found him much the better of the two, but moſt infinitely incens'd againſt *Sylvia*: This alſo added to her Deſpair; yet ſince ſhe found ſhe had not a Heart that any Love, or loſs of Honour, or Fortune could break; but on the contrary, a Reſt of Youth and Beauty, that might oblige her, with ſome Reaſon, to look forward on new Lovers, if the old muſt depart: The next thing ſhe reſolv'd was, to do her utmoſt Endeavour to retrieve *Octavio*, which, if unattainable, ſhe would make the beſt of her Youth. She ſent therefore (notwithſtanding his Commands to ſuffer none of her People to come and ſee him) to enquire of his Health; and in four Days (finding he receiv'd other Viſits) ſhe dreſt her ſelf, with all the Advantages of her Sex, and in a Chair was carry'd to his Aunt's, where he lay. The good Lady not knowing but ſhe might be that Perſon of Quality whom ſhe knew to be extreamly in Love with her Nephew, and who liv'd at the Court of *Bruxels*, and was Neice to the Governor, carry'd her to his Chamber, where ſhe left her, as not willing to be a Witneſs of a Viſit ſhe knew muſt be ſuppos'd *Incognito*: it was Evening, and *Octavio* was in Bed, and at the firſt ſight of her his Blood grew diſorder'd in his Veins, fluſh'd in his pale Face, and burnt over all his Body, and he was near to ſwooning as he lay: She approach'd his Bed with a Face all ſet for Languiſhment, Love and Shame in her Eyes, and Sighs that, without ſpeaking, ſeem'd to tell her Grief at his Diſaſter; ſhe ſate, or rather fell on his Bed, as unable to ſupport the ſight of him in that Condition; ſhe in a ſoft manner ſeiz'd his burning Hand, graſp'd it and ſigh'd, then put it to her Mouth, and ſuffer'd a Tear or two to fall

fall upon it; and when ſhe would have ſpoke ſhe made her Sobs reſiſt her Words; and left nothing unacted that might move the tender-hearted *Octavio* to that degree of Paſſion ſhe wiſh'd. A hundred times fain he would have ſpoke, but ſtill his riſing Paſſion choak'd his Words; and ſtill he fear'd they would prove either too ſoft and kind for the Injuries he had receiv'd, or too rough and cold for ſo delicate and charming a Creature, and one who, in ſpight of all thoſe Injuries, he ſtill ador'd: She appear'd before him with thoſe Attractions that never fail'd to conquer him, with that Submiſſion and Pleading in her modeſt baſhful Eyes, that even gave his the Lie, who had ſeen her Perfidy. Oh! what ſhould he do to keep that Fire from breaking forth with Violence, which ſhe had ſo throughly kindled in his Heart; how ſhould that excellent good Nature aſſume an unwonted Sullenneſs, only to appear what it could not by Nature be? He was all ſoft and ſweet, and if he had Pride he knew alſo how to make his Pleaſure; and his Youth lov'd Love above all the other little Vanities that attend it, and was the moſt proper to it. Fain he would palliate her Crime, and conſiders in the Condition ſhe was, ſhe could not but have ſome Tenderneſs for *Philander*; that it was no more than what before paſt; 'twas no new Lover that came to kindle new Paſſions, or to approach her with a new Flame; but a Decliner, who came and was receiv'd with the Dregs of Love, with all the cold Indifference imaginable: This he would have purſuaded himſelf, but dares not 'till he hear her ſpeak; and yet fears ſhe ſhould not ſpeak his Senſe; and this Fear makes him ſighing break Silence, and he cry'd in a ſoft Tone; *Ah! why, too lovely Fair, why do you come to trouble the Repoſe of my dying Hours? Will you, cruel Maid, purſue me to my Grave, ſhall I not have one lone Hour to ask Forgiveneſs of Heav'n for my Sin of loving thee? The greateſt that ever loaded my Youth—— and yet, alas ——— the leaſt repented yet. Be kind, and trouble not my Solitude; depart with all the Trophies of my Ruin, and if they can add any Glory to thy future Life, boaſt 'em all over the Univerſe, and tell what a deluded Youth*

Youth thou haſt undone. Take, take, fair Deceiver, all my Induſtry, my Right of my Birth, my thriving Parents have been ſo long a getting to make me happy with; take the uſeleſs Triſle, and laviſh it on Pleaſure to make thee gay and fit for luckier Lovers: Take that beſt Part of me, and let this worſt alone; 'twas that firſt won the dear Confeſſion from thee that drew my Ruin on —— for which I hate it —— and wiſh my ſelf born a poor Cottage Boor, where I might never have ſeen thy tempting Beauty, but liv'd for ever bleſs'd in Ignorance. At this the Tears ran from his Eyes, with which the ſoften'd *Sylvia* mix'd her welcome Stream, and as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, ſhe reply'd (with half Cunning and half Love, for ſtill there was too much of the firſt mingled with the laſt) *Oh my* Octavio, *to what Extremities are you reſolv'd to drive a poor Unfortunate, who, even in the height of Youth, and ſome ſmall Stock of Beauty, am reduc'd to all the Miſeries of the Wretched? Far from my noble noble Parents, loſt to Honour and abandon'd by my Friends; a helpleſs Wanderer in a ſtrange Land expos'd to Want, and periſhing, and had no Sanctuary but thy ſelf, thy dear, thy precious ſelf, whom Heav'n had ſent, in Mercy, to my Aid; and thou at laſt, by a miſtaken Turn of miſerable Fate, haſt taken that dear Aid away.* At this ſhe fell weeping on his panting Boſom; nevertheleſs he got the Courage to reply once again, before he yielded himſelf a ſhameful Victim to her Flattery, and ſaid; *Ah cruel* Sylvia, *is it poſſible that you can charge the Levity on me? Is it I have taken this poor Aid, as you are pleaſed to call it, from you? Oh! rather blame your own unhappy Eaſineſs, that after having ſworn me Faith and Love, could violate 'em both, both where there was no need. 'Twould better have become thy Pride and Quality, to have reſented Injuries received, than brought again that ſcorn'd, abandon'd Perſon (fine as it was and ſhining ſtill with Youth) to his forgetful Arms. Alas,* ſaid ſhe, *I will not juſtifie my hateful Crime; a Crime I loath to think of, it was a Fault beyond a Proſtitution; there might have poſſibly been new Joy in ſuch a Sin, but here 'twas paſt'd and gone——fled to Eternity away: —— And but for the dear Cauſe I did commit it,*

there

there were no Expiation for my Fault; no penitent Tears could waſh away my Crime. Alas, ſaid he —— *if there were any Cauſe, if there be any poſſible Excuſe for ſuch a Breach of Love, give it my Heart; make me believe it, and I may yet live; and tho' I cannot think thee Innocent, to be compell'd by any frivolous Reaſon, 'twould greatly ſatisfie my longing Soul. But have a care, do not delude me on —— for if thou doſt perſuade me into Pardon, and to return to all my native Fondneſs, and then again ſhould'ſt play me faſt and looſe; by Heav'n —— by all my ſacred Paſſion to thee, by all that Men call Holy, I will purſue thee with my utmoſt Hate; forſake thee with my Fortune and my Heart, and leave thee wretched to the ſcorning Croud. Pardon theſe rude Expreſſions of a Love that can hardly forgive the Words it utters: I bluſh with Shame while I pronounce 'em true.* When ſhe reply'd, *May all you have pronounc'd, and all your injur'd Love can yet invent, fall on me; when I ever more deceive you; believe me now, and but forgive what is paſt, and truſt my Love and Honour for the future.* At this ſhe told him, that in the firſt Viſit *Philander* made her, ſhe uſing him ſo reproachfully, and upbraiding him with his Inconſtancy, made him underſtand that he was betray'd by *Octavio*, and that the whole Intrigue with *Caliſta*, confeſs'd by him, was diſcover'd to *Sylvia*; which, he ſaid, put him into ſo violent a Rage againſt *Octavio*, that he vow'd that Minute to find him out and kill him. Nor could all the Perſuaſions of Reaſon ſerve to hinder him; ſo that ſhe, who (as ſhe ſaid) lov'd *Octavio* to Death, finding ſo powerful an Enemy, as her Fears made her fancy *Philander* was, ready to have ſnatch'd from her, in one furious Moment, all ſhe ador'd; ſhe had recourſe to all the Flattery of Love to with-hold him from an Attempt ſo dangerous: And 'twas with much ado, with all thoſe Aids, that he was oblig'd to ſtay; which ſhe had forc'd him to do, to get time to give him Notice in the Morning for his approaching Danger: Not that ſhe fear'd *Octavio*'s Life, had *Philander* attack'd it fairly; but he look'd on himſelf as a Perſon injur'd by cloſe private

ways,

ways, and would take a like Revenge, and have hurt him when he as little dream'd of it, as *Philander* did of the Diſcovery he made of his Letter to her. To this ſhe ſwore, ſhe weep'd, ſhe embrac'd, and ſtill proteſted it true; adding withal a thouſand Proteſtations of her future Deteſtation of him; and that ſince the worſt was paſt, and that they had fought, and he was come off, tho' with ſo many Wounds, yet with Life ſhe was reſolv'd utterly to defie *Philander*, as the moſt perfidious of his Sex: and aſſur'd him that nothing in the World was ſo indifferent as ſhe in his Arms. In fine, after having omitted nothing that might gain a Credit, and aſſure him of her Love and Heart, and poſſeſs him with a Belief, for the future, of her laſting Vows: He wholly convinc'd and overcome, ſnatches her in his Arms, and burſting into a Shower of Tears, cry'd—— *Take*——*take all my Soul, thou lovely Charmer of it, and diſpoſe of the Deſtiny of* Octavio. And ſmothering her with Kiſſes and Embraces made a perfect Reconciliation. When the Surgeons, who came to viſit him, finding him in the Diſorder of a Fever, tho' more Joy was triumphing in his Face than before, they imagin'd this Lady the fair Perſon for whom this Quarrel was; for it had made a great Noiſe you may believe; and finding it hurtful for his Wounds, either to be tranſported with too much Rage, Grief or Love, beſought him he would not talk too much, or ſuffer any Viſits that might prejudice his Health: And indeed, with what had been paſt, he found himſelf after his Tranſport very ill and feveriſh, ſo that *Sylvia* promis'd the Doctors ſhe would viſit him no more in a Day or two, tho' ſhe knew not well how to be from him ſo long; but would content her ſelf with ſending her Page to enquire of his Health. To this *Octavio* made very great Oppoſition, but his Aunt, and the reſt of the Learned, were of Opinion it ought for his Health to be ſo, and he was oblig'd to be ſatisfy'd with her Abſence: At parting ſhe came to him, and again beſought him to believe her Vows to be well, and that ſhe would depart ſomewhere with him far from *Philander*, who ſhe knew was obliged to attend the Motions

Motions of *Ceſario* at *Bruxels*, whom again ſhe imprecated never to ſee more. This ſatisfy'd our impatient Lover, and he ſuffer'd her to go and leave him to that Reſt he could get. She was no ſooner got home, and retir'd to her Chamber, but finding her ſelf alone, which now ſhe did not care to be, and being aſſur'd ſhe ſhould not ſee *Octavio*, inſtead of triumphing for her new gain'd Victory, ſhe ſent her Page to enquire again of *Philander*'s Health, and to intreat that ſhe might viſit him: At firſt before ſhe ſent, ſhe check'd this Thought as baſe, as againſt all Honour, and all her Vows and Promiſes to the Brave *Octavio*; but finding an Inclination to it, and propoſing a Pleaſure and Satisfaction in it, ſhe was of a Nature not to loſe a Pleaſure for a little Punctilio of Honour; and without conſidering what would be the Event of ſuch a Folly, ſhe ſent her Page, tho' he had been repuls'd before, and forbid coming with any Meſſages from his Lady. The Page found no better Succeſs than hitherto he had done: but being with much Intreaty brought to *Philander*'s Chamber, he found him ſitting in his Night-gown, to whom addreſſing himſelf—— he had no ſooner nam'd his Lady — but *Philander* bid him be gone, for he would hear nothing from that falſe Woman: The Boy would have reply'd, but he grew more inrag'd; and reviling her with all the Railings of incens'd Lovers, he puts himſelf into his Cloſet without ſpeaking any more, or ſuffering any Anſwer. This Meſſage being deliver'd to the expecting Lady, put her into a very great Rage——which ended in as deep a Concern: Her great Pride, fortify'd by her Looking-glaſs, made her highly reſent the Affront; and ſhe believ'd it more to the Glory of her Beauty to have quitted a hundred Lovers, than to be abandon'd by one. 'Twas this that made her rave and tear, and talk high; and after all, to uſe her Cunning to retrieve what it had been moſt happy for her ſhould have been for ever loſt; and ſhe ought to have bleſs'd the Occaſion. But her malicious Star had deſign'd other Fortune for her: She writ to him ſeveral Letters, that were ſent back ſeal'd: She rail'd, ſhe upbraided, and then fell to Submiſſion:

miſſion. At laſt he was perſuaded to open one, but return'd ſuch Anſwers as gave her no Satisfaction, but incourag'd her with a little Hope that ſhe ſhould draw him on to a Reconciliation: Between whiles ſhe fail'd not to ſend *Octavio* the kindeſt, impatient Letters in the World, and received the ſofteſt Replies that the Tongue of Man could utter, for he could not write yet. At laſt, *Philander* having reduc'd *Sylvia* to the very brink of Deſpair, and finding by her paſſionate Importunity, that he could make his Peace with her on any Terms of Advantage to himſelf, reſolv'd to draw ſuch Articles of Agreement as ſhould wholly ſubdue her to him, or to ſtand it out to the laſt: The Conditions were, That he being a Perſon by no means of a Humour to be impos'd upon; if he were dear to her, ſhe ſhould give her ſelf entirely to his Poſſeſſion, and quit the very Converſation of all thoſe he had but an Apprehenſion would diſturb his Repoſe: That ſhe ſhould remove out of the way of his troubleſome Rivals, and ſuffer her ſelf to be conducted whither he thought good to carry her. Theſe Conditions ſhe lik'd, all but the going away; ſhe could not tell to what ſort of Confinement that might amount. He flies off wholly, and denies all Treaty upon her leaſt Scruple, and will not be ask'd the Explanation of what he has propos'd: ſo that ſhe bends like a Slave for a little Empire over him; and to purchaſe the Vanity of retaining him, ſuffers her ſelf to be abſolutely undone. She ſubmits; and that very Day ſhe had leave from the Doctors to viſit *Octavio*, and that all-raviſh'd Lover lay panting in Expectation of the bleſſed Sight, believing every Minute an Age, his Apartment dreſs'd and perfum'd, and all things ready to receive the Darling of his Soul, *Philander* came in a Coach and ſix Horſes (and making her pack up all her Jewels and fine Things, and what they could not carry in the Coach, put up to come after them) and hurries her to a little Town in *Luke-Land*, a Place between *Flanders* and *Germany*, without giving her time to write, or letting her know whither ſhe was going. While ſhe was putting up her Things (I know ſhe has ſince confeſs'd) her Heart trembled,

trembled, and foreboded the Ill that was to come; that is, that ſhe was haſting to Ruin: But ſhe had chanc'd to ſay ſo much to him of her Paſſion to retrieve him, that ſhe was aſham'd to own the contrary ſo ſoon; but ſuffer'd that Force upon her Inclinations to do the moſt diſhonourable and diſintereſted thing in the World. She had not been there a Week, and her Trunks of Plate and fine Things were arriv'd, but ſhe fell in Labour, and was brought to Bed, tho' ſhe ſhew'd very little of her Condition all the time ſhe went. This great Affair being well over, ſhe conſiders her ſelf a new Woman, and began, or rather continu'd, to conſider the Advantage ſhe had loſt in *Octavio:* She regrets extreamly her Conduct, and from one Degree to another ſhe looks on her ſelf as loſt to him; ſhe every Day ſaw what ſhe had, decay'd, her Jewels ſold one by one, and at laſt her Neceſſaries. *Philander* whoſe Head was running on *Caliſta*, grudg'd every Moment he was not about that Affair, and grew as peeviſh as ſhe; ſhe recovers to new Beauty, but he grows colder and colder by Poſſeſſion; Love decay'd, and Ill-humour increas'd: They grew uneaſie on both ſides, and not a Day paſs'd wherein they did not break into open and violent Quarrels, upbraiding each other with thoſe Faults which both wiſh'd that either would again commit, that they might be fairly rid of one another: It grew at laſt to that height, that they were never well but when they were abſent from one another; he making a hundred little Intrigues and Gallantries with all the pretty Women, and thoſe of any Quality in the Town or neighbouring *Villa's.* She ſaw this with Grief, Shame and Diſdain, and could not tell which way to relieve her ſelf: She was not permitted the Privilege of Viſits, unleſs to ſome grave Ladies, or to Monaſteries; a Man was a Rarity ſhe had hardly ſeen in two Months, which was the Time ſhe had been there; ſo that ſhe had leiſure to think of her Folly, bemoan the Effects of her Injuſtice, and contrive, if ſhe could, to remedy her diſagreeable Life, which now was reduc'd, not only to ſcurrilous Quarrels, and hard Words; but often in her Fury ſhe flying upon him, and with the Courage,

Courage or Indiſcretion of her Sex, would provoke him to Indecencies that render Life inſupportable on both ſides. While they liv'd at this rate, both contriving how handſomely to get quit of each other, *Brilliard*, who was left in *Bruxels*, to take care of his Lord's Affairs there, and that as ſoon as he had heard of *Ceſario*'s Arrival he ſhould come with all ſpeed and give him Notice, thought every Minute an Hour 'till he could ſee again the Charmer of his Soul, for whom he ſuffer'd continual Fevers of Love. He ſtudies nothing but how firſt to get her Pardon, and then to compaſs his Deſigns of poſſeſſing her: He had not ſeen her, nor durſt pretend to it, ſince ſhe left *Holland*. He believ'd ſhe would have the Diſcretion to conceal ſome of his Faults, leſt he ſhould diſcover in Revenge ſome of hers; and fancy'd ſhe would imagine ſo of his Conduct: He had met with no Reproaches yet from his Lord, and believ'd himſelf ſafe. With this Imagination he omitted nothing that might render him acceptable to her, nor to gain any Secrets he believ'd might be of uſe to him: Knowing therefore that ſhe had not dealt very generouſly with *Octavio*, by this Flight with *Philander*, and believing that that exaſperated Lover, would in Revenge declare any thing to the Prejudice of the fair Fugitive, he (under pretence of throwing himſelf at his Feet, and asking his Pardon for his ill treating him in *Holland*) deſign'd before he went into *Luke-Land* to pay *Octavio* a Viſit, and accordingly went; he met firſt with his Page, who being very well acquainted with *Brilliard*, diſcours'd with him before he carry'd him to his Lord: He told him, that his Lord that Day that *Sylvia* departed, being in impatient Expectation of her, and that ſhe came not according to Appointment, ſent him to her Lodgings, to know if any Accident had prevented her coming; but that when he came, tho' he had been with her but an Hour before, ſhe was gone away with *Philander*, never more to return. The Youth, not being able to carry this ſad News to his Lord, when he came home offer'd at a hundred things to conceal the right; but the impatient Lover would not be anſwer'd, but all inrag'd,

commanded him to tell that Truth which he found already but too apparently in his Eyes. The Lad ſo commanded, could no longer defer telling him *Sylvia* was gone; and being ask'd again and again, what he meant, with a Face and Voice that every Moment alter'd to dying; the Page aſſur'd him ſhe was gone out of *Bruxels* with *Philander*, never more to return; which was no ſooner told him, but he ſunk on the Couch where he lay, and fainted: He farther told him how long it was, and with what Difficulty he was recover'd to Life; and that after he was ſo, he refus'd to ſpeak or ſee any Viſitors; could for a long time be neither perſuaded to eat nor ſleep, but that he had ſpoken to no body ever ſince, and did now believe he could not procure him the Favour he begg'd: That nevertheleſs he would go and ſee what the very Name of any that had but a Relation to the Family of *Sylvia* would produce in him, whether a Storm of Paſſion, or a Calm of Grief: Either would be better than a Dulneſs, all ſilent and ſad, in which there was no underſtanding what he meant by it: Whoever ſpoke he only made a ſhort Sign, and turn'd away, as much as to ſay, ſpeak no more to me: But now, reſolv'd to try his Temper, he haſted to his Lord, and told him that *Brilliard*, full of Penitence for his paſt Fault, and Grief for the ill Condition he heard he was in, was come to pay his humble Reſpects to him, and gain his Pardon before he went to his Lord and *Sylvia*; without which he had not, nor could have any Peace of Mind, he being too ſenſible of the Baſeneſs of the Injury he had done him. At the Name of *Philander* and *Sylvia*, *Octavio* ſhew'd ſome Signs of liſtening, but to the reſt no Regard; and ſtarting from the Bed where he was laid: *Ah! What haſt thou ſaid?* cry'd he. The Page then repeated the Meſſage, and was commanded to bring him up; who, accordingly, with all the Signs of Submiſſion, caſt himſelf at his Feet and Mercy; and tho' he were an Enemy, the very Thought that he belong'd to *Sylvia* made *Octavio* to careſs him as the deareſt of Friends: He kept him with him two or three Days, and would not ſuffer him to ſtir from him; but all their

Diſcourſe

Diſcourſe was of the faithleſs *Sylvia*; of whom, the deceiv'd Lover ſpoke the ſofteſt, unheard tender things, that ever Paſſion utter'd: He made the amorous *Brilliard* weep a hundred times a Day; and ever when he would have ſooth'd his Heart with hopes of ſeeing her, and one Day enjoying her entirely to himſelf, he would with ſo much Peace of Mind renounce her, as *Brilliard* no longer doubted but he would indeed no more truſt her fickle Sex. At laſt the News arriv'd that *Ceſario* was in *Bruxels*, and *Brilliard* was oblig'd the next Morning to take Horſe, and go to his Lord: And to make himſelf the more acceptable to *Sylvia*, he humbly beſought *Octavio* to write ſome part of his Reſentmens to her, that he might oblige her to a Reaſon for what ſhe had ſo inhumanly done: This flatter'd him a little, and he was not long before he was overcome by *Brilliard*'s Intreaties; who, having his Ends in every thing, believ'd this Letter might contain at leaſt ſomething to aſſiſt in his Deſign, by giving him Authority over her by ſo great a Secret: The next Morning, before he took Horſe, he waited on *Octavio* for his Letter, and promis'd him an Anſwer at his Return, which would be in a few Days. The Letter was open, and *Octavio* ſuffer'd *Brilliard* to read it, making him an abſolute Confident in his Amour; which having done, he beſought him to add one thing more to it; and that was to beg her to forgive *Brilliard*, which for his ſake he knew ſhe would do: He told him, he was oblig'd as a good Chriſtian, and a dying Man, one reſolv'd for Heaven, to do that good Office, and accordingly did. *Brilliard* taking Poſt immediately, arriv'd to *Philander*, where he found every thing as he wiſh'd, all out of Humour, ſtill on the Fret, and ever peeviſh. He had not ſeen *Sylvia*, as I ſaid, ſince ſhe went from *Holland*, and now knew not which way to approach her: *Philander* was abroad on ſome of his uſual Gallantries when *Brilliard* arriv'd; and having diſcours'd a while of the Affairs of his Lord and *Sylvia*, he told *Antonet* he had a great Deſire to ſpeak with that diſſatisfy'd fair One, aſſuring her he believ'd his Viſit would be welcome, from what he had to ſay to her

concerning *Octavio:* She told him (with infinite Joy) that ſhe did not doubt of his Pardon from her Lady, if he brought any News from that gallant injur'd Man; and in all haſte, tho' her Lady ſaw no body, but refus'd to riſe from her Couch, ſhe ran to her, and beſought her to ſee *Brilliard*, for he came with a Meſſage from *Octavio*, the Perſon, who was the Subject of their Diſcourſe Night and Day, when alone. She immediately ſent for *Brilliard*, who approach'd his Goddeſs with a trembling Devotion; he kneel'd before her, and humbly beſought her Pardon for all that was paſt: But ſhe, who with the very Thought that he had ſomething to ſay from *Octavio*, forgot all but that, and haſtily bid him riſe, and take all he ask'd, and hope for what he wiſh'd: In this Tranſport ſhe embrac'd his Head, and kiſs'd his Cheek, and took him up. *That, Madam,* ſaid *Brilliard, which your divine Bounty alone has given me, without any Merit in me, I durſt not have had the Confidence to have hop'd without my Credential from a nobler Hand* —— *This, Madam,* ſaid he—— And gives her a Letter from *Octavio:* The dear Hand ſhe knew and kiſs'd a hundred times as ſhe open'd it; and having intreated *Brilliard* to withdraw for a Moment, that he might not ſee her Concern at the reading it, ſhe ſate her down and found it thus:

OCTAVIO *to* SYLVIA

I Confeſs, oh faithleſs *Sylvia*, that I ſhall appear in writing to you, to ſhew a Weakneſs even below that of your Infidelity; nor durſt I have truſted my ſelf to have ſpoken ſo many ſad ſoft things as I ſhall do in this Letter, had I not try'd the Strength of my Heart, and found I could upbraid you without talking my ſelf out of that Reſolution I have taken———but becauſe I would die in perfect Charity with thee, as with all the World, I ſhould be glad to know I could forgive thee; for yet thy Sins appear too black for Mercy. Ah! why, charming Ingrate, have you left me no one Excuſe for all your Ills to me? Why have you injur'd me to that degree,

that

that I, with all the mighty Stock of Love I had hoarded up together in my Heart, muſt die reproaching thee to my laſt Gaſp of Life; which hadſt thou been ſo merciful to have ended, by all the Love that's breaking of my Heart, that yet, even yet is ſoft and charming to me, I ſwear with my laſt Breath, I had bleſs'd thee, *Sylvia*: But thus to uſe me; thus to leave my Love, diſtracted, raving Love, and no one Hope or Proſpect of Relief, either from Reaſon, Time or faithleſs *Sylvia*, was but to ſtretch the Wretch upon the Rack, and ſcrew him up to all degrees of Pain; yet ſuch, as do not end in kinder Death. Oh thou unhappy Ruiner of my Repoſe! Oh fair Unfortunate! if yet my Agony would give me Leave to argue, I am ſo miſerably loſt, to ask thee yet this woful Satisfaction; to tell me why thou haſt undone me thus? Why thou ſhouldſt chuſe out me from all the Croud of fond admiring Fools, to make the World's Reproach, and turn to ridicule? How couldſt thou uſe that ſoft good Nature ſo, that had not one ungrateful ſullen Humour in it, for thy Revenge and Pride to work upon? No Baſeneſs in my Love, no dull Severity for Malice to be buſie with; but all was gay and kind, all laviſh Fondneſs, and all that Woman, vain with Youth and Beauty, could wiſh in her Adorer: What couldſt thou ask, but Empire, which I gave not? My Love, my Soul, my Life, my very Honour, all was reſign'd to thee; that Youth that might have gain'd me Fame abroad was dedicated to thy Service, laid at thy Feet, and idly paſs'd in Love. Oh charming Maid, whom Heav'n has form'd for the Puniſhment of all, whoſe Flames are criminal! why couldſt not thou have made ſome kind Diſtinction between thoſe common Paſſions and my Flame? I gave thee all my Vows, my honeſt Vows, before I ask'd a Recompence for Love. I made thee mine before the ſacred Powers, that witneſs every ſacred ſolemn Vow, and fix 'em in the eternal Book of Fate; if thou hadſt given thy Faith to any other, as, oh too ſure thou hadſt, what Fault was this in me, who knew it not, why ſhould I bear that Sin? I took thee to me as a Virgin Treaſure,

ſent from the Gods to charm the Ills of Life, to make the tedious Journey ſhort and joyful; I came to make Atonement for thy Sin, and to redeem thy Fame; not add to the deteſted Number. I came to gild thy Stains of Honour over; and ſet ſo high a Price upon thy Name, that all Reproaches for thy paſt Offences ſhould have been loſt in future Crouds of Glory: I came to lead thee from a World of Shame, approaching Ills and future Miſeries; from noiſie Flatterers that would ſacrifice thee, firſt to dull Luſt, and more unthinking Wit; poſſeſs thee, then traduce thee. By Heav'n, I ſwear it was not for my ſelf alone I took ſuch Pains to gain thee, and ſet thee free from all thoſe Circumſtances that might perhaps debauch thy worthier Nature, and I believ'd it; was with Pain you yielded to every buying Lover: No, 'twas for thy Sake, in pity to thy Youth, Heav'n had inſpir'd me with religious Flame; and when I aim'd at *Sylvia* 'twas alone I might attain to Heav'n the ſureſt way, by ſuch a pious Conqueſt: Why haſt thou ruin'd a Deſign ſo glorious, as ſaving both our Souls? Perhaps thou vainly think'ſt that while I am pleading thus—— I am arguing ſtill for Love; or think this way to move thee into Pity; No, by my hopes of Death to eaſe my Pain, Love is a Paſſion not to be compell'd by any Force of Reaſon's Arguments: 'Tis an unthinking Motion of the Soul, that comes and goes as unaccountably as changing Moons, or Ebbs and Flows of Rivers, only with far leſs Certainty. It is not that my Soul is all over Love, that can beget its Likeneſs in your Heart: Had Heav'n and Nature added to that Love all the Perfections that adorn our Sex, it had avail'd me nothing in your Soul: There is a Chance in Love as well as Life, and oft the moſt unworthy are preferr'd; and from a Lottery I might win the Prize from all the venturing Throng with as much Reaſon, as think my Chance ſhould favour me with *Sylvia*; it might perhaps have been, but 'twas a wondrous Odds againſt me. Beauty is more uncertain than the Dice; and tho' I ventur'd like a forward Gameſter, I was not yet ſo vain to hope to win, nor had I once complain'd

plain'd upon my Fate; if I had never hop'd; but when I had fairly won, to have it baſely ſnatch'd from my Poſſeſſion, and like a baffled Cully, ſee it ſeiz'd by a falſe Gameſter, and look tamely on, has given me ſuch *Ideas* of the Fool, I ſcorn to look into my eaſie Heart, and loath the Figure you have made me there. Oh *Sylvia!* what an Angel hadſt thou been, hadſt thou not ſooth'd me thus to my Undoing! Alas, it had been no Crime in thee to hate me, it was not thy Fault I was not amiable; if thy ſoft Eyes could meet no Charms to pleaſe 'em, thoſe ſoft, thoſe charming Eyes were not in Fault; nor that thy Senſe, too delicate and nice, could meet no proper Subject for thy Wit, thy Heart, thy tender Heart was not in fault, becauſe it took not in my Tale of Love, and ſent ſoft Wiſhes back: Oh! no, my *Sylvia*, this, tho' I had dy'd, had caus'd you no Reproach; but firſt to fan my Fire by all the Arts that ever ſubtle Beauty could invent; to give me Hope; nay, to diſſemble Love; yes, and ſo very well diſſemble too, that not one tender Sigh was breath'd in vain: All that my Love-ſick Soul was panting for, the ſubtle Charmer gave; ſo well, ſo very well ſhe could diſſemble! Oh, what more Proofs could I expect from Love, what greater Earneſt of eternal Victory? Oh! thou hadſt rais'd me to the Height of Heav'n, to make my Fall to Hell the more precipitate. Like a fallen Angel now I howl and roar, and curſe that Pride that taught me firſt Ambition; 'tis a poor Satisfaction now, to know (if thou couldſt yet tell Truth) what Motive firſt ſeduc'd thee to my Ruin? Had it been Intereſt——by Heav'n, I would have bought my wanton Pleaſures at as high Rates as I would gratifie my real Paſſions; at leaſt when *Sylvia* ſet a Price on Pleaſure; nay, higher yet, for Love when 'tis repaid with equal Love, it ſaves the Chafferer a great Expence: Or were it Wantonneſs of Youth in thee, alas you might have made me underſtood it, and I had met you with an equal Ardour, and never thought of loving, but quench'd the ſhort-liv'd Blaze as ſoon as kindled; and hoping for no more had never let my haſty Flame arrive any higher than that

powerful Minute's Cure. But oh! in vain I ſeek for Reaſons from thee; perhaps thy own fantaſtick fickle Humour cannot inform thee why thou haſt betray'd me; but thou haſt done it, *Sylvia*, and may it never riſe in Judgment on thee, nor fix a Brand upon thy Name for ever, greater than all thy other Guilts can load thee with: Live, fair Deceiver, live and charm *Philander* to all the Heights of his beginning Flame; mayſt thou be gaining Power upon his Heart, and bring it Repentance for Inconſtancy; may all thy Beauty ſtill maintain its Luſtre, and all thy Charms of Wit be new and gay; mayſt thou be chaſte and true; and ſince it was thy Fate to be undone, let this at leaſt excuſe the hapleſs Maid; 'twas Love alone betray'd her to that Ruin, and it was *Philander* only had that Power. If thou haſt ſinn'd with me, as Heaven's my Witneſs, after I had plighted thee my ſacred Vows, I do not think thou didſt; may all the Powers above forgive thee, *Sylvia*; and thoſe thou haſt committed ſince thoſe Vows, will need a World of Tears to waſh away: 'Tis I will weep for both, 'tis I will go and be a Sacrifice to atone for all our Sins: 'Tis I will be the preſſing Penitent, and watch, and pray, and weep, 'till Heav'n have Mercy; and may my Penance be accepted for thee; ——Farewel——I have but one Requeſt to make thee, which is, that thou wilt, for *Octavio*'s ſake, forgive the faithful Slave that brings thee this from thy

OCTAVIO.

Sylvia, whoſe Abſence and ill Treatment of *Octavio*, had but ſerv'd to raiſe her Flame to a much greater degree, had no ſooner read this Letter, but ſhe ſuffer'd her ſelf to be diſtracted with all the different Paſſions that poſſeſs deſpairing Lovers; ſometimes raving, and ſometimes ſighing and weeping: 'Twas a good while ſhe continu'd in theſe Diſorders, ſtill thinking on what ſhe had to do next that might redeem all: Being a little come to her ſelf, ſhe thought good to conſult with *Brilliard* in this Affair, between whom and *Octavio* ſhe found there was a very good Underſtanding: And reſolving abſolutely

lutely to quit *Philander*, ſhe no longer had any Scruples or Doubt what Courſe to take, nor car'd ſhe what Price ſhe paid for a Reconciliation with *Octavio*, if any Price would purchaſe it: In order to this Reſolve, fix'd in her Heart, ſhe ſends for *Brilliard*, whom ſhe careſſes a-new, with all the Fondneſs and Familiarity of a Woman, who was reſolv'd to make him her Confident, or rather indeed her next Gallant. I have already ſaid he was very handſome, and very well made, and you may believe he took all the Care he could in Dreſſing, which he underſtood very well: He had a good deal of Wit, and was very well faſhion'd and bred:—With all theſe Accompliſhments, and the Addition of Love and Youth, he could not be imagin'd to appear wholly indifferent in the Eyes of any Body, tho' hitherto he had in thoſe of *Sylvia*, whoſe Heart was doting on *Philander*; but now, that that Paſſion was wholly extinguiſh'd, and that their Eternal Quarrels had made almoſt a perpetual Separation, ſhe being alone, without the Converſation of Men, which ſhe lov'd, and was us'd to, and in her Inclination naturally addicted to love, ſhe found *Brilliard* more agreeable than he us'd to be, which, together with the Deſigns ſhe had upon him, made her take ſuch a Freedom with him, as wholly tranſported this almoſt hopeleſs Lover: She diſcourſes with him concerning *Octavio* and his Condition, and he fail'd not to anſwer, ſo as to pleaſe her, right or wrong; ſhe tells him how uneaſie ſhe was with *Philander*, who every Day grew more and more inſupportable to her; ſhe tells him ſhe had a very great Inclination for *Octavio*, and more for his Fortune that was able to ſupport her, than his Perſon; ſhe knew ſhe had a great Power over him, and however it might ſeem now to be diminiſh'd by her unlucky Flight with *Philander*, ſhe doubted not but to reduce him to all that Love he once profeſs'd to her, by telling him ſhe was forc'd away, and without her Knowledge, being carry'd only to take the Air was compell'd to the fatal Place where ſhe now was. *Brilliard* ſooths and flatters her in all her Hope, and offers her his Service in her Flight, which he might eaſily aſſiſt, unknown to *Philander*. It was now about ſix a Cloek

at

at Night, and ſhe commanded a Supper to be provided and brought to her Chamber, where *Brilliard* and ſhe ſupp'd together, and talk'd of nothing but the new Deſign; the hope of effecting which put her into ſo good a Humour that ſhe frankly drank her Bottle, and ſhew'd more Signs of Mirth than ſhe had done in many Months before: In this good Humour *Brilliard* look'd more amiable than ever, ſhe ſmiles upon him, ſhe careſſes him with all the Aſſurance of Friendſhip imaginable; ſhe tells him ſhe ſhall behold him as her deareſt Friend, and ſpeak ſo many kind things, that he was embolden'd, and approach'd her by degrees more near; he makes Advances; and the greateſt Incouragement was, the Secret he had of her intended Flight: He tells her, he hop'd ſhe would be pleas'd to conſider, that while he was ſerving her in a new Amour, and aſſiſting to render her into the Arms of another, he was wounding his own Heart which languiſh'd for her; that he ſhould not have taken the Preſumption to have told her this at ſuch a time as he offer'd his Life to ſerve her, but that it was already no Secret to her, and that a Man who lov'd at his rate, and yet would contrive to make his Miſtreſs happy with another, ought in Juſtice to receive ſome Recompence of a Flame ſo conſtant and ſo ſubmiſſive. While he ſpake, he found he was not regarded with the Looks of Scorn or Diſdain; he knew her haughty Temper, and finding it calm, he preſs'd on to new Submiſſions; he fell at her Feet, and pleaded ſo well, where no Oppoſers were, that *Sylvia* no longer reſiſted, or if ſhe did, it was very feebly, and with a ſort of Wiſh that he would purſue his Boldneſs yet farther; which at laſt he did, from one degree of Softneſs and gentle Force to another, and made himſelf the happieſt Man in the World; tho' ſhe was very much diſorder'd at the Apprehenſion of what ſhe had ſuffer'd from a Man of his Character, as ſhe imagin'd ſo infinitely below her; but he redoubled his Submiſſion in ſo cunning a manner, that he ſoon brought her to her good Humour; and after that he us'd the kind Authority of a Husband whenever he had an Opportunity, and found her not diſpleas'd at his Services.

Services. She conſider'd he had a Secret from her, which if reveal'd, would not only prevent her Deſign, but ruin her for ever; ſhe found too late ſhe had diſcover'd too much to him to keep him at the Diſtance of a Servant, and that ſhe had no other way to attach him eternally to her Intereſt, but by this Means. He now every Day appear'd more fine, and well dreſs'd, and omitted nothing that might make him, if poſſible, an abſolute Maſter of her Heart, which he vow'd he would defend with his Life, from even *Philander* himſelf; and that he would pretend to no other Empire over her, nor preſume or pretend to ingroſs that fair and charming Perſon which ought to be univerſally ador'd. In fine, he fail'd not to pleaſe both her Deſire and her Vanity, and every Day ſhe lov'd *Philander* leſs, who ſometimes in two or three together came not home to viſit her. At this time it ſo happen'd, he being in Love with the young Daughter of an Advocate, about a League from his own Lodgings, and he is always eager on the firſt Addreſs, 'till he has compleated the Conqueſt; ſo that ſhe had not only time to pleaſe and revenge her ſelf with *Brilliard*, but fully to reſolve their Affairs, and to provide all things againſt their Flight, which they had abſolutely done before *Philander*'s Return; who coming home, receiv'd *Brilliard* very kindly, and the News which he brought, and which made him underſtand he ſhould not have any long time to finiſh his new Amour in; but as he was very conquering both in Wit and Beauty, he left not the Village without leaving ſome Ruins behind of Beauty, which ever after bewail'd his Charms; and ſince his Departure was ſo neceſſary, and that in four or five Days he was oblig'd to go, they deferr'd their Flight 'till he was gone; which time they had wholly to themſelves, and made as good uſe of it as they could; at leaſt ſhe thought ſo, and you may be ſure, he alſo, whoſe Love increas'd with his Poſſeſſion. But *Sylvia* longs for Liberty, and thoſe neceſſary Gallantries, which every Day diminiſh'd; ſhe lov'd rich Cloaths, gay Coaches, and to be laviſh; and now ſhe was ſtinted to good Houſewifery, a Penury ſhe hated.

The time of *Philander*'s Departure being come, he took a very careleſs Leave of *Sylvia*, telling her he would ſee what Commands the Prince had for him, and return in ten or twelve Days. *Brilliard* pretended ſome little Indiſpoſition, and begg'd he might be permitted to follow him, which was granted; and the next Day, tho' *Brilliard* pleaded infinitely for a Continuation of his Happineſs two or three Days more, ſhe would not grant it, but oblig'd him, by a thouſand kind Promiſes of it for the future, to get Horſes ready for her Page, and Woman, and her Coach for her ſelf; which accordingly was done, and they left the Village, whoſe Name I cannot now call to mind, taking with her what of Value ſhe had left. They were three Days on their Journey; *Brilliard*, under pretence of care of her Health, the Weather being hot, and for fear of overtaking *Philander* by ſome Accident on the Road, delay'd the time as much as was poſſible, to be as happy as he could all the while; and indeed *Sylvia* was never ſeen in a Humour more gay. She found this ſhort time of Hope and Pleaſure, had brought all her baniſh'd Beauties back, that Care, Sickneſs and Grief had extreamly tarniſh'd, only her Shape was a little more inclining to be Fat, which did not at all however yet impair her Fineneſs; and ſhe was indeed too charming without, for the Deformity of her Indiſcretion within; but ſhe had broke the Bounds of Honour, and now ſtuck at nothing that might carry on an Intereſt, which ſhe reſolv'd ſhould be the Buſineſs of her future Life.

She at laſt arriv'd at *Bruxels*, and caus'd a Lodging to be taken for her in the remoteſt Part of the Town; as ſoon as ſhe came ſhe oblig'd *Brilliard* to viſit *Octavio*; but going to his Aunt's, to enquire for him, he was told that he was no longer in the World; he ſtood amaz'd a while, believing he had been dead, when Madam the Aunt, told him he was retir'd to the Monaſtery of the Order of St. *Bernard*, and would in a Day or two, without the Probationary Year, take Holy Orders. This did not ſo much ſurprize him as the other, knowing that he diſcours'd to him, when he ſaw him laſt,

as

as if ſome ſuch Retirement he meant to reſolve upon; with this News, which he was not altogether diſpleas'd at, *Brilliard* return'd to *Sylvia*, which ſoon chang'd all her good Humour to Tears and Melancholy: She inquir'd at what Place he was, and believ'd ſhe ſhould have Power to withdraw him from a Reſolution ſo fatal to her, and ſo contradictive to his Youth and Fortune; and having conſulted the matter with *Brilliard*, he had promis'd her to go to him, and uſe all means poſſible to withdraw him. This reſolv'd, ſhe writ a moſt inſinuating Letter to him, wherein ſhe excus'd her Flight by a Surpriſe of *Philander*'s, and urg'd her Condition, as it then was, for the Excuſe of her long Silence; and that as ſoon as her Health would give her leave, ſhe came to put her ſelf eternally into his Arms, never to depart more from thence. Theſe Arguments and Reaſons accompany'd with all the indearing Tenderneſs her artful Fancy was capable of framing, ſhe ſent with a full Aſſurance it would prevail to perſuade him to the World, and her fair Arms again. While ſhe was preparing this to go, *Philander*, who had heard at his Arrival, what made ſo much Noiſe, that he had been the Occaſion of the World's Loſs of two of the fineſt Perſons in it, the Siſter *Caliſta* by Debauching her, and the Brother by Raviſhing his Miſtreſs from him, both which were entring, without all poſſiblity of Prevention, into Holy Orders; he took ſo great a Melancholy at it, as made him keep his Chamber for two Days, maugre all the urgent Affairs that ought to have invited him from thence; he was conſulting by what Power to prevent the Misfortune; he now ran back to all the Obligations he had to *Octavio*, and pardons him all the Injuries he did him; he loves him more by loving *Sylvia* leſs, and remembered how that generous Friend, after he knew he had diſhonour'd his Siſter, had notwithſtanding ſent him Letters of Credit to the Magiſtrates of *Cologn*, and Bills of Exchange, to ſave him from the Murder of his Brother-in-Law, as he was likely to have been. He now charges all his little Faults to thoſe of Love, and hearing that old *Clarinau* was dead of the Wound *Octavio* had given

ven him by Miſtake, which increas'd in him new Hope of *Caliſta*, could ſhe be retriev'd from the Monaſtery, he reſolv'd in order to this to make *Octavio* a Viſit, to beg his Pardon, and beg his Friendſhip, and his Continuation in the World. He came accordingly to the Monaſtery, and was extream civilly receiv'd by *Octavio*, who yet had not the Habit on. *Philander* told him, he heard he was leaving the World, and could not ſuffer him to do ſo, without endeavouring to gain his Pardon of him, for all the Injuries he had done him; that as to what related to his Siſter the Counteſs, he proteſted upon his Honour, if he had but imagin'd ſhe had been ſo, he would have ſuffer'd Death ſooner than his Paſſion to have approach'd her indiſcreetly; and that for *Sylvia*, if he were aſſur'd her Poſſeſſion would make him happy, and call him to the World again, he aſſur'd him he would quit her to him, were ſhe ten times dearer to him than ſhe was. This he confirm'd with ſo many Proteſtations of Friendſhip, that *Octavio* oblig'd to the laſt degree, believ'd and return'd him this Anſwer, *Sir, I muſt confeſs you have found out the only way to diſarm me of my Reſentment againſt you, if I were not obliged by thoſe Vows I am going to take, to pardon and be at Peace with all the World. However theſe Vows cannot hinder me from conſerving intirely that Friendſhip in my Heart, which your good Qualities and Beauties at firſt ſight ingag'd there, and from eſteeming you more than perhaps I ought to do; the Man whom I muſt yet own my Rival, and the Undoer of my Siſters Honour. But Oh—— no more of that, a Friend's above a Siſter, or a Miſtreſs.* At this he hung down his Eyes and ſigh'd —— *Philander* told him, he was too much concern'd in him, not to be extreamly afflicted at the Reſolution he had taken, and beſought him to quit a Deſign ſo injurious to his Youth, and the glorious things that Heaven had deſtin'd him to; he urg'd all that could be ſaid to diſſuade him, and after all, could not believe he would quit the World at this Age, when it would be ſufficient forty Years hence ſo to do. *Octavio* only anſwer'd with a Smile; but when he ſaw *Philander* ſtill perſiſt, he endeavour'd

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to convince him by ſpeaking; and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, he vow'd, by all the Holy Powers there, he never would look down to Earth again; nor more conſider fickle, faithleſs Beauty: *All the gay Vanities of Youth,* ſaid he, *for ever I renounce, and leave 'em all to thoſe that find a Pleaſure or a Conſtancy in 'em; for the fair faithleſs Maid, that has undone me, I leave to you the Empire of her Heart; but have a care,* ſaid he (and ſighing laid his Arms about his Neck) *for even you, with all that ſtock of Charms, ſhe will at laſt betray: I wiſh her well ——ſo well as to repent of all her Wrongs to me——* *'Tis all I have to ſay.* What *Philander* could urge, being impoſſible to prevail with him: And begging his Pardon and Friendſhip (which was granted by *Octavio*, and implor'd on his ſide from *Philander*) he took a Ring of a great Value from his Finger, and preſented it to *Philander*, and begg'd him to keep it for his Sake; and to remember him while he did ſo: They kiſs'd, and ſighing parted.

Philander was no ſooner gone, but *Brilliard* came to wait on *Octavio*, whom he found at his Devotion, and begg'd his Pardon for diſturbing him: He receiv'd him with a very good Grace, and a chearful Countenance, embracing him, and after ſome Diſcourſe of the Condition he was going to reduce himſelf to, and his Admiration, that one ſo young ſhould think of Devoting himſelf ſo early to Heav'n, and things of that nature, as the time and occaſion requir'd, he told him the extream Affliction *Sylvia* was ſeiz'd with, at the News of the Reſolution he had taken, and deliver'd him a Letter, which he read without any Emotions in his Heart or Face, as at other times us'd to be viſible at the very mention of her Name, or approach of her Letters. At the finiſhing of which he only ſmiling cry'd: *Alas, I pity her,* and gave him back the Letter. *Brilliard* ask'd if he would not pleaſe to write her ſome Anſwer, or condeſcend to ſee her; *No,* reply'd *Octavio, I have done with all the gilded Vanities of Life, now I ſhall think of* Sylvia *but as ſome heavenly Thing, fit for Diviner Contemplations, but never with the youthful*

youthful Thoughts of Love. What he ſhould find her now he ſaid, *would have a different Style to thoſe ſhe us'd to receive from him; it would be pious Counſel, grave Advice, unfit for Ladies ſo young and gay as* Sylvia, *and would ſcarce find a Welcome: He wiſh'd he could convert her from the World——and ſave her from the Dangers that purſu'd her.* To this purpoſe was all he ſaid of her, and all that could be got from him by the carneſt Sollicitor of Love, who perhaps was glad his Negotiation ſucceeded no better, and took his leave of him, with a Promiſe to viſit him often; which *Octavio* beſought him to do, and told him he would take ſome care, that for the good of *Sylvia*'s better Part, ſhe ſhould not be reduc'd by want of Neceſſaries for her Life, and little Equipage, to proſtitute her ſelf to vile inconſtant Man; he yet had ſo much Reſpect for her——and beſought *Brilliard* to come and take care of it with him, and to intreat *Sylvia* to accept of it from him; and if it contributed to her future Happineſs, he ſhould be more pleas'd than to have poſſeſs'd her entirely.

You may imagine how this News pleas'd *Sylvia*; who trembling with Fear every Moment, had expected *Brilliard*'s coming, and found no other Benefit by his Negotiation, but ſhe muſt bear what ſhe cannot avoid; but 'twas rather with the Fury of a Bacchanal than a Woman of common Senſe and Prudence; all about her pleaded ſome Days in vain, and ſhe hated *Brilliard* for not doing Impoſſibilities; and 'twas ſome time before he could bring her to permit him to ſpeak to her or viſit her.

Philander having left *Octavio*, went immediately to wait on *Ceſario*, who was extreamly pleas'd to meet him there, and they exchang'd their Souls to each other, and all the Secrets of 'em. After they had diſcours'd of all that they had a mind to hear and know on both ſides, *Ceſario* inquir'd of him of *Sylvia*'s Health; and *Philander* gave him an Account of the Uneaſineſs of her Temper, and the Occaſions of their Quarrels, in which *Octavio* had his Part, as being the Subject of ſome of 'em: From this he falls to give a Character of that Rival, and came

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to this part of it, where he had put himſelf into the Orders of the *Bernardines*, reſolving to leave the World, and all its Charms and Temptations. As they were ſpeaking, ſome Gentlemen, who came to make their Court to the Prince, finding 'em ſpeak of *Octavio*, told them that to Morrow he was to be initiated, without the Year's Trial; the Prince would needs go and ſee the Ceremony, having heard ſo much of the Man; and accordingly next Day, accompany'd with the Governor, *Philander*, *Tomaſo*, and abundance of Perſons of Quality and Officers, he went to the great Church; where were preſent all the Ladies of the Court, and all that were in the Town. The Noiſe of it was ſo great, that *Sylvia*, all languiſhing, and ill as ſhe was, would not be perſuaded from going, but ſo muffl'd in her Hoods, as ſhe was not to be known by any.

Never was any thing ſo magnificent as this Ceremony, the Church was on no Occaſion ſo richly adorn'd; *Sylvia* chanc'd to be ſeated near the Prince of *Mechlenburgh*, who was then in *Bruxels* and at the Ceremony; ſad as ſhe was, while the ſoft Muſick was playing, ſhe diſcours'd to him, tho' ſhe knew him not, of the Buſineſs of the Day: He told her ſhe was to ſee a Sight, that ought to make her Sex leſs cruel; a Man extreamly Beautiful and Young, whoſe Fortune could command almoſt all the Pleaſures of the World; yet for the Love of the moſt amiable Creature in the World, who has treated him with Rigour, he abandons this Youth and Beauty to all the Severity of rigid Devotion: This Relation, with a great deal he ſaid of *Octavio*'s Virtues and Bravery, had like to have diſcover'd her by putting her into a Swoon; and ſhe had much ado to ſupport her ſelf in her Seat. I my ſelf went among the reſt to this Ceremony, having in all the time I liv'd in *Flanders*, never been ſo curious to ſee any ſuch thing. The Order of St. *Bernard* is one of the neateſt of 'em, and there is a Monaſtery of that Order, which are oblig'd to be all Noblemens Sons; of which I have ſeen fifteen hundred at a time in one Houſe, all handſome, and moſt of 'em young; their Habit adds a

Grace to their Perſon, for of all the Religious, that is the moſt becoming: Long white Veſts of fine Cloth, ty'd about with white Silk Saſhes, or Cord of white Silk; over this a long Cloak without a Cape, of the ſame fine white Broad-Cloath; their Hair of a pretty length, as that of our Perſons in *England*, and a white Beaver; they have very fine Apartments, fit for their Quality, and above all, every one his Library; they have Attendance and Equipage according to their Rank, and have nothing of the Inconveniences and Slovenlineſs of ſome of the Religious, but ſerv'd in as good Order as can be, and they have nothing of the Monaſtick — but the Name, the Vow of Chaſtity, and the Opportunity of gaining Heaven, by the ſweeteſt Retreat in the World, fine Houſe, excellent Air, and delicate Gardens, Grotto's and Groves. 'Twas this Order that *Octavio* had choſen, as too delicate to undertake the Auſterity of any other; and in my Opinion 'tis here a Man may hope to become a Saint ſooner than in any other, more perplex'd with Want, Cold, and all the Neceſſaries of Life, which takes the Thought too much from Heav'n, and afflicts it with the Cares of this World, with Pain and too much Abſtinence: And I rather think 'tis Neceſſity than Choice that makes a Man a *Cordelier*, that may be a *Jeſuit* or a *Bernardine*, to the beſt of the *Holy Orders*. But to return, 'twas upon a *Thurſday* this Ceremony began; and, as I ſaid, there was never any thing beheld ſo fine as the Church that Day was, and all the Fathers that officiated at the High-Altar; behind which a moſt magnificent Scene of Glory was open'd, with Clouds moſt rarely and artificially ſet off, behind which appear'd new ones more bright and dazzling, 'till from one Degree to another, their Luſtre was hardly able to be look'd on; and in which ſate an hundred little Angels ſo rarely dreſs'd, ſuch ſhining Robes, ſuch charming Faces, ſuch flowing bright Hair, crown'd with Roſes of white and red, with ſuch artificial Wings, as one would have ſaid they had born the Body up in the ſplendid Sky; and theſe to ſoft Muſick, turn'd their ſoft Voices

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with ſuch Sweetneſs of Harmony, that for my part, I confeſs, I thought my ſelf no longer on Earth; and ſure there is nothing gives us an Idea of real Heav'n, like a Church all adorn'd with rare Pictures, and the other Ornaments of it, with whatever can charm the Eyes; and Muſick, and Voices, to raviſh the Ear; both which inſpire the Soul with unreſiſtable Devotion; and I can ſwear for my own part, in thoſe Moments a thouſand times I have wiſh'd to die; ſo abſolutely had I forgot the World, and all its Vanities, and, fix'd my Thoughts on Heav'n. While this Muſick continu'd, and the Anthems were ſinging, fifty Boys all in white, bearing Silver Cenſers, caſt Incenſe all round, and perfum'd the place with the richeſt and moſt agreeable Smells, while two hundred Silver Lamps were burning upon the Altar, to give a greater Glory to the open'd Scene, whilſt other Boys ſtrow'd Flowers upon the inlaid Pavement, where the gay Victim was to tread; for no Crowd of Gazers fill'd the empty Space, but thoſe that were Spectators, were ſo plac'd, as rather ſerv'd to adorn than diſorder the awful Ceremony, where all were ſilent, and as ſtill as Death; as awful as Mourners that attend the Hearſe of ſome lov'd Monarch. While we were thus liſtening, the ſoft Muſick playing, and the Angels ſinging, the whole Fraternity of the Order of St. *Bernard* came in, two by two, in very graceful Order; and going up to the ſhining Altar, whoſe Furniture that Day was embroider'd with Diamonds, Pearls, and Stones of great Value, they bow'd and retir'd to their Places, into little gilded Stalls, like our Knights of the Garter at *Windſor*: After them fifty Boys that ſang approach'd in order to the Altar, bow'd, and divided on each ſide; they were dreſs'd in white Cloth of Silver, with Golden Wings and roſie Chaplets: After theſe the Biſhop, in his pontifick Robes ſet with Diamonds of great Price, and his Mitre richly adorn'd, aſcended the Altar; where, after a ſhort Anthem, he turn'd to receive the young Devotee, who was juſt enter'd the Church, while all Eyes were fix'd on him: He was led, or rather, on each ſide

attended with two young Noblemen, his Relations; and I never ſaw any thing more rich in Dreſs, but that of *Octavio* exceeded all Imagination, for the Gaiety and Fineneſs of the Work: It was white Cloth o' Silver embroider'd with Gold, and Buttons of Diamonds; lin'd with rich Cloth of Gold and Silver Flowers, his Breeches of the ſame, trim'd with a pale Pink Garniture; rich Linen, and a white Plume in his white Hat: His Hair, which was long and black, was that Day in the fineſt Order that could be imagin'd; but for his Face and Eyes, I am not able to deſcribe the Charms that adorn'd 'em; no Fancy, no Imagination can paint the Beauties there: He look'd indeed as if he were made for Heav'n; no Mortal ever had ſuch Grace: He look'd, methought, as if the Gods of Love had met in Council to dreſs him up that Day for everlaſting Conqueſt; for to his uſual Beauties he ſeem'd to have the Addition of a thouſand more; he bore new Luſtre in his Face and Eyes, Smiles on his Cheeks, and Dimples on his Lips: He mov'd, he trode with nobler Motions, as if ſome ſupernatural Influence had took a peculiar Care of him: Ten thouſand Sighs, from all ſides, were ſent him, as he paſs'd along, which, mix'd with the ſoft Muſick, made ſuch a murmuring as gentle Breezes moving yielding Boughs: I am aſſur'd he won that Day more Hearts, without Deſign, than ever he had gain'd with all his Toils of Love and Youth before, when Induſtry aſſiſted him to conquer. In his Approach to the Altar he made three Bows; where, at the Foot of it on the lower Step, he kneel'd, and then High-Maſs began; in which were all ſorts of different Muſick, and that ſo excellent, that wholly raviſh'd with what I ſaw and heard, I fancy'd my ſelf no longer on Earth, but abſolutely aſcended up to the Regions of the Sky. All I could ſee around me, all I heard, was raviſhing and heav'nly; the Scene of Glory, and the dazzling Altar; the noble Paintings, and the numerous Lamps; the Awfulneſs, the Muſick, and the Order, made me conceive my ſelf above the Stars, and I had no

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part of mortal Thought about me. After the Holy Ceremony was perform'd, the Biſhop turn'd and bleſs'd him; and while an Anthem was ſinging, *Octavio*, who was ſtill kneeling, ſubmitted his Head to the Hands of a Father, who with a pair of Sciſſars cut off his delicate Hair; at which a ſoft Murmur of Pity and Grief fill'd the Place: Thoſe fine Locks, with which *Sylvia* had a thouſand times play'd, and wound the Curles about her ſnowy Finger, ſhe now had the dying Grief, for her ſake, for her Infidelity, to behold ſacrific'd to her Cruelty, and diſtributed among the Ladies, who at any Price would purchaſe a Curl: After this they took off his Linen, and his Coat, under which he had a white Sattin Waſtcoat, and under his Breeches Drawers of the ſame. Then the Biſhop took his Robes, which lay conſecrated on the Altar, and put them on, and inveſted him with the Holy Robe: The Singing continuing to the end of the Ceremony; where, after an Anthem was ſung (while he proſtrated himſelf before the Altar) he aroſe, and inſtead of the two Noblemen that attended him to the Altar, two *Bernardines* approach'd and conducted him from it, to the Seats of every one of the Order, whom he kiſs'd and embrac'd, as they came forth to welcome him to the Society. It was with abundance of Tears that every one beheld this Transformation; but *Sylvia* ſwooned ſeveral times during the Ceremony, yet would not ſuffer her ſelf to be carry'd out; but *Antonet* and another young Lady of the Houſe where ſhe lodg'd that accompany'd her, did what they could to conceal her from the publick View. For my part, I ſwear I was never ſo affected in my Life with any thing, as I was at this Ceremony, nor ever found my Heart ſo oppreſs'd with Tenderneſs; and was my ſelf ready to ſink where I ſate, when he came near me, to be welcom'd by a Father that ſate next me: After this he was led by two of the eldeſt Fathers to his Apartment, and left a thouſand ſighing Hearts behind him. Had he dy'd, there had not been half that Lamentation; ſo fooliſh is the miſtaken World to grieve

at our happieſt Fortune, either when we go to Heav'n, or retreat from this World, which has nothing in it that can really charm, without a thouſand Fatigues to attend it: And in this Retreat, I am ſure, he himſelf was the only Perſon that was not infinitely concern'd; who quitted the World with ſo modeſt a Bravery, ſo intire a Joy, as no young Conqueror ever perform'd his Triumphs with more.

The Ceremony being ended, *Antonia* got *Sylvia* to her Chair, concern'd even to Death; and ſhe vow'd afterwards ſhe had much ado to with-hold her ſelf from running and ſeizing him at the Altar, and preventing his Fortune and Deſign, but that ſhe believ'd *Philander* would have reſented it to the laſt Degree, and poſſibly have made it fatal to both her ſelf and *Octavio*. It was a great while before ſhe could recover from the Indiſpoſition to which this fatal and unexpected Accident had reduc'd her: But as I have ſaid, ſhe was not of a Nature to die for Love; and charming and brave as *Octavio* was, it was perhaps her Intereſt, and the loſs of his conſiderable Fortune that gave her the greateſt Cauſe of Grief. Sometimes ſhe vainly fancy'd that yet her Power was ſuch, that with the Expence of one Viſit, and ſome of her uſual Arts, which rarely fail, ſhe had Power to withdraw his Thoughts from Heav'n, and fix 'em all on her ſelf again, and to make him fly thoſe Incloſures to her more agreeable Armse But again ſhe wiſely conſider'd, tho' he might be retriev'd, his Fortune was diſpos'd of to holy Uſes, and could never be ſo. This laſt Thought more prevail'd upon her, and had more convincing Reaſon in it, than all that could beſides oppoſe her Flame; for ſhe had this wretched Prudence, even in the higheſt Flights and Paſſions of her Love, to have a wiſe Regard to Intereſt; inſomuch that it is moſt certain, ſhe refus'd to give her ſelf up intirely even to *Philander*; him, whom one would have thought nothing but perfect Love, ſoft irreſiſtable Love, could have compell'd her to have tranſgreſs'd withal, when ſo many Reaſons contradicted her Paſſion:

How

How much more then ought we to believe that Intereſt was the greateſt Motive of all her after Paſſions? However, this powerful Motive fail'd not to beget in her all the Pains and Melancholies that the moſt violent of Paſſions could do: But *Brilliard*, who lov'd to a greater Degree than ever, ſtrove all he could to divert the Thoughts of a Grief, for which there was no Remedy; and believ'd if he could get her out of *Bruxels*, retir'd to the little Town, or rather Village, where he was firſt made happy, and where *Philander* ſtill believ'd her to be, he ſhould again re-aſſume that Power over her Heart he had before: In this melancholy fit of hers he propos'd it, urging the Danger he ſhould be in for obeying her, ſhould *Philander* once come to know that ſhe was in *Bruxels*; and that poſſibly ſhe would not find ſo civil a Treatment as he ought to pay her, if he ſhould come to the Knowledge of it: Beſides theſe Reaſons, he ſaid, he had ſome of greater Importance, which he muſt not diſcover 'till ſhe were withdrawn from *Bruxels*: But there needed not much to perſuade her to retire, in the Humour ſhe then was; and with no Oppoſition on her ſide, ſhe told him ſhe was ready to go where he thought fit; and accordingly the next Day they departed the Town, and in three more arriv'd to the Village. In all this Journey *Brilliard* never approach'd her but with all the Reſpect imaginable, but withal with abundance of ſilent Paſſion; which manner of Carriage oblig'd *Sylvia* very often to take Notice of it, with great Satisfaction and Signs of Favour; and as he ſaw her Melancholy abate, he increas'd in Sighing and Lovers Boldneſſes: Yet with all this he could not oblige her to thoſe Returns he wiſh'd: When, after ten Days ſtay, *Philander* writ to him to inquire of his Health, and of *Sylvia*, to whom he ſent a very kind good-natur'd Letter, but no more of the Lover than if there had never been ſuch a Joy between 'em: He begg'd her to take Care of her ſelf, and told her he would be with her in ten or fifteen Days; and deſir'd her to ſend him *Brilliard*, if he were not

wholly neceſſary to her Service, for he had no Affairs to imploy him in: So that *Brilliard*, not being able longer with any colour to defend his Stay, writ him word he would wait on him in two Days: Which ſhort time he wholly imploy'd in utmoſt Endeavour to gain *Sylvia*'s Favour; but ſhe, whoſe Thoughts were roving on new Deſigns, which ſhe thought fit to conceal from a Lover, ſtill put him off with pretended Illneſs, and Thoughtfulneſs on the late melancholy Object and Loſs of *Octavio*: But aſſur'd him as ſoon as ſhe was recover'd of that Preſſure, ſhe would receive him with the ſame Joy ſhe had before, and which his Perſon and his Services merited from her; 'twas thus ſhe ſooth'd the hoping Lover, who went away with all the Satisfaction imaginable; bearing a Letter from *Sylvia* to *Philander*, written with all the Art of Flattery. *Brilliard* was no ſooner gone, but *Sylvia*, whoſe Head ran on new Adventures, reſolv'd to try her Chance; and being, whenever ſhe pleas'd, of a Humour very gay, ſhe reſolv'd upon a Deſign, in which ſhe could truſt no body but her Page, who lov'd his Lady to the laſt Degree of Paſſion, tho' he never durſt ſhew it even in his Looks or Sighs; and yet the cunning *Sylvia* had by chance found his Flame, and would often take Delight to torture the poor Youth, to laugh at him: She knew he would die to ſerve her, and ſhe durſt truſt him with the moſt important Buſineſs of her Life: She therefore the next Morning ſends for him to her Chamber, which ſhe often did, and told him her Deſign; which was, in Man's Cloaths to go back to *Bruxels*, and ſee if they could find any Adventures by the way that might be worth the Journey, and divert 'em: She told him ſhe would truſt him with all her Secrets; and he vow'd Fidelity. She bid him bring her a Suit of thoſe Cloaths ſhe us'd to wear at her firſt Arrival at *Holland*, and he look'd out one very fine, and which ſhe had worn that Day ſhe went to have been marry'd to *Octavio*, when the *States* Meſſengers took her up for a *French* Spy, a Suit *Philander* had never ſeen: She equips her ſelf, and leaving

leaving in charge with *Antonet* what to ſay in her Abſence, and telling her ſhe was going upon a Frolick to divert her ſelf a Day or two; ſhe, accompany'd by her Page only, took Horſe and made away towards *Bruxels*: You muſt know that the half-way Stage is a very ſmall Village, in which there is moſt lamentable Accommodation, and may vie with any part of *Spain* for bad Inns. *Sylvia*, not us'd much to riding as a Man, was pretty well tir'd by that time ſhe got to one of thoſe *Hotels*; and as ſoon as ſhe alighted ſhe went to her Chamber to refreſh and cool her ſelf; and while the Page was gone to the Kitchen to ſee what there was to eat, ſhe was leaning out of the Window, and looking on the Paſſengers that rode along, many of which took up in the ſame Houſe. Among them that alighted, there was a very handſome young Gentleman, appearing of Quality, attended only by his Page. She conſider'd this Perſon a little more than the reſt, and finding him ſo unaccompany'd, had a Curioſity, natural to her, to know who he was: She ran to another Window that look'd into the Yard, a kind of Balcony, and ſaw him alight, and look at her; and ſaluted her in paſſing into the Kitchen, ſeeing her look like a Youth of Quality: Coming in he ſaw her Page, and ask'd if he belong'd to that young Cavalier in the Gallery; the Page told him he did: And being ask'd who he was, he told him he was a young Nobleman of *France*; a Stranger to all thoſe Parts, and had made an eſcape from his Tutors, to ramble for his Fancy and his Pleaſure; and ſaid he was of a Humour never to be out of his way; all Places being alike to him in thoſe little Adventures. So leaving him (with yet a greater Curioſity) he ran to *Sylvia*, and told her what had paſs'd between the young Stranger and him: While ſhe, who was poſſeſt with the ſame inquiſitive Humour, bid him enquire who he was; when the Maſter of the *Hotel* coming in the Interim up to uſher in her Supper, ſhe enquir'd of him who that young Stranger was; he told her, one of the greateſt Perſons in *Flanders*; that he was Nephew

to

to the Governor, and who had a very great Equipage at other times; but that now he was *Incognito*, being on an Intrigue: This Intrigue gave *Sylvia* new Curiosity; and hoping the Master would tell him again, she fell into great Praises of his Beauty and his Mein; which for several Reasons pleas'd the Man of the Inn, who departed with the good News, and told every Word of it to the young Cavalier: The good Man having, besides the pleasing him with the grateful Complements, a farther design in the Relation; for his House being very full of Persons of all sorts, he had no Lodgings for the Governor's Nephew, unless he could recommend him to our young Cavalier. The Gay unknown, extreamly pleas'd with the Character he had given him by so beautiful a Gentleman, and one who appear'd of so much Quality, being alone, and knowing he was so also, sent a *Spanish* Page, that spoke very good *French*, and had a handsome Address, and quick Wit, to make his Complement to the young *Monsieur*; which was to beg to be admitted to sup with him; who readily accepted the Honour, as she call'd it; and the young Governor, whom we must call *Alonzo*, for a Reason or two, immediately after enter'd her Chamber, with an admirable Address, appearing much handsomer near, than at distance, tho' even then he drew *Sylvia*'s Eyes with Admiration on him; there were a thousand young Graces in his Person, Sweetnesses in his Face, Love and Fire in his Eyes, and Wit on his Tongue: His Stature was neither tall nor low, very well made and fashion'd; a light brown Hair, hazle Eyes, and a very soft and amorous Air; about twenty Years of Age: He spoke very good *French*; and after the first Complements on either side were over, as on such Occasions are necessary; in which on both sides were nothing but great Expressions of Esteem, *Sylvia* began so very well to be pleas'd with the fair Stranger, that she had like to have forgot the Part she was to act, and have made Discoveries of her Sex, by addressing her self with the Modesty and Blushes of a Woman: But *Alonzo*, who had

had no ſuch Apprehenſion, tho' ſhe appear'd with much more Beauty than he fancy'd ever to have ſeen in a Man, nevertheleſs admir'd without ſuſpecting, and took all thoſe Signs of Effeminacy to unaſſur'd Youth, and firſt Addreſs; and he was abſolutely deceiv'd in her. *Alonzo*'s Supper being brought up, which was the beſt the bad Inn afforded, they ſate down, and all the Supper time talk'd of a thouſand pleaſant things, and moſt of Love and Women, where both expreſt abundance of Gallantry for the fair Sex. *Alonzo* related many ſhort and pleaſant Accidents and Amours he had had with Women. Tho' the Stranger were by Birth a *Spaniard*; yet while they diſcours'd, the Glaſs was not idle, but went as briskly about, as if *Sylvia* had been an abſolute good Fellow. *Alonzo* drinks his and his Miſtreſſes Health, and *Sylvia* return'd the Civility, and ſo on 'till three Bottles were ſacrific'd to Love and good Humour; while ſhe, at the Expence of a little Modeſty, declar'd her ſelf ſo much of the Opinion of *Don Alonzo*, for gay Inconſtancy, and the Bleſſing of Variety, that he was wholly charm'd with a Converſation ſo agreeable to his own. I have heard her Page ſay, from whom I have had a great part of the Truths of her Life, that he never ſaw *Sylvia* in ſo pleaſant a Humour all his Life before, nor ſeem'd ſo well pleas'd, which gave him, her Lover, a Jealouſie, that perplex'd him above any thing he had ever felt from Love; tho' he durſt not own it. But *Alonzo* finding his young Companion altogether ſo charming (and in his own way too) could not forbear very often from falling upon his Neck, and kiſſing the Fair diſguis'd, with as hearty an Ardour, as ever he did one of the other Sex: He told her he ador'd her; ſhe was directly of his Principle, all gay, inconſtant, galiard and roving, and with ſuch a Guſto he commended the Joys of fickle Youth, that *Sylvia* would often ſay, ſhe was then Jealous of him, and envious of thoſe who poſſeſs'd him, tho' ſhe knew not whom. The more ſhe look'd on him, and heard him ſpeak, the more ſhe fancy'd him; and Wine that warm'd

warm'd her Head, made her give him a thouſand Demonſtrations of Love, that warm'd her Heart; which he miſtook for Friendſhip, having miſtaken her Sex. In this fit of beginning Love (which is always the beſt) and Jealouſie, ſhe bethought her to ask him on what Adventure he had now been; for he being without his Equipage, ſhe believ'd, ſhe ſaid, he was upon ſome Affair of Love: He told her there was a Lady, within an Hour's riding of that Place, of Quality and handſome, very much courted: Amongſt thoſe that were of the Number of her Adorers, he ſaid, was a young Man of Quality of *France*, who call'd himſelf *Philander*: This *Philander* had been about eight Days very happy in her Favour, and had happen'd to boaſt his good Fortune the next Night at the Governor's Table, where he din'd with the Prince *Ceſario*. I told him, continu'd *Alonzo*, that the Perſon he ſo boaſted of, had ſo ſoon granted him the Favour, that I believ'd ſhe was of a Humour to ſuffer none to die at her Feet: But this, ſaid he, *Philander* thought an Indignity to his good Parts, and told me, he believ'd he was the only Man happy in her Favour, and that could be ſo: On this I ventur'd a Wager, at which he colour'd extremely, and the Company laugh'd, which incens'd him more; the Prince urg'd the Wager, which was a pair of *Spaniſh* Horſes, the beſt in the Court, on my ſide, againſt a Diſcretion on his: This Odds offer'd by me incens'd him yet more; but urg'd to lay, we ended the Diſpute with the Wager, the beſt Concluſion of all Controverſies. He would have known what Meaſures I would take; I refus'd to ſatisfie him in that, I only ſwore him upon Honour, that he ſhould not diſcover the Wager or the Diſpute to the Lady. The next Day I went to pay her a Viſit, from my Aunt, the Governor's Lady, and ſhe receiv'd me with all the Civility in the World. I ſeem'd ſurpriz'd at her Beauty, and could talk of nothing but the Adoration I had for her, and found her extremely pleas'd, and vain; of which feeble Reſiſtance I made ſo good Advantage, that before we parted, being all alone, I receiv'd from her all the Freedoms that I could

could with any good Manners be allow'd the firſt time; ſhe firing me with Kiſſes, and ſuffering my cloſeſt Embraces. Having proſper'd ſo well, I left her for that time, and two Days after I made my Viſit again; ſhe was a marry'd Lady, and her Husband was a *Dutch* Count, and gone to a little Government he held under my Uncle, ſo that again I found a free Admittance; I told her 'twas my Aunt's Complement I brought before, but that now 'twas my own I brought, which was that of an impatient Heart, that burnt with a world of Fire and Flame, and Nonſenſe. In fine, ſo eager I was, and ſo preſſing for ſomething more than dull kiſſing, that ſhe began to retire as faſt as ſhe advanc'd before, and told me, after abundance of preſſing her to it, that ſhe had ſet a Price upon her Beauty, and unleſs I underſtood how to purchaſe her; it was not her Fault if I were not happy. At firſt I ſo little expected it had been Money, that I reiterated my Vows, and fancy'd it was the Aſſurance of my Heart ſhe meant; but ſhe very frankly reply'd, *Sir, you may ſpare your Pains, and five hundred Piſtoles will eaſe you of a great deal of Trouble, and be the beſt Argument of your Love.* This generous conſciencious Humour of hers, of ſuffering none to die that had five hundred Piſtoles to preſent for a Cure, was very good News to me, and I found I was not at all oblig'd to my Youth or Beauty, but that a Man with half a Noſe, or a ſingle Eye, or that ſtunk like an old *Spaniard* that had din'd on rotten Cheeſe and Garlick, ſhould have been equally as welcome for the aforeſaid Sum, to this charming Inſenſible. I muſt confeſs, I do not love to chaffer for my Pleaſure, it takes off the beſt part of it, and were I left to my own Judgment of its Worth, I ſhould hardly have offer'd ſo ſneaking a Sum; but that ſort of Bargaining was her Humour, and to enjoy her mine, tho' ſhe had ſtrangely pall'd me by this Management of the Matter: All I had now to do, was to appoint my Night and bring my Money; now was a very proper time for it, her Husband being abſent: I took my leave of her, infi-

nitely

nitely well pleas'd to have gain'd my Point on any Terms, with a Promiſe to deliver my ſelf there the next Night: But ſhe told me ſhe had a Brother to come to Morrow, whom ſhe would not have ſee me, and for that Reaſon (being however not willing to delay the receiving her Piſtoles) ſhe deſir'd I would wait at this very Houſe 'till a Footman ſhould give me Notice when to come; accordingly I came, and ſent her a Billet, that I waited prepar'd at all Points; and ſhe return'd me a Billet to this purpoſe; *That her Brother, with ſome Relations, being arriv'd, as ſhe expected, ſhe begg'd for her Honour's ſake that I would wait 'till ſhe ſent, which ſhould be as ſoon as they were gone to their Chambers; and they having rid a long Journey, would early retire; that ſhe was impatient of the Bleſſing, and ſhould be as well prepar'd as himſelf, and that ſhe would leave her Woman* Leticia *to give me Admittance*—— This ſatisfy'd me very well; and as I attended her, ſome of my Acquaintance chanc'd to arrive; with whom I ſupp'd, and took ſo many Glaſſes to her Health, as it paſs'd down, that I was arriv'd at a very handſome pitch, and to ſay Truth, was as full of *Bacchus* as *Venus*. However, as ſoon as her Footman arriv'd, I ſtole away, and took Horſe, and by that time it was quite dark arriv'd at her Houſe, where I was let in by a young Maid, whoſe Habit was very neat and clean, and ſhe her ſelf appear'd to my Eyes, then dazzling with Wine, the moſt beautiful young Creature I had ever ſeen, as in truth ſhe was; ſhe ſeem'd all Modeſty, and bluſhing Innocence; ſo that conducting me into a low Parlour, while ſhe went to tell her Lady I was come, who lay ready dreſs'd in all the Magnificences of Nightdreſs to receive me, I ſate contemplating on this fair young Maid, and no more thought of her Lady than of *Bethlehem Gaber*. The Maid ſoon return'd, and curtſying, told me with Bluſhes on her Face, that her Lady expected me; the Houſe was ſtill as Sleep, and no Noiſe heard but the little Winds that ruſh'd among the *Jeſſamin* that grew at the Window; now whether at that Moment, the falſe Light in the Room, or the

the true Wine deceiv'd me, I know not; but I beheld this Maid as an Angel for Beauty, and indeed I think ſhe had all the Temptations of Nature. I began to kiſs her, and ſhe to tremble and bluſh; yet not ſo much out of Fear, as Surprize and Shame at my Addreſs. I found her pleas'd with my Vows, and melting at my Kiſſes; I ſigh'd in her Boſom, which panted me a Welcome there; that Boſom whiter than Snow, ſweeter than the Noſegay ſhe had planted there. She urg'd me faintly to go to her Lady, who expected me, and I ſwore it was for her ſake I came (whom I never ſaw) and that I ſcorn'd all other Beauties: She kindled at this, and her Cheeks glow'd with Love. I preſs'd her to all I wiſh'd, but ſhe reply'd, ſhe was a Maid, and ſhould be undone. I told her I would marry her, and ſwore it with a thouſand Oaths; ſhe believ'd, and grew prettily fond——In fine, at laſt ſhe yielded to all I ask'd of her, which we had ſcarce recover'd when her Lady rung. I could not ſtir, but ſhe who fear'd a Surprize ran to her, and told her I was gone into the Garden, and would come immediately; ſhe haſtens down again to me, fires me anew, and pleas'd me anew; 'twas thus I taught a longing Maid the firſt Leſſon of Sin, at the Price of fifty Piſtoles, which I preſented her; nor could I yet part from this young Charmer, but ſtay'd ſo long that her Lady rung a Silver Bell again; but my new Prize was ſo wholly taken up with the Pleaſure of this new Amour, and the good Fortune arriv'd to her, ſhe heard not the Bell, ſo that the fair Deceiv'd put on her Night-Gown and Slippers, and came ſoftly down Stairs, and found my new Love and I cloſely embracing with all the Paſſion and Fondneſs imaginable. I know not what ſhe ſaw in me in that kind Moment to her Woman, or whether the Diſappointment gave her a greater Deſire, but 'tis moſt certain ſhe fell moſt deſperately in Love with me, and ſcorning to take notice of the Indignity I put upon her, ſhe unſeen ſtole to her Chamber: Where after a moſt afflicting Night, ſhe next Morning call'd her Woman to her, (whom I left towards Morning,

ing, better pleas'd with my fifty Piſtoles worth of Beauty, than I ſhould have been with that of five hundred:) The Maid, whoſe Guilt made her very much unaſſur'd, approach'd her Lady with ſuch Tremblings, as ſhe no longer doubted but ſhe was guilty, but durſt not examine her about it, leſt ſhe, who had her Honour in keeping, ſhould by the Diſcovery ſhe found ſhe had made of her Levity, expoſe that of her Lady. She therefore diſſembled as well as ſhe could, and examin'd her about my Stay; to which the Maid anſwer'd, I had fallen aſleep, and 'twas impoſſible to wake me 'till Day appear'd; when for fear of Diſcovery I poſted away. This, tho' the Lady knew was falſe, ſhe was forc'd to take for current Excuſe; and more raging with Love than ever, ſhe immediately diſpatch'd away her Footman with a Letter to me, upbraiding me extreamly; but at the ſame time, inviting me with all the Paſſion imaginable; and becauſe I ſhould not again ſee my young Miſtreſs, who was dying in Love with me, ſhe appointed me to meet her at a little Houſe ſhe had a Bow-ſhot from her own, where was a fine Decoy, and a great number of Wild-fowl kept, which her Husband took great Delight in; there I was to wait her coming, where liv'd only a Man and his old Wife, her Servants: I was very glad of this Invitation, and went; ſhe came adorn'd with all her Charms. I conſider'd her a new Woman, and one whom I had a Wager to win upon, the Conqueſt of one I had Inclination to, 'till by the Diſcovery of the Jilt in her I began to deſpiſe the Beauty; however, as I ſaid, ſhe was new, and now perhaps eaſie to be brought to any Terms, as indeed it happen'd; ſhe careſs'd me with all imaginable Fondneſs; was ready to eat my Lips inſtead of kiſſing them, and much more forward than I wiſh'd, who do not love an over-eaſie Conqueſt; however ſhe pleas'd me for three Days together, in all which time ſhe detain'd me there, coming to me early, and ſtaying the lateſt Hour; and I have no reaſon to repent my time; for beſides that I have paſs'd it very well, ſhe at my coming away preſented

ſented me this Jewel in my Hat, and this Ring on my Finger, and I have ſav'd my five hundred Piſtoles, my Heart, and my Credit in the Encounter, and am going to *Bruxels* to triumph over the haughty conceited *Philander*, who ſet ſo great a Value on his own Beauty, and yet for all his fine Perſon has paid the Piſtoles before he could purchaſe the Bleſſing, as ſhe ſwore to me, who have made a Convert of her, and reduc'd her to the thing ſhe never yet was, a Lover; inſomuch that ſhe has promis'd me to renounce *Philander*. I have promis'd to viſit her again; but if I do 'twill be more for the Vanity to pleaſe than be pleas'd, for I never repeat any thing with Pleaſure. All the while he ſpoke, *Sylvia* fix'd her Eyes and all her ſoft Deſires upon him; ſhe envies the happy Counteſs, but much more the happy Maid, with whom his perfect liking made him happy; ſhe fancies him in her Arms, and wiſhes him there; ſhe is ready a thouſand times to tell him ſhe is a Woman, but when ſhe reflects on his Inconſtancy ſhe fears. When he had ended his Story, ſhe cry'd, ſighing: *And you are juſt come from this fair Lady?* He anſwer'd her he was, *Sound and Heart-whole:* She reply'd, *'Tis very well you are ſo, but all the young do not thus eſcape from Beauty, and you may ſome time or other be entrap'd.* *Oh*, cry'd he, *I deſie the Power of one, while Heav'n has diſtributed Variety to all. Were you never in Love?* Reply'd *Sylvia*. *Never*, ſaid he, *that they call Love: I have burnt and rav'd an hour or two, or ſo; purſu'd, and gaz'd, and laid Sieges, 'till I had overcome; but what's this to Love? Did I ever make a ſecond Viſit, unleſs upon Neceſſity or Gratitude? And yet*——and there he ſigh'd; *and yet*, ſaid he, *I ſaw a Beauty once upon the Tour, that has ever ſince given me Torment. At* Bruxels? Said *Sylvia*. *There*, reply'd he, *ſhe was the faireſt Creature Heav'n e'er made, ſuch White and Red by Nature, ſuch Hair, ſuch Eyes, and ſuch a Mouth!*—— *all Youth and raviſhing Sweetneſs,*——*I purſu'd her to her Lodgings, and all I could get, was, that ſhe belong'd to a young Nobleman, who ſince has taken Orders. From the*

Night I ſaw her I never left her Window, but had Spies of all ſorts, who brought me Intelligence, and a little after I found ſhe had quitted the Place with a new Lover, which made me love and rave ten times more, when I knew aſſuredly ſhe was a Whore———and how fine a one I had miſs'd: This call'd all the Blood to *Sylvia*'s Face, and ſo confounded her ſhe could not anſwer; ſhe knew it was her ſelf of whom he ſpoke; and that coarſe Word, tho' innocently ſpoken, or rather gaily expreſs'd, put her quite out of Countenance; however ſhe recover'd again, when ſhe conſider'd they were not meant as Rudeneſſes to her. She lov'd him, and was eaſie to pardon: With ſuch Diſcourſe they paſs'd the Evening 'till towards Bed-time, and the young *Spaniard*, who had took little Reſt in three Nights before, wanted ſome Repoſe; and calling for his Chamber, the Hoſt beſought him, ſince they had the Happineſs (the young *French* Gentleman and himſelf) to be ſo good Friends, that they would ſhare a Bed together: *For in truth*, ſaid he, *Sir, you muſt ſit up all Night elſe*; he reply'd, with all his Soul, it was the moſt grateful Propoſal had been ever made him; and addreſſing himſelf to *Sylvia*, ask'd him if he would allow him that Bleſſing: She bluſh'd extreamly at the Queſtion, and hung down her Eyes, and he laugh'd to ſee it: *Sir*, ſaid *Sylvia, I will give you my Bed, for 'tis all one to me to lye on a Bed, or on the Chairs. Why, Sir*, ſaid *Alonzo, I am too paſſionate an Adorer of the Female Sex, to incommode any of my own with Addreſſes; nor am I ſo nice, but I can ſuffer a Man to lye by me, eſpecially ſo dear a Youth as your ſelf*; at which he embrac'd her in his Arms, which did but the more raiſe *Sylvia*'s Bluſhes, who wiſh'd for what ſhe dreaded: *With you, Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I could methinks be content to do what I do not uſe to do*; and, fearing to betray her Sex, forc'd a Conſent; for either one or the other ſhe was compell'd to do; and with the Aſſurance that he thought her what ſhe ſeem'd, ſhe choſe to give her Conſent, and they both went to Bed together: To add to her Deceit (ſhe being

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forc'd in her Sickneſs to cut off her Hair) when ſhe put off her Perriwig ſhe diſcover'd nothing of the Woman; nor fear'd ſhe any thing but her Breaſts, which were the roundeſt and the whiteſt in the World, but ſhe was long in undreſſing, which, to colour the Matter, ſhe ſuffer'd her Page to do; who, poor Lad, was never in ſo trembling a Condition, as in that manner to be oblig'd to ſerve her, where ſhe diſcover'd ſo many Charms he never before had ſeen, but all ſuch as might be ſeen with Modeſty: By that time ſhe came to Bed, *Alonzo* was faſt aſleep, being ſo long kept waking, and never ſo much as dreamt he had a Woman with him; but ſhe, whoſe Fears kept her waking, had a thouſand Agitations and Wiſhes, ſo natural it is, when Virtue has broke the Bounds of Modeſty, to plunge in paſt all Retreat; and I believe there are very few who retire after the firſt Sin. She conſiders her Condition in a ſtrange Countrey, her Splendor declining, her Love for *Philander* quite reduc'd to Friendſhip, or hardly that; ſhe was young, and eat and drank well; had a World of Vanity, that Food of Deſire, that Fuel to Vice: She ſaw this the beautifulleſt Youth ſhe imagin'd ever to have ſeen, of Quality and Fortune able to ſerve her; all theſe made her rave with a Deſire to gain him for a Lover, and ſhe imagin'd, as all the vain and young do, that though no Charms had yet been able to hold him, ſhe alone had thoſe that would; her Glaſs had a thouſand times told her ſo; ſhe compares him to *Octavio*, and finds him, in her Opinion, handſomer; ſhe was poſſeſt with ſome Love for *Philander* when he firſt addreſs'd to her, and *Octavio* char'd at beſt but half a Heart; but now, that ſhe had loſt all for *Philander* and *Octavio*, and had a Heart to caſt away, or give a new Lover; it was like her Money, ſhe hated to keep it, and laviſh'd it on any Trifle rather than hoard it, or let it lye by: 'Twas a loſs of Time her Youth could not ſpare; ſhe after Reflection reſolv'd, and when ſhe had reſolv'd, ſhe believ'd it done. By a Candle ſhe had by her to read a little Novel ſhe had brought, ſhe ſurvey'd him

often, as curiouſly as *Pſyche* did her *Cupid*, and tho' he ſlept like a mere Mortal, he appear'd as charming to her Eyes as the wing'd God himſelf; and 'tis believ'd ſhe wiſh'd he would awake and find, by her Curioſity, her Sex: For this I know; ſhe durſt no longer truſt her ſelf a-Bed with him, but got up, and all the laſt part of the Night walk'd about the Room; her Page lay in the Room with her, by her Order, on the Table, with a little Vallice under his Head, which he carry'd *Sylvia*'s Linen in; ſhe wak'd him, and told him all her Fears in a pleaſant manner. In the Morning *Alonzo* awakes, and wonders to find her up ſo ſoon, and reproach'd her for the Unkindneſs; new Proteſtations on both ſides paſſing of eternal Friendſhip, they both reſolv'd for *Bruxels*; but leſt ſhe ſhould encounter *Philander* on the way, who poſſibly might be on viſiting his *Dutch* Counteſs, ſhe deſir'd him to ride on before, and to ſuffer her to loſe the Happineſs of his Company 'till they met in *Bruxels*: With much ado he conſents, and taking the Ring the Counteſs gave him from off his Finger; *Sir*, ſaid he, *be pleas'd to wear this, and if ever you need my Fortune or my Sword, ſend it, and in what Part of the World ſoever I am, I will fly to your Service.* *Sylvia* return'd him a little Ring ſet round with Diamonds, that *Philander* in his woing time had given her amongſt a thouſand of finer value: His Name and hers were ingraven inſtead of a Poeſie in it; which was only *Philander* and *Sylvia*, and which he took no notice of, and parted from each other in the tendereſt manner, that two young Gentlemen could poſſibly be imagin'd to do, tho' it were more than ſo on her ſide; for ſhe was madly in Love with him.

As ſoon as *Sylvia* came to *Bruxels*, ſhe ſent in the Evening to ſearch out *Brilliard*, for ſhe had conſider'd, if he ſhould come to the Knowledge of her being in Town, and ſhe ſhould not ſend to him, he would take it ſo very ill, that he might prevent all her Deſigns and Rambles, ſhe now Joy of her Heart; ſhe knew ſhe could make him her Slave, her Pimp, her any thing, for Love, and the

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Hope of her Favour, and his Intereſt might defend her; and ſhe ſhould know all *Philander*'s Motions, whom now, tho' ſhe lov'd no more, ſhe fear'd. She found him, and he took her Lodgings, infinitely pleas'd at the Truſt ſhe repos'd in him, the only Means by which he could arrive to Happineſs. She continues her Man's Habit, and he ſupply'd the place of *Valet*, dreſs'd her and undreſs'd her, ſhifted her Linen every Day; nor did he take all theſe Freedoms, without advancing a little farther upon Occaſion and Opportunity, which was the Hire ſhe gave him to ſerve her in more lucky Amours; the Fine ſhe paid to live free, and at eaſe. She tells him her Adventure, which tho' it were Daggers to his Heart, was however the only way to keep her his own; for he knew her Spirit was too violent to be reſtrain'd by any means. At laſt ſhe told him her Deſign upon a certain young Man of Quality, which ſhe told him was the ſame ſhe incounter'd. She aſſur'd him 'twas not Love or Liking, but perfectly Intereſt that made her Deſign upon him, and that if he would aſſiſt her, ſhe would be very kind to him, as a Man that had gain'd very greatly upon her Heart. This Flattery ſhe urg'd with infinite Fondneſs and Art, and he over-joy'd, believ'd every Word as Goſpel; ſo that he promis'd her the next Day to carry a Billet to the young *Don:* In the mean time ſhe caus'd him to Sup with her, purpoſely to give her an Account of *Philander*, *Ceſario* and *Hermione*, whom ſhe heard was come to *Bruxels*, and liv'd publickly with the Prince. He told her it was very true, and that he ſaw them every Day, nay, every Moment together; for he verily believ'd they could not live aſunder. That *Philander* was every Evening Caballing there, where all the Male-contents of the Reform'd Religion had taken Sanctuary, and where the Grand Council was every Night held; for ſome great Things were in Agitation, and debating how to trouble the Repoſe of all *France* again with new Broils; he told her, that all the World made their Court to *Hermione*, that if any Body had any Petitions, or Addreſſes

to make to the Prince, 'twas by her ſole Intereſt; ſhe ſate in their cloſeſt Councils, and heard their graveſt Debates; and ſhe was the Oracle of the Board: The Prince paying her perfect Adoration, while ſhe, whoſe Charms of Youth were ended, being turn'd of thirty, fortify'd her Decays with all the Art her Wit and Sex were capable of, and kept her illuſtrious Lover as perfectly her Slave, as if ſhe had engag'd him by all thoſe Ties that fetter the moſt circumſpect, and totally ſubdu'd him to her Will, who was without Exception the moſt lovely Perſon upon Earth; and tho', Madam, you know him ſo perfectly well, yet I muſt tell you my Opinion of him: He is all the ſofter Sex can wiſh, and ours admire; he is form'd for Love and War; and as he is the moſt amorous and wanton in Courts, he is alſo the moſt fierce and brave in Field; his Birth the moſt elevated, his Age arriv'd to full-blown Man, adorn'd with all the ſpreading Glories that charm the Fair, and ingage the World; and I have often heard ſome of our Party ſay, his Perſon gain'd him more Numbers to his Side, than his Cauſe or Quality; for he underſtood all the uſeful Arts of Popularity, the gracious Smile and Bow, and all thoſe cheap Favours that ſo gain upon Hearts; and without the Expence of any thing but Ceremony, has made the Nation mad for his Intereſt, who never otherwiſe oblig'd 'em; and ſure nothing is more neceſſary in the Great, than Affability; nor ſhews greater Marks of Grandure, or ſhall more eternize them, than bowing to the Croud. As the Maiden Queen I have read of in *England*, who made her ſelf idoliz'd by that ſole Piece of politick Cunning, underſtanding well the ſtubborn, yet good Nature of the People; and gain'd more upon 'em by thoſe little Arts, than if ſhe had parted with all the Prerogatives of her Crown. Ah! Madam, you cannot imagine what little Slights govern the whole Univerſe, and how eaſie 'tis for Monarchs to oblige. This *Ceſario* was made to know, and there is none ſo poor an Object, who may not have Acceſs to him, and whom he does not ſend away well

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pleas'd, tho' he do not grant what they ask. He diſpatches quickly, which is a grateful Virtue in great Men; and none ever eſpous'd his Intereſt, that did not find a Reward and a Protection: 'Tis true, theſe are all the Tools he is to work with, and he ſtops at nothing that leads to his Ambition; nor has he done all that lyes in the Power of Man only to ſet all *France* yet in a Flame, but he calls up the very Devils from Hell to his Aid, and there is no Man fam'd for Necromancy, to whom he does not apply himſelf; which, indeed, is done by the Advice of *Hermione*, who is very much affected with thoſe ſort of People, and puts a very great Truſt and Confidence in 'em. She ſent, at great Expence, for a *German* Conjurer, who arriv'd the other Day, and who is perpetually conſulting with another of the ſame ſort, a *Scot* by Birth, called *Ferguſano*. He was once in Holy Orders, and ſtill is ſo, but all his Practice is the black Art; and excellent in it he is reported to be. *Hermione* undertakes nothing without his Advice; and as he is abſolutely her Creature, ſo his Art governs her, and ſhe the Prince: She holds her Midnight Conferences with him; and as ſhe is very ſuperſtitious, ſo ſhe is very learn'd, and ſtudies this Art, taught by this great Maſter *Ferguſano*; and ſo far is this glorious Hero bewitch'd with theſe Sorcerers, that he puts his whole Truſt in theſe Conjurations and Charms; and ſo far they have impos'd on him, that with an inchanted Ointment, which they have prepar'd for him, he ſhall be invulnerable, tho' he face the very Mouth of a Canon: They have, at the earneſt Requeſt of *Hermione*, calculated his Nativity, and find him born to be a King; and that before twenty Moons expire he ſhall be crowned in *France*: And flattering his eaſie Youth with all the Vanities of Ambition, they have made themſelves abſolutely uſeful to him. This *Scot*, being a moſt inveterate Enemy to *France*, lets the Prince reſt neither Night nor Day, but is ſtill inſpiring him with new Hopes of a Crown, and laying him down all the falſe Arguments imaginable,

to ſpur the active Spirit: My Lord is not of the Opinion, yet ſeems to comply with them in Council; he laughs at all the Fopperies of Charms and Incantations; inſomuch that he many times angers the Prince, and is in eternal little Feuds with *Hermione*. The *German* would often in theſe Diſputes ſay he found by his Art, That the Stop to the Prince's Glory would be his Love. This ſo incens'd *Hermione*, and conſequently the Prince, that they had like to have broke with him, but durſt not for fear; he knowing too much to be diſoblig'd: On the other ſide, *Ferguſano* is moſt wonderfully charm'd with the Wit and Maſculine Spirit of *Hermione*, her Courage, and the Manlineſs of her Mind; and underſtanding what way ſhe would be ſerv'd, reſolv'd to obey her, finding ſhe had an abſolute Aſcendant over the Prince, whom, by this means, he knew he ſhould get into his ſole Management. *Hermione*, tho' ſhe ſeem'd to be poſſeſs'd ſo intirely of *Ceſario*'s Heart, found ſhe had great and powerful Oppoſers, who believ'd the Prince lay idling in her Arms, and that poſſibly ſhe might eclipſe his Fame by living at that rate with a Woman he had no other Pretenſions to but Love; and many other Motives were urg'd daily to him by the Admirers of his great Actions: And ſhe fear'd, with reaſon, that ſome time or other Ambition might get the Aſcendant of Love: She therefore, in her Midnight Conferences with *Ferguſano*, often urg'd him to ſhew her that Piece of his Art, to make a Philtre to retain fleeting Love; and not only keep a Paſſion alive, but even revive it from the Dead. She tells him of her Contract with him; ſhe urges his forc'd Marriage, as ſhe was pleas'd to call it, in his Youth; and that he being ſo young, ſhe believ'd he might find it lawful to marry himſelf a ſecond time; that poſſibly his Princeſs was for the Intereſt of the King; and Men of his elevated Fortune ought not to be ty'd to thoſe Strictneſſes of common Men, but for the good of the Publick, ſometimes act beyond the muſty Rules of Law and Equity, thoſe politick Bands to confine the

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Mobile. At this unreaſonable rate ſhe pleads her Right to *Ceſario*, and he hearkens with all Attention, and approves ſo well all ſhe ſays, that he reſolves not only to attach the Prince to her by all the Force of the Black Art, but that of neceſſary Marriage alſo: This pleas'd her to the laſt degree; and ſhe left him, after he had promis'd her to bring her the Philtre by the Morning, for it was that ſhe moſt urg'd, the other requiring time to argue with him, and work him by degrees to it. Accordingly the next Morning he brings her a Tooth-pick Caſe of Gold of rare infernal Workmanſhip, wrought with a thouſand Charms, of that Force, that every time the Prince ſhould touch it, and while he but wore it about him, his Fondneſs ſhould not only continue, but increaſe, and he ſhould hate all Womankind beſides, at leaſt in the Way of Love, and have no Power to poſſeſs another Woman, tho' ſhe had all the Attractions of Nature. He tells her the Prince could never ſuſpect ſo familiar a Preſent, and, for the Fineneſs of the Work, it was a Preſent for a Prince; *For*, ſaid he, *no human Art could frame ſo rare a Piece of Workmanſhip, that nine Nights the moſt delicate of the Infernals were mixing the Metal with the moſt powerful of Charms, and watch'd the Critical Minutes of the Stars, in which to form the myſtick Figures, every one being a Spell upon the Heart, of that unerring Magick, no Mortal Power could ever diſſolve, undo, or conquer.* The only Art now was in giving it, ſo as to oblige him never to part with it; and ſhe, who had all the Cunning of her Sex, undertook for that part: She diſmiſs'd her infernal Confident, and went to her *Toilet* to dreſs her, knowing well that the Prince would not be long before he came to her: She laid the Tooth-pick Caſe down, ſo as he could not avoid ſeeing it: The Prince came immediately after in, as he ever us'd to do Night and Morning, to ſee her dreſs her; he ſaw this gay thing on her Table, and took it in his Hand, admiring the Work of it, as he was the moſt curious Perſon in the World: She told him there was not a finer

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wrought thing in the World, and that ſhe had a very great Eſteem for it, it being made by the *Sybils*; and bid him mind the Antiqueneſs of the Work: The more ſhe commended it, the more he lik'd it, and told her ſhe muſt let him call it his: She told him he would give it away to the next Commender: He vow'd he would not: She told him then he ſhould not only call it his, but it ſhould in reality be ſo; and he vow'd it ſhould be the laſt thing he would part with in the World.

From that time forward ſhe found, or thought ſhe found, a more impatient Fondneſs in him than ſhe had ſeen before; however it was, ſhe rul'd and govern'd him as ſhe pleas'd; and indeed never was ſo great a Slave to Beauty, as, in my Opinion, he was to none at all; for ſhe is far from having any natural Charms; yet it was not long ſince it was abſolutely believ'd by all, that he had been reſolv'd to give himſelf wholly up to her Arms; to have ſought no other Glory than to have retir'd to a Corner of the World with her, and chang'd all his Crown of Laurel for thoſe of Roſes: But ſome ſtirring Spirits have rous'd him a-new, and awaken'd Ambition in him, and they are on great Deſigns, which poſſibly e'er long may make all *France* to tremble; yet ſtill *Hermione* is oppreſs'd with Love, and the Effects of daily increaſing Paſſion. He has perpetual Correſpondence with the Party in *Paris*, and Advice of all things that paſs; they let him know they are ready to receive him whenever he can bring a Force into *France*; nor needs he any conſiderable Number, he having already there in every Place through which he ſhall paſs, all, or the moſt part of the Hearts and Hands at his Devotion; and they want but Arms, and they ſhall gather as they go: They deſire he will land himſelf in ſome part of the Kingdom, and it would be Encouragement enough to all the joyful People, who will from all Parts flock together. In fine, he is offer'd all Aſſiſtance and Money; and leſt all the Forces of *France* ſhould be bent againſt him, he has Friends, of great Quality and Intereſt, that are reſolv'd to riſe in ſeveral

veral Places of the Kingdom, in *Languedoc* and *Guienny*, whither the King muſt be oblig'd to ſend his Forces, or a great part of 'em; ſo that all this ſide of *France* will be left defenceleſs. I my ſelf, Madam, have ſome Share in this great Deſign, and poſſibly you will one Day ſee me a Perſon of a Quality ſufficient to merit thoſe Favours I am now bleſs'd with. *Pray*, reply'd *Sylvia*, ſmiling with a little Scorn, *what Part are you to play to arrive at this good Fortune? I am*, ſaid he, *truſted to provide all the Ammunition and Arms, and to hire a Veſſel to tranſport them to ſome Sea Port Town in* France, *which the Council ſhall think moſt proper to receive us.* *Sylvia* laugh'd, and ſaid ſhe propheſy'd another End of this high Deſign than they imagin'd; but deſperate Fortunes muſt take their Chance. *What*, continu'd ſhe, *does not* Hermione *ſpeak of me, and inquire of me? Yes*, reply'd *Brilliard*; *but in ſuch a way, as if ſhe look'd on you as a loſt Creature, and one of ſuch a Reputation ſhe would not receive a Viſit from for all the World.* At this *Sylvia* laugh'd extreamly, and cry'd, Hermione *would be very well content to be ſo mean a Sinner as my ſelf, to be ſo young and ſo handſome a one. However*, ſaid ſhe, *to be ſerious, I would be glad to know what real Probability there is in advancing and ſucceeding in this Deſign, for I would take my Meaſures accordingly, and keep* Philander, *whoſe wavering, or rather loſt Fortune, is the greateſt Motive of my Reſolves to part with him, and that have made me ſo uneaſy to him.* *Brilliard* told her he was very confident of the Deſign, and that it was almoſt impoſſible to miſcarry in the Diſcontent all *France* was in at this Juncture; and they fear'd nothing but the Prince's Relapſing, who, now, moſt certainly preferr'd Love to Glory. He farther told her, that as they were in Council, one deputed from the *Pariſians* arriv'd with new Offers, and to know the laſt Reſult of the Prince, whether he would eſpouſe their Intereſt or not, as they were with Life and Fortune ready to eſpouſe his Glory: They ſent him Word, it was from him they expected Liberty, and him whom they look'd upon as

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their tutelar Deity. Old *Ferguſano* was then in Council, that *Highland* Wizard that manages all, and who is ever at hand to awaken Miſchief, alarm'd the Prince to new Glories, reproaching his ſcandalous Life, withal telling him there were Meaſures to be taken to reconcile Love and Fame; and which he was to diſcourſe to him about in his Cloſet only; but as things were, he bid him look into the Story of *Armida* and *Renaldo*, and compare his own with it, and he doubted not but he would return bluſhing at his Remiſſineſs and Sloth: Not that he would exempt his Youth from the Pleaſures of Love, but he would not have Love hinder his Glory: This bold Speech before *Hermione* had like to have begot an ill Underſtanding; but ſhe was as much for the Prince's Glory as *Ferguſano*, and therefore could not be angry, when ſhe conſider'd the Elevation of the Prince would be her own alſo. At this neceſſary Reproach the Prince bluſh'd; the Board ſeconding the Wizard, had this good Effect to draw this Aſſurance from him, That they ſhould ſee he was not ſo attach'd to Love, but he could for ſome time give a Ceſſation to his Heart, and that the Envoy from the *Pariſians* might return aſſur'd, that he would, as ſoon as he could put his Affairs in good Order, come to their Relief, and bring Arms for thoſe that had none, with ſuch Friends as he could get together; he could not promiſe Numbers, leſt by leading ſo many here, their Deſign ſhould take Air, but would wholly truſt to Fortune, and their good Reſolutions: He demanded a Sum of Money of 'em for the buying theſe Arms, and they have promis'd him all Aids. This is the laſt Reſult of Council, which broke immediately up; and the Prince retir'd to his Cloſet, where he was no ſooner come, but reflecting on the Neceſſity of leaving *Hermione*, he fell into the moſt profound Melancholy and Muſing that could ſeize a Man; while he ſate thus, *Hermione* (who had ſchool'd *Ferguſano* for his rough Speech in Council, and deſir'd he would now take the Opportunity to repair that want of Reſpect, while the Prince was to be

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ſpoken to alone) ſent him into the Cloſet to him; where he found him walking with his Arms acroſs, not minding the Bard who ſtood gazing on him, and at laſt call'd to him; and finding no Reply, he advanc'd, and pulling him gently by the Arm, cry'd —— *Awake, Royal young Man, awake! and look up to coming Greatneſs* —— *I was reflecting*, reply'd *Ceſario, on all the various Fortunes I have paſs'd from the time of my Birth to this preſent hapleſs Day, and would be glad to know if any ſupernatural Means can tell me what future Events will befall me? If I believ'd I ſhould not gain a Crown by this great Enterprize I am undertaking, here I would lay me down in ſilent Eaſe, give up my Toils and reſtleſs Soul to Love, and never think on vain Ambition more: Eaſe thou my troubled Mind, if thou haſt any Friend among the Infernals, and they dare utter Truth. My gracious Prince*, reply'd the fawning Wizard, *this Night, if you dare looſe your ſelf from Love, and come unattended to my Apartment, I'll undertake to ſhew you all the future Fortune you are to run, the Hazards, Dangers, and Eſcapes, that attend your mighty Race of Life: I'll lay the Adamantin Book before you, where all the Deſtinies of Princes are Hieroglyphick'd. I'll ſhew you more, if Hell can furniſh Objects, and you dare ſtand untrembling at the Terror of 'em. Enough*, reply'd *Ceſario, name me the Hour. 'Twixt Twelve and One*, ſaid he; *for that's the ſacred diſmal time of Night for Fiends to come, Tombs to open and let looſe their Dead —— we ſhall have uſe of both —— No more*, reply'd *Ceſario, I'll attend 'em:* The Prince was going out, when *Ferguſano* recall'd him, and cry'd, *One thing, Sir, I muſt caution you, That from this Minute to that, wherein I ſhall ſhew you your Deſtiny, you commit nothing unlawful with Women-kind. Away*, reply'd the Prince ſmiling, *and leave your Canting.* The Wizard putting on a more grave Countenance, reply'd —— *By all the Infernals, Sir, if you commit unlawful things, I cannot ſerve you. If your Devils*, reply'd the Prince laughing, *be ſo nice, I doubt I ſhall find 'em too honeſt for my Purpoſe. Sir*, ſaid the ſubtle

tle old Fiend, *ſuch Conſcientious Devils your Highneſs is to converſe with to Night;* and, *if you diſcover the Secret, it will not prove ſo lucky. Since they are ſo Humorous,* cry'd *Ceſario, I will give 'em way for once:* And going out of the Room, he went directly to *Hermione*'s Apartment; where, it being late, ſhe is preparing for Bed, and with a thouſand Kiſſes, and hanging on his Neck, ſhe ask'd him why he is ſo ſlow, and why he ſuffers not himſelf to be undreſs'd? He feigns a thouſand Excuſes, at which ſhe ſeems extreamly amaz'd; ſhe complains, reproaches and commands——He tells her he was to wait on the Governor about his moſt urgent Affairs, and was (late as it was) to conſult with him: She ask'd him what Affairs he was to negotiate, of which ſhe was not to bear her Part? He refuſes to tell her, and ſhe reply'd ſhe had Senſe and Courage for any Enterprize, and ſhould reſent it very ill, if ſhe were not made acquainted with it: But he ſwore to her ſhe ſhould know all the whole Truth, as ſoon as he return'd: This pacify'd her in ſome Meaſure, and at the Hour appointed ſhe ſuffer'd him to go; and in a Chair was carry'd to a little Houſe *Ferguſano* had taken without the Town, to which belong'd a large Garden, at the farther End of which was a Thicket of unorder'd Trees that ſurrounded the Grotto, which paſs'd a good Way under the Ground. It had had ſome Rarities of Water-work formerly belonging to it, but now they were decay'd; only here and there a broken Rock let out a little Stream, that murmur'd and daſh'd upon the Earth below, and ran away in a little Rivulet, which ſerv'd to add a Melancholy to the diſmal Place: Into this the Prince was conducted by the old *German*, who aſſiſted in the Charm; they had only one Torch to light the Way, which at the Entrance of the Cave they put out, and within was only one glimmering Lamp, that rather ſerv'd to add to the Horror of the Vault, diſcovering its Hollowneſs and Ruins. At his Entrance he was ſaluted with a Noiſe like the ruſhing of Wind, which whiz'd and whiſtled

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in the mighty Concave. Anon a more ſilent Whiſpering ſurrounded him, without being able to behold any Creature, ſave the old *German*. Anon came in *Ferguſano*, who rolling a great Stone that lay at one Corner of the Cave, he deſir'd the Prince to place himſelf on it, and not be ſurpriz'd at any thing he ſhould behold, nor to ſtir from that inchanted Ground; he nodding, aſſented to obey, while *Ferguſano* and the *German*, with each a Wand in their Hands, ſtruck againſt the unform'd Rocks that finiſh'd the End of the Cave, muttering a thouſand Incantations, with Voices dreadful and Motions antick; and after a mighty Stroke of Thunder that ſhook the Earth, the rude Rock divided, and open'd a Space that diſcover'd a moſt magnificent Apartment; in which was preſented a young Hero, attended with Military Officers; his Pages dreſſing him for the Field all in gilded Armour. The Prince began to doubt himſelf, and to ſwear in his Thought, that the Apparition was himſelf, ſo very like he was to himſelf, as if he had ſeen his proper Figure in a Glaſs. After this ſeveral Perſons ſeem'd to addreſs to this great Man, of all Sorts and Conditions, from the Prince to the Peaſant, with whom he ſeem'd to diſcourſe with great Confidence and Affability; they offer'd him the League, which he took and ſign'd, and gave them back; they attend him to the Door with great Joy and Reſpect; but as ſoon as he was gone, they laugh'd and pointed at him; at which the Prince infinitely incens'd roſe, and cry'd out, *What means all this, s'death, am I become the Scorn and Mockery of the Croud? Ferguſano* beſought him to ſit and have Patience, and he obey'd, and check'd himſelf. The Scene of the Apartment being chang'd to an Arbour of Flowers, and the Proſpect of a noble and raviſhing Garden, the Hero is preſented arm'd as he was, only without his Plume Head-piece, kneeling at the Feet of a fair Woman, in looſe Robes and Hair, and attended with abundance of little Loves, who diſarm him by degrees of thoſe Ornaments of War. While ſhe careſſes him with

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all the ſigns of Love, the *Cupids* made Garlands of Flowers, and wreath round his Arms and Neck, crowning his Head, and fettering him all over in theſe ſweet ſoft Chains. They curl his Hair, and adorn him with all Effeminacy while he lies ſmiling and pleas'd —— the wanton Boys diſpoſing of his Inſtruments of War as they think fit, putting them to ridiculous Uſes, and laughing at 'em. While thus he lay, there enters to him a great many States-men and Politicians; grave Men in Furs and Chains, attended by the common Croud; and opening a Scene farther off in Proſpect, ſhew him Crowns, Scepters, Globes, Enſigns, Arms, and Trophies, promiſcuouſly ſhufflʼd together, with Heaps of Gold, Jewels, Parchments, Records, Charters and Seals; at which Sight he ſtarts from the Arms of the fair *Medea*, and ſtrove to have approach'd thoſe who waited for him; but ſhe held him faſt, and with abundance of Tears and Sighs of moving Flattery, brought him back to her Arms again, and all diſſatisfy'd the promiſcuous Croud depart, ſome looking back with Scorn, others with Signs of Rage, and all the Scene of Glory, of Arms and Crowns, diſappear'd with the Croud. *Ceſario* wholly forgetting, cry'd out again, *Ha! loſt, all for a trifling Woman! Loſt all thoſe Trophies of thy Conqueſt for a Miſtreſs! By Heav'n I'll ſhake the Charmer from my Soul, if both I cannot have:* When *Ferguſano* advancing to him, cry'd—*See, Sir, how ſupinely the young Hero's laid upon her downy Breaſt*, and ſmil'd as he ſpoke; which anger'd the Prince, who reply'd with Scorn, *Now, by my Life, a Plot upon my Love*; but they proteſted it was not ſo, and begg'd he would be ſilent; while thus the Hero lay regardleſs of his Glory, all deck'd with Flowers and Bracelets, the Drums beat, and the Trumpets were heard, or ſeem'd to be heard to ſound, and a vaſt opening Space was fill'd with arm'd Warriors, who offer him their Swords, and ſeem to point at Crowns that were born behind them; a while they plead in vain, and point to Crowns in vain, at which he only caſts a ſcornful Smile, and lays him down in the ſoft Arms of Love.

Love. They urge again, but with one amorous Look the *Circe* more prevails than all their Reaſonings. At laſt by force they diveſted him of his Roſie-Garlands, in which there lay a Charm, and he aſſumes new Life, while others bore the Inchantreſs out of his Sight; and then he ſuffer'd himſelf to be conducted where they pleas'd, who led him forth, ſhewing him all the way a Proſpect of Crowns. At this *Ceſario* ſigh'd, and the Ceremony continu'd.

The Scene chang'd, diſcovering a Sea-ſhore, where the *Hero* is repreſented landed, but with a very melancholy Air, attended with ſeveral Officers and Gentlemen; the Earth ſeems to ring with Joy and loud Acclamations at his Approach; vaſt Multitudes thronging to behold him, and ſtriving who firſt ſhould kiſs his Hand; and bearing him aloft in the Air, carry him out of ſight with Peals of Welcome and Joy.

He is repreſented next in Council and deep Debate, and ſo diſappears: Then ſoft Muſick is heard, and he enters in the Royal Robe, with a Crown preſented him on the Knee, which he receives and bows to all the Rabble and the Numbers to give them Thanks: He having in his Hand blue Garters with the Order of St. *Eſperet*, which he diſtributes to ſeveral Perſons on either Hand; throwing Ducal Crowns and Coronets among the Rabble, who ſcuffle and ſtrive to catch at them: After a great Shout of Joy, Thunder and Lightning again, ſhook the Earth; at which they ſeem'd all amaz'd, when a thick black Cloud deſcended, and cover'd the whole Scene, and the Rock clos'd again, and *Ferguſano* let fall his Wand.

The Prince ſeeing the Ceremony end here, riſes in a Rage, and cries out, *I charge you to go on —— remove the Veil, and let the Sun appear; advance your myſtick Wand, and ſhew what follows next. I cannot, Sir,* reply'd the trembling Wizard, *the Fates have clos'd the everlaſting Book, forbidding farther Search. Then damn your ſcanted Art,* reply'd the Prince, *a petty Juggler*

could have done as much. Is't not enough, reply'd the *German* Rabbi, *that we have ſhew'd you crown'd, and crown'd in* France *it ſelf? I find the Infernals themſelves are bounded here, and can declare no more. Oh, they are petty Powers that can be bounded,* reply'd the Prince with Scorn. They ſtrove with all their Art to reconcile him, laying the Fault on ſome Miſtake of theirs, in the Ingredients of the Charm, which at another time they'd ſtrive to prevent: They ſooth him with all the Hope in the World, that what was left unreveal'd muſt needs be as glorious and fortunate to him, as what he had ſeen already, which was abſolutely to be depended on: Thus they brought him to the open Garden again, where they continu'd their Inſtructions to him, telling him that now was the time to arrive at all the Glories he had ſeen; they preſented to him the State of Affairs in *France*, and how much a greater Intereſt he had in the Hearts of the People than their proper Monarch, arguing a thouſand Fallacies to the deluded *Hero*, who blind and mad with his Dreams of Glory, his Viſions and Proſpects, liſten'd with Reverence and Attention to all their falſe Perſuaſions. I call 'em falſe, Madam, for I never had Faith in thoſe ſort of People, and am ſorry ſo many great Men and Ladies of our times are ſo bewitch'd to their Prophecies. They there preſented him with a Liſt of all the conſiderable of the reform'd Religion in *Paris*, who had aſſur'd him Aids of Men and Money in this Expedition, Merchants, rich Tradeſmen, Magiſtrates and Gownmen of the reform'd Church and the Law. Next to this, another of the Contribution of pious Ladies; all which Sums being nam'd, amounted to a conſiderable Supply; ſo that they aſſur'd him Hell it ſelf could not with theſe Aids obſtruct his Glory, but on the contrary, ſhould be compell'd to render him Aſſiſtance, by the help of Charms, to make him invincible; ſo that wholly o'ercome by them, he has given Order that all Preparations be forthwith made for the moſt ſecret and ſpeedy Conveyance

veyance of himself and Friends to some Sea-port in *France*; he has order'd Abundance of Letters to be writ to those of the *Hugonot* Party in all Parts of *France*; all which will be ready to assist him at his Landing. *Fergusano* undertakes for the Management of the whole Affair, to write, to speak, and to persuade; and you know, Madam, he is the most subtle and insinuating of all his Non-conforming Race, and the most malignant of all our Party, and sainted by 'em for the most Pious and Industrious Labourer in the *Cause*; all that he says is Oracle to the Croud, and all he says Authentick; and 'tis he alone is that great Engine that sets the great Work a turning. *Yes*, reply'd *Sylvia*, *and makes the giddy World mad with his damnable Notions. Pernicious as he is*, reply'd *Brilliard*, *he has the sole Management of Affairs under* Hermione; *he has Power to treat, to advise, to raise Money, to make and name Officers, and lastly, to draw out a Scene of fair Pretences for* Cesario *to the Crown of* France, *and the Lawfulness of his Claim; for let the Conquest be never so sure, the People require it, and the Conqueror is oblig'd to give some better reason, than that of the Strength of his Sword, for his Dominion over them. This Pretension is a Declaration, or rather a most scandalous, pernicious and treasonable Libel, if I may say so, who have so great an Interest in it, penn'd with all the Malice Envy can invent; the most unbred, rude Piece of Stuff as makes it apparent the Author had neither Wit nor common good Manners; besides the hellish Principles he has made evident there. My Lord would have no Hand in the Approbation of this gross Piece of villainous Scandal, which has more unfasten'd him from their Interest, than any of their other Designs, and from which he daily more and more declines, or seems disgusted with, tho' he does not wholly intend to quit the Interest: Having no other probable Means to make good that Fortune, which has been so evidently and wholly destroy'd by it. I am extreme glad*, said *Sylvia*, *that* Philander's *Sentiments are so generous, and am at nothing so much amaz'd, as to hear*

the Prince could ſuffer ſo groſs a thing to paſs in his Name. I muſt, ſaid *Brilliard, do the Prince Right in this Point, to aſſure you when the thing was firſt in the rough Draught ſhew'd him, he told* Ferguſano, *that thoſe Accuſations of a Crown'd Head, were too villanous for the Thoughts of a Gentleman;* and giving it him again, cry'd—*No—— let it never be ſaid, that the Royal Blood that runs in my Veins, could dictate to me no more noble ways for its Defence and Pretenſions, than the mean Cowardice of Lies; and that to attain to Empire, I ſhould have recourſe to the moſt deteſtable of all Shifts. No, no, my too zealous Friend,* continu'd he, *I will, with only my Sword in my Hand, at the Head of my Army, proclaim my Right, and demand a Crown, which if I win is mine; if not, 'tis his whoſe Sword is better or luckier; and tho' the future World may call this unjuſt, at leaſt they'll ſay it was brave.* At this the Wizard ſmil'd, and reply'd, *Alas, Sir, had we hitherto acted by Rules of Generoſity only, we had not brought ſo great Advantages to our Intereſt. You tell me, Sir, of a Speech you'll make, with your Sword in your Hand, that will do very well at the Head of an Army, and a handſome Declaration would be proper for Men of Senſe; but this is not to the Wiſe, but to the Fools, on whom nothing will paſs, but what is penn'd to their Capacity, and who will not be able to hear the Speeches you ſhall make to an Army: This is to rouze 'em, and find 'em where-ever they are; how far remote ſoever from you, that at once they may be incited to aſſiſt you, and eſpouſe your Intereſt: This is the ſort of Goſpel they believe; all other is too fine: Believe me, Sir, 'tis by theſe groſs Devices you are to perſuade thoſe Sons of Earth, whoſe Spirits never mounted above the Dunghil, whence they grew like o'er-ripe Pompkins. Lies are the Spirit that inſpires 'em, they are the very Brandy that make 'em Valiant; and you may as ſoon beat Senſe into their Brains, as the very Appearance of Truth; 'tis the very Language of the Scarlet Beaſt to 'em. They underſtand no other than their own, and he that does, knows to what Ends we*

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aim. No matter, Sir, what Tools you work withal, ſo the finiſh'd Piece be fine at laſt. Look forward to the Goal, a Crown attends it! and never mind the dirty Road that leads to't.

With ſuch falſe Arguments as theſe, he wrought upon the eaſie Nature of the Prince, who order'd ſome thouſands of 'em to be printed ready for their being diſpers'd all over *France*, as ſoon as they ſhould be landed: Eſpecially among the *Pariſians*, too apt to take any Impreſſions that bore the Stamp and Pretence of Religion and Liberty.

While theſe and all other things neceſſary were preparing, *Ceſario*, wholly given over to Love, being urg'd by *Hermione* to know the occaſion of his laſt Night's Abſence, unravels all the Secret, and told my Lord and ſhe, one Night at Supper, the whole Scene of the *Grotto*; ſo that *Hermione*, more than ever being puſt up with ambitious Thoughts, haſten'd to have the Prince preſs'd to marry her; and conſulting with the Counſellor of her cloſeſt Secrets, ſets him a-new to work; ſwearing violently, that if he did not bring that Deſign about ſhe ſhould be able, by her Aſcendant o'er *Ceſario*, to ruin all thoſe they had undertaken, and yet turn the Prince from the Enterprize; and that it was more to ſatisfie her Ambition (to which they were oblig'd for all the Prince had promis'd) that he had undertaken to head an Army, and put himſelf again into the Hands of the *Hugonots*, and forſake all the ſoft Repoſe of Love and Life, than for any Inclination or Ambition of his own; and that ſhe who had Power to animate him one way, he might be aſſur'd had the ſame Power another. This ſhe ended in very high Language, with a Look too fierce and fiery to leave him any doubt of; and he promis'd all things ſhould be done as ſhe deſir'd, and that he would overcome the Prince, and bring him abſolutely under her Power; *Not*, ſaid ſhe with a ſcornful Look, *that I need your Aid in this Affair, or want of Power my own to com-*

mand it; but I will not have him look upon it as my Act alone, or a thing of my ſeeking, but by your Advice ſhall be made to underſtand it is for the good of the Publick; that having to do with a ſort of People of the reform'd Religion, whoſe Pretences were more nice than wiſe, more ſeemingly zealous than reaſonable or juſt, they might look upon the Life ſhe led with the Prince as ſcandalous, that was not juſtified by Form, tho' never ſo unlawful. A thouſand things ſhe urg'd to him, who needed no Inſtruction how to make that appear authentick and juſt, however contrary to Religion and Senſe: But ſo inform'd, he parted from her, and told her the Event ſhould declare his Zeal for her Service, and ſo it did; for he no ſooner ſpoke of it to the Prince, but he took the Hint as a divine Voice; his very Soul fluſh'd in his lovely Cheeks, and all the Fire of Love was dancing in his Eyes: Yet, as if he had fear'd what he wiſh'd could not handſomely and lawfully be brought to paſs, he ask'd a thouſand Queſtions coccerning it, all which the ſubtle Wizard ſo well reſolv'd, at leaſt in his Judgment, who eaſily was convinc'd of what he wiſh'd, that he no longer deferr'd his Happineſs, but that very Night, in the Viſit he made *Hermione*, fell at her Feet, and implor'd her Conſent of what he told her *Ferguſano* had fully convinc'd him was neceſſary for his Intereſt and Glory, neither of which he could enjoy, or regard, if ſhe was not the Partner of 'em; and that when he ſhould go to *France*, and put himſelf in the Field to demand a Crown, he ſhould do it with abſolute Vigor and Reſolution, if ſhe were to be ſeated as Queen on the ſame Throne with him, without whom a Cottage would be more pleaſant; and he could reliſh no Joys that were not as intirely and immediately hers as his own: He pleaded impatiently for what ſhe long'd, and would have made her Petition for, and all the while ſhe makes a thouſand Doubts and Scruples only to be convinc'd and confirm'd by him; and after ſeeming fully ſatisfy'd, he led her into a Chamber (where *Ferguſano*

guſano waited, and only her Woman and his faithful Confident *Tomaſo)* and marry'd her: Since which, ſhe has wholly manag'd him with greater Power than before; takes abundance of State; is extremely elevated, I will not ſay inſolent; and tho' they do not make a publick Declaration of this, yet ſhe owns it to all her Intimates; and is ever reproaching my Lord with his lewd Courſe of Life, wholly forgetting her own; crying out upon infamous Women, as if ſhe had been all the Courſe of her Life an Innocent.

By this time Dinner was ended, and *Sylvia* urg'd *Brilliard* to depart with her Letter; but he was extremely ſurpriz'd to find it to be to the Governor's Nephew *Don Alonzo*, who was his Lord's Friend, and who would doubtleſs give him an Account of all, if he did not ſhew him the Billet: All theſe Reaſons could not diſſuade this fickle Wanderer, whoſe Heart was at that time ſet on this young Inconſtant, at leaſt her Inclinations: He tells her that her Life would be really in Danger, if *Philander* comes to the Knowledge of ſuch an Intrigue, which could not poſſibly be carry'd on in that Town without Noiſe: She tells him ſhe is reſolv'd to quit that falſe Injurer of her Fame and Beauty; who had baſely abandon'd her for other Women of leſs Merit, even ſince ſhe had pardon'd him the Crimes of Love he committed at *Cologne*; that while he was in the Countrey with her during the time of her lying in, he had given himſelf to all that would receive him there; that ſince he came away, he had left no Beauty unattempted; and could he poſſibly imagine her of a Spirit to bow beneath ſuch Injuries? No, ſhe would on to all the Revenges her Youth and Beauty were capable of taking, and ſtick at nothing that led to that Intereſt; and that if he did not join with her in her noble Deſign ſhe would abandon him, and put her ſelf wholly out of his Protection: This ſhe ſpoke with a Fierceneſs that made the Lover tremble with fear of loſing her; He therefore told her ſhe had Rea-

ſon: and that ſince ſhe was reſolv'd, he would confeſs to her that *Philander* was the moſt perfidious Creature in the World; and that *Hermione*, the haughty *Hermione*, who hated naughty Women, invited and treated all the handſome Ladies of the Court to Balls, and to the Baſſet-Table, and made very great Entertainment, only to draw to her Intereſt all the brave and the young Men; and that ſhe daily gain'd abundance by theſe Arts to *Ceſario*, and above all ſtrove by theſe Amuſements to engage *Philander*, whom ſhe perceiv'd to grow cold in the great Concern; daily treating him with Variety of Beauty; ſo that there was no Gaiety, no Gallantry, or Play, but at *Hermione*'s, whither all the Youth of both Qualities repair'd; and 'twas there the Governour's Nephew was every Evening to be found. *Poſſibly, Madam, I had not told you this, if the Prince's Bounty had not taken me totally off from* Philander; *ſo that I have no other Dependence on him, but that of my Reſpect and Duty, out of perfect Gratitude.* After this, to gain *Brilliard* intirely, ſhe aſſur'd him if his Fortune were ſuitable to her Quality, and her way of Life, ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhould devote her ſelf to him; and tho' what ſhe ſaid were the leaſt of her Thoughts, it fail'd not to flatter him agreeably, and he ſigh'd with Grief that he could not engage her; all he could get was little enough to ſupport him fine, which he was always as any Perſon of Quality at Court, and appear'd as Graceful, and might have had ſome happy Minutes with very fine Ladies, who thought well of him. To ſalve this Defect of want of Fortune, he told her he had receiv'd a Command from *Octavio* to come to him about ſettling of a very conſiderable Penſion upon her, and that he had at his inveſting put Money into his Aunt's Hands, who was a Woman of conſiderable Quality, to be diſpos'd of to that charitable Uſe; and that if ſhe pleas'd to maintain her reſt of Fame, and live without receiving Love-Viſits from Men, ſhe might now command that, which would be a much

better

better and nobler Support than that from a Lover, which would be tranſitory, and laſt but as long as her Beauty, or a leſs time, his Love. To this ſhe knew not what to anſwer, but ready Mony being the Joy of her Heart, and the Support of her Vanity, ſhe ſeems to yield to this, having ſaid ſo much before; and ſhe conſider'd ſhe wanted a thouſand things to adorn her Beauty, being very expenſive; ſhe was impatient till this was perform'd, and deferr'd the ſending to *Don Alonzo*, tho' her Thoughts were perpetually on him. She, by the Advice of *Brilliard*, writes a Letter to *Octavio*; which was not like thoſe ſhe had before written, but as an humble Penitent would write to a Ghoſtly Father, treating him with all the Reſpect that was poſſible; and if ever ſhe mention'd Love, it was as if her Heart had violently, and againſt her Will, burſt out into Softneſs, as ſtill ſhe retain'd there; and then ſhe would take up again, and ask Pardon for that Tranſgreſſion; ſhe told him it was a Paſſion, which tho' ſhe could never extinguiſh for him, yet that it ſhould never warm her for another, but ſhe would leave *Philander* to the World, and retire where ſhe was not known, and try to make up her broken Fortunes; with abundance of things to this purpoſe, which he carry'd to *Octavio:* He ſaid he could have wiſh'd ſhe would have retir'd to a Monaſtery, as all the firſt Part of her Letter had given him Hope; and reſolv'd, and retir'd as he was, he could not read this without extream Confuſion and Change of Countenance. He ask'd *Brilliard* a thouſand times whether he believ'd he might truſt her, or if ſhe would abandon thoſe Ways of Shame, that at laſt loſt all: He anſwer'd, he verily believ'd ſhe would. *However*, ſaid *Octavio*, *'tis not my Buſineſs to capitulate, but to believe and act all things for the Intereſt and Satisfaction of her whom I yet adore*; and without farther Delay writ to his Aunt, to preſent *Sylvia* with thoſe Sums he had left for her; and which had been ſufficient to have made her happy all the reſt of her Life, if her Sins of Love had

had not obſtructed it. However, ſhe no ſooner found her ſelf Miſtreſs of ſo conſiderable a Sum, but in lieu of retiring, and ordering her Affairs ſo as to render it for ever ſerviceable to her, the firſt thing ſhe does, is to furniſh her ſelf with new Coach and Equipage, and to laviſh out in Cloth and Jewels a great part of it immediately; and was impatient to be ſeen on the *Toure*, and in all publick Places; nor could *Brilliard* perſuade the contrary, but againſt all good Manners and Reaſon, ſhe flew into moſt violent Paſſions with him, 'till he had reſolv'd to give her way; it happen'd that the firſt Day ſhe ſhew'd on the *Toure*, neither *Philander*, *Ceſario* nor *Hermione* chanc'd to be there; ſo that at Supper it was all the News, how glorious a young Creature was ſeen only with one Lady, which was *Antonet*, very well dreſs'd, in the Coach with her; Every Body that made their Court that Night to *Hermione* ſpoke of this new Viſion, as the moſt extraordinary Charmer that had ever been ſeen; all were that Day undone with Love, and none could learn who this fair Deſtroyer was; for all the time of *Sylvia*'s being at *Bruxels* before her being big with Child had kept her from appearing in all publick Places; ſo that ſhe was wholly a new Face to all that ſaw her; and it is eaſie to be imagin'd what Charms that delicate Perſon appear'd with to all, when dreſs'd to ſuch Advantage, who naturally was the moſt beautiful Creature in the World; with all the Bloom of Youth that could add to Beauty. Among the reſt that Day that loſt their Hearts, was the Governor's Nephew, who came into the Preſence that Night wholly tranſported, and told *Hermione* he dy'd for the lovely Charmer he had that Day ſeen; ſo that ſhe, who was the moſt curious to gain all the Beauties to her ſide, that the Men might be ſo too, endeavour'd all ſhe could to find out where this Beauty dwelt. *Philander*, now grown the moſt amorous and gallant in the World, grew paſſionately in Love with the very Deſcription of her, not imagining it had been *Sylvia*,

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becauſe of her Equipage: He knew ſhe lov'd him, at leaſt he thought ſhe loved him too well to conceal her ſelf from him, or be in *Bruxels*, and not let him know it; ſo that wholly raviſhed with the Deſcription of the imagin'd new fair One, he burnt with Deſire of ſeeing her; and all this Night was paſs'd in Diſcourſe of this Stranger alone; the next Day her Livery being deſcribed to *Hermione*, ſhe ſent two Pages all about the Town, ſo ſee if they could diſcover a Livery ſo remarkable; and that if they did, they ſhould enquire of them who they belonged to, and where that Perſon's Lodging was. This was not a very difficult Matter to perform: *Bruxels* is not a large Place, and it was ſoon ſurveyed from one End to the other: At laſt they met with two of her Footmen, whom they ſaluted, and taking notice of their Livery, asked them who they belong'd to? Theſe Lads were Strangers to the Lady they ſerv'd, and newly taken; and *Sylvia* at her firſt coming, reſolved to change her Name, and was called Madam *De*——a Name very conſiderable in *France*; which they told the Pages, and that ſhe liv'd in ſuch a Place: This News *Hermione* no ſooner heard, but ſhe ſends a Gentleman in the Name of the Prince and her ſelf to complement her, and tell her ſhe had the Honour to know ſome great Perſons of that Name in *France*, and did not doubt but ſhe was related to them: She therefore ſent to offer her her Friendſhip, which poſſibly in a ſtrange Place might not be unſerviceable to her, and that ſhe ſhould be extream glad to ſee her at Court, that is, at *Ceſario*'s Palace. The Gentleman who deliver'd this Meſſage, being ſurpriz'd at the dazzeling Beauty of the fair Stranger, was almoſt unaſſur'd in his Addreſs, and the manner of it ſurpriz'd *Sylvia* no leſs to be invited as a ſtrange Lady by one that hated her; ſhe could not tell whether it were real, or a Plot upon her; however ſhe made Anſwer, and bid him tell Madam the Princeſs, which Title ſhe gave her, that ſhe receiv'd her Complement as the greateſt Honour that could

could arrive to her, and that ſhe would wait upon her Highneſs, and let her know from her own Mouth the Senſe ſhe had of the Obligation. The Gentleman return'd and deliver'd his Meſſage to *Hermione*; but ſo alter'd in his Look, ſo ſad and unuſual, that ſhe took notice of it, and ask'd him how he lik'd the new Beauty: He bluſh'd and bow'd, and told her ſhe was a Wonder ——This made *Hermione*'s Colour riſe, it being ſpoke before *Ceſario*; for tho' ſhe was aſſur'd of the Hero's Heart, ſhe hated he ſhould believe there was a greater Beauty in the World, and one univerſally ador'd. She knew not how ſo great a Miracle might work upon him, and began to repent ſhe had invited her to Court.

In the mean time *Sylvia*, after debating what to do in this Affair, whether to viſit *Hermione* and diſcover her ſelf, or to remove from *Bruxels*, reſolv'd rather upon the laſt; but ſhe had fix'd her Deſign as to *Don Alonzo*, and would not depart the Town. To her former beginning Flame for him was added more Fuel; ſhe had ſeen him the Day before on the *Toure*; ſhe had ſeen him gaze at her with all the Impatience of Love, with Madneſs of Paſſion in his Eyes, ready to fling himſelf out of the Coach every time ſhe paſs'd by: And if he appear'd Beautiful before, when in his riding Dreſs, and haraſs'd for four Nights together with Love and want of Sleep; what did he now appear to her amorous Eyes and Heart? She had wholly forgot *Octavio*, *Philander* and all, and made a Sacrifice of both to this new young Lover: She ſaw him with all the Advantages of Dreſs, magnificent as Youth and Fortune could invent; and above all, his Beauty and his Quality warm'd her Heart a-new; and what advanc'd her Flame yet farther, was a Vanity ſhe had of fixing the dear Wanderer, and making him find there was a Beauty yet in the World, that could put an end to his Inconſtancy, and make him languiſh at her Feet as long as ſhe pleas'd. Reſolv'd on this Deſign, ſhe defers it no longer, but as ſoon as the Perſons of Quality, who us'd

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to walk every Evening in the Park, were got together, ſhe accompany'd with *Antonet*, and three or four ſtrange Pages and Footmen, went into the Park; mask'd and dreſs'd in perfect Glory. She had not walk'd long there before ſhe ſaw *Don Alonzo*, richer than ever in his Habit, and more beautiful to her Eyes than any thing ſhe had ever ſeen; he was gotten among the Young and Fair, careſſing, laughing, playing, and acting all the little Wantonneſſes of Youth. *Sylvia*'s Blood grew diſorder'd at this, and ſhe found ſhe lov'd by her Jealouſie, and longs more than ever to have the Glory of vanquiſhing that Heart, that ſo boaſted of never having yet been conquer'd. She therefore uſes all her Art to get him to look at her; ſhe paſs'd by him often, and as often as ſhe did ſo he view'd her with Pleaſure; her Shape, her Air, her Mein, had ſomething ſo charming, as without the Aſſiſtance of her Face, ſhe gain'd that Evening a thouſand Conqueſts; but thoſe were not the Trophies ſhe aim'd at, it was *Alonzo* was the mark'd-out Victim, that ſhe deſtin'd for the Sacrifice of Love. She found him ſo ingag'd with Women of great Quality, ſhe almoſt deſpair'd to get to ſpeak to him; her Equipage, who ſtood at the Entrance of the Park, not being by her, he did not imagine this fine Lady to be her he ſaw on the *Toure* laſt Night; yet he look'd at her ſo much as gave occaſion to thoſe he was with to rally him extreamly, and tell him he was in Love with what he had not ſeen, and who might, notwithſtanding all that delicate Appearance, be ugly when her Mask was off. *Sylvia*, however, ſtill paſt on with abundance of ſighing Lovers after her, ſome daring to ſpeak, others only languiſhing; to all ſhe would vouchſafe no Word but made Signs, as if ſhe were a Stranger and underſtood 'em not; at laſt, *Alonzo* wholly impatient, breaks from theſe Ralliers, and gets into the Croud that purſu'd this lovely Unknown: Her Heart leap'd when he approach'd her, and the firſt thing ſhe did was to pull off her Glove, and not only ſhew the faireſt Hand that

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ever Nature made, but that Ring on her Finger *Alonzo* gave her when they parted at the Village. The Hand alone was enough to invite all Eyes with Pleaſure to look that way; but *Alonzo* had a double Motive, he ſaw the Hand with Love, and the Ring with Jealouſie and Surprize; and as 'tis natural in ſuch Caſes, the very firſt Thought that poſſeſt him, was, that the young *Bellumere* (for ſo *Sylvia* had call'd her ſelf at the Village) was a Lover of this Lady, and had preſented her this Ring. And after his Sighings and little Pantings, that ſeiz'd him at this Thought, would give him leave, he bowing and bluſhing cry'd —— *Madam, the whole Piece muſt ſure be excellent, when the Pattern is ſo very fine.* And humbly begging the Favour of a nearer View, he took her Hand and kiſs'd it with a paſſionate Eagerneſs, which poſſibly did not ſo well pleaſe *Sylvia*, becauſe ſhe did not think he took her for the ſame Perſon, to whom ſhe ſhew'd ſuch Signs of Love laſt Night. In taking her Hand he ſurvey'd the Ring, and cry'd, ——*Madam, would to Heaven I could lay ſo good a claim to this fair Hand, as I think I once could to this Ring, which this Hand adorns and honours. How, Sir,* reply'd *Sylvia, I hope you will not charge me with Felony? I am afraid I ſhall,* reply'd he ſighing, *for you have attack'd me on the King's High-way, and have robbed me of a Heart: I could never have robbed a Perſon,* ſaid *Sylvia, who could more eaſily have parted with that Trifle; the next fair Object will redeem it, and it will be very little the worſe for my uſing. Ah, Madam,* reply'd he ſighing, *that will be according as you will treat it; for I find already you have done it more Damage than it ever ſuſtain'd in all the Rencounters it has had with Love and Beauty. You complain too ſoon,* reply'd *Sylvia* ſmiling, *and you ought to make a Trial of my good Nature before you reproach me with harming you. I know not,* reply'd *Alonzo* ſighing, *what I may venture to hope from that; but I am afraid, from your Inclinations, I ought to hope for nothing, ſince a thouſand reaſo-*

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nable Jealouſies already poſſeſs me from the ſight of that Ring; and I more than doubt I have a powerful Rival, a Youth of the moſt divine Form I ever met with of his Sex; if from him you received it, I gueſs my Fate. I perceive, Stranger, ſaid *Sylvia, you begin to be Inconſtant already, and find Excuſes to complain on your Fate before you have try'd your Fortune. I perſuade my ſelf that fine Perſon you ſpeak of, and to whom you gave this Ring, has ſo great a Value for you, that to leave you no Excuſe, I aſſure you, he will not be diſpleas'd to find you a Rival, provided you prove a very conſtant Lover. I confeſs,* ſaid *Alonzo, Conſtancy is an Impoſition I never yet had the Confidence and ill Nature to impoſe on the Fair; and indeed I never found that Woman yet, of Youth and Beauty, that ever ſet ſo ſmall a value on her own Charms, to be much in Love with that dull Virtue, and require it of my Heart; but upon occaſion, Madam, if ſuch an unreaſonable fair one be found——I am extreamly ſorry* (interrupted *Sylvia*) *to find you have no better way of recommending your ſelf; this will be no great Incouragement to a Perſon of my Humour to receive your Addreſs. Madam, I do not tell you that I am not in my Nature wondrous conſtant,* reply'd he; *I tell you only what has hitherto happen'd to me, not what will; that I have yet never been ſo, is no fault of mine, but Power of Truth in thoſe Beauties to whom I have given my Heart; rather believe they wanted Charms to hold me, than that I (where Wit and Beauty ingag'd me) ſhould prove ſo falſe to my own Pleaſure. I am very much afraid, Madam, if I find my Eyes as agreeably entertain'd when I ſhall have the Honour to ſee your Face, as my Ears are with your excellent Wit, I ſhall be reduc'd to that very whining, ſighing Coxcomb, you like ſo well in a Lover, and be ever dying at your Feet. I have but one Hope left to preſerve my ſelf from this wretched thing you Women love; that is, that I ſhall not find you ſo all over Charming as what I have hitherto found preſents itſelf to be. You have already created Love enough in me for any reaſonable Woman,*

man, but I find you are not to be approach'd with the common Devotions we pay your Sex; but, like your Beauty, the Paſſion too muſt be great, and you are not content unleſs you ſee your Lovers die; this is that fatal Proof alone that can ſatisfie you of their Paſſion. And tho' you laugh to ſee a Sir Courtly Nice, *a Fop in Faſhion acted on the Stage, in your Hearts that fooliſh thing, that fine neat Paſquel, is your Darling, your fine Gentleman, your Well-bred Perſon.*

Thus ſometimes in Jeſt, and ſometimes in Earneſt, they recommended themſelves to each other, and to ſo great a degree, that it was impoſſible for them to be more charm'd on either ſide, which laſted 'till it was time to depart; but he beſought her not to do ſo 'till ſhe had inform'd him where he might wait on her, and moſt paſſionately ſollicits what ſhe as paſſionately deſir'd: *To tell you Truth,* ſaid ſhe, *I cannot permit you that Freedom without you ask it of* Bellumere. He reply'd, *Next to waiting on her, he ſhould be the moſt overjoy'd in the World, to pay his Reſpects to that young Gentleman.* However, to name him, gave him a thouſand Fears; which when he would have urg'd, ſhe bid him truſt to the Generoſity of that Man, who was of Quality, and lov'd him; ſhe then told him his Lodgings (which were her own:) *Alonzo,* infinitely overjoy'd, reſolv'd to loſe no time, but promis'd that Evening to viſit him: And at their Parting he treated her with ſo much paſſionate Reſpect, that ſhe was vext to ſee it paid to one he yet knew not. However, ſhe verily believ'd her Conqueſt was certain: He having ſeen her three times, and all thoſe times for a ſeveral Perſon, and yet was ſtill in Love with her; and ſhe doubted not, when all three were join'd in one, he would be much more in Love than yet he had been; with this Aſſurance they parted.

Sylvia was no ſooner got home but ſhe reſolv'd to receive *Alonzo,* who ſhe was aſſur'd would come: She haſted to dreſs her ſelf in a very rich Suit of Man's Clothes, to receive him as the young *French* Gentleman,

man. She believ'd *Brilliard* would not come 'till late, as was his uſe, now being at play at *Hermione*'s. She look'd extream pretty when ſhe was dreſt, and had all the Charms that Heav'n could adorn a Face and Shape withal: Her Apartment was very magnificent, and all look'd very great. She was no ſooner dreſt but the young Lover came. *Sylvia* receiv'd him on the Staircaſe with open Arms, and all the ſigns of Joy that could be expreſt, and led him to a rich drawing-Room, where ſhe began to entertain him with that happy Night's Adventure, when they both lay together at the Village, while *Alonzo* makes imperfect Replies; wholly charm'd with the Look of the young Cavalier, which ſo reſembled what he had ſeen the Day before in another Garb on the *Toure*. He is wholly raviſh'd with his Voice, it being abſolutely the ſame that had charm'd him that Day in the Park; the more he gaz'd and liſten'd, the more he was confirm'd in his Opinion, that he was the ſame, and he had the Muſick of that dear Accent ſtill in his Ears, and could not be deceiv'd. A thouſand times he is about to kneel before her and ask her Pardon, but ſtill is check'd by Doubt: He ſees, he hears, this is the ſame lovely Youth who lay in Bed with him at the Village *Cabaret*; and then no longer thinks her Woman: He hears and ſees it is the ſame Face, and Voice, and Hands he ſaw on the *Toure*, and in the Park, and then believes her Woman: While he is in theſe Perplexities, *Sylvia*, who with Vanity and Pride perceived his Diſorder, taking him in her Arms, cry'd, *Come, my* Alonzo, *that you ſhall no longer doubt but I am perfectly your Friend, I will ſhew you a Siſter of mine, whom you will ſay is a Beauty, or I am too partial, and I will have your Judgment of her.* With that ſhe call'd to *Antonet* to beg her Lady would permit her to bring a young Stranger to kiſs her Hand. The Maid, inſtructed, retires, and *Alonzo* ſtood gazing on *Sylvia* as one confounded and amaz'd, not knowing yet how to determine; he now begins to think him-

ſelf miſtaken in the fair Youth, and is ready to ask his Pardon for a Fault but imagin'd, ſuffering by his Silence the little Prattler to diſcourſe and laugh at him at his pleaſure. *Come*, ſaid *Sylvia*, ſmiling, *I find the naming a Beauty to you has made you Melancholy; poſſibly when you ſee her ſhe will not appear ſo to you; we do not always agree in one Object. Your Judgment*, reply'd *Alonzo*, *is too good to leave me any hope of Liberty at the ſight of a fine Woman; if ſhe be like your ſelf I read my Deſtiny in your charming Face. Sylvia* anſwer'd only with a Smile —— and calling again for *Antonet*, ſhe ask'd if her Siſter were in a Condition of being ſeen; ſhe told her ſhe was not, but all undreſt and in her Night-clothes; *Nay then*, ſaid *Sylvia*, *I muſt uſe my Authority with her:* And leaving *Alonzo* trembling with Expectation, ſhe ran to her Dreſſing-room, where all things were ready, and ſlipping off her Coat put on a rich Night-Gown, and inſtead of her Peruke fine Night-clothes, and came forth to the charm'd *Alonzo*, who was not able to approach her, ſhe look'd with ſuch a Majeſty, and ſo much dazzling Beauty; he knew her to be the ſame he had ſeen in the *Toure*. She (ſeeing he only gaz'd without Life or Motion) approaching him gave him her Hand, and cry'd —— *Sir, poſſibly this is a more old Acquaintance of yours than my Face.* At which he bluſh'd and bow'd, but could not ſpeak: At laſt *Sylvia*, laughing out-right, cry'd —— *Here* Antonet, *bring me again my Peruke, for I find I ſhall never be acquainted with* Don Alonzo *in Petticoats.* At this he bluſh'd a thouſand times more than before, and no longer doubted but this Charmer, and the lovely Youth were one; he fell at her Feet, and told her he was undone, for ſhe had made him give her ſo undiſputable Proofs of his Dulneſs, he could never hope ſhe ſhould allow him capable of eternally adoring her. *Riſe*, cry'd *Sylvia*, ſmiling, *and believe you have not committed ſo great an Error as you imagine; the Miſtake has been often made, and Perſons of a great deal of*

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Wit have been deceiv'd. You may ſay what you pleaſe; reply'd *Alonzo*, *to put me in Countenance*; *but I ſhall never forgive my ſelf the Stupidity of that happy Night*; *that laid me by the moſt glorious Beauty of the World*, *and yet afforded me no kind Inſtinct to inform my Soul how much I was bleſt: Oh pity a Wretchedneſs*, *Divine Maid*, *that has no other Excuſe but that of Infatuation*; *a thouſand times my greedy raviſh'd Eyes wander'd o'er the dazzling Brightneſs of yours*; *a thouſand times I wiſh'd that Heav'n had made you Woman! and when I look'd*, *I burnt*; *but when I kiſs'd thoſe ſoft*, *thoſe lovely Lips*, *I durſt not truſt my Heart*; *for every Touch begot wild Thoughts about it*; *which yet the Courſe of all my fiery Youth*, *through all the wild Debauches I had wander'd*, *had never yet betray'd me to*; *and going to Bed with all this Love and Fear about me*, *I made a ſolemn Oath not to approach you*, *leſt ſo much Beauty had o'ercome my Virtue. But by this new Diſcovery*, *you have given me a Flame I have no Power nor Virtue to oppoſe: 'Tis juſt*; *'tis natural to adore you*; *and not to do it*, *were a Crime greater than my Sin of Dulneſs*; *and ſince you have made me loſe a charming Friend*, *it is but juſt I find a Miſtreſs*; *give me but your Permiſſion to love*, *and I will give you all my Life in Service*; *and wait the reſt: I'll watch and pray for coming Happineſs*; *which I will buy at any Price of Life or Fortune. Well*, *Sir*, reply'd our eaſie fair One; *if you believe me worth a Conqueſt o'er you*, *convince me you can love*; *for I'm no common Beauty to be won with petty ſudden Services*; *and could you lay an Empire at my Feet*, *I ſhould deſpiſe it where the Heart were wanting.* You may believe the amorous Youth left no Argument to convince her in that Point unſaid; and 'tis moſt certain they came to ſo good an Underſtanding, that he was not ſeen in *Bruxels* for eight Days and Nights after, nor this rare Beauty, for ſo long a time, ſeen on the *Toure* or any publick Place. *Brilliard* came every Day to viſit her, and receive her Commands, as he us'd to do, but was anſwer'd

ſtill that *Sylvia* was ill, and kept her Chamber, not ſuffering even her Domeſticks to approach her: This did not ſo well ſatisfy the jealous Lover, but he ſoon imagin'd the Cauſe, and was very much diſpleas'd at the ill Treatment; if ſuch a Deſign had been carried on, he deſir'd to have the Management of it, and was angry that *Sylvia* had not only deceiv'd him in the Promiſe he had made for her to *Octavio*; but had done her own Buſineſs without him: He ſpoke ſome hard Words; ſo that to undeceive him ſhe was forc'd to oblige *Alonzo* to appear at Court again; which ſhe had much ado to incline him to, ſo abſolutely ſhe had charm'd him; however he went, and ſhe ſuffer'd *Brilliard* to viſit her, perſuading that eaſy Lover (as all Lovers are eaſy) that it was only Indiſpoſition that hinder'd her of the Happineſs of ſeeing him; and after having perfectly reconcil'd her ſelf to him, ſhe ask'd him the News at *Hermione*'s, to whom, I had forgot to tell you, ſhe ſent every Day a Page with a Complement, and to let her know ſhe was Ill, or ſhe ſhould have waited on her: She every Day receiv'd the Complement from her again, as an unknown Lady. *Brilliard* told her that all things were now prepar'd, and in a very ſhort time they ſhould go for *France*; but that whatever the matter was, *Philander* almoſt publickly diſown'd the Prince's Intereſt, and to ſome very conſiderable of the Party has given out, he does not like the Proceedings; and that he verily believ'd they would find themſelves all miſtaken; and that inſtead of a Throne the Prince would meet a Scaffold; ſo bold and open he has been. Something of it has arriv'd to the Prince's Ear, who was ſo far from believing it, that he could hardly be perſuaded to ſpeak of it to him; and when he did, it was with an Aſſurance before-hand, that he did not credit ſuch Reports. So that he gives him not the pain to deny them: For my part I am infinitely afraid he will diſoblige the Prince one Day, for laſt Night, when the Prince deſir'd him to get his Equipage ready, and

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to make ſuch Proviſion for you as was neceſſary; he coldly told him he had a mind to go to *Vienna*, which at that time was beſieg'd by *Solyman* the Magnificent, and that he had no Inclination of returning to *France*. This ſurpriz'd and anger'd the Prince; but they parted good Friends at laſt, and he has promis'd him all things: So that I am very well aſſur'd he will ſend me where he ſuppoſes you ſtill are, and how ſhall we manage that Affair?

Sylvia, who had more Cunning and Subtlety than all the reſt of her Sex, thought it beſt to ſee *Philander*, and part with him on as good Terms as ſhe could, and that it was better he ſhould think he yet had the abſolute Poſſeſſion of her, than that he ſhould return to *France* with an ill Opinion of her Virtue, as yet he had known no Guilt of that kind, nor did he ever more than fear it with *Octavio*; ſo that it would be eaſy for her to cajole him yet a little longer, and when he was gone, ſhe ſhould have the World to range in, and poſſeſs this new Lover, to whom ſhe had promis'd all things, and receiv'd from him all Aſſurances imaginable of inviolable Love: In order to this then ſhe conſulted with *Brilliard*; and they reſolv'd ſhe ſhould for a few Days leave *Antonet* with her Equipage, at that Houſe where ſhe was, and retire her ſelf to the Village where *Philander* had left her, and where he ſtill imagin'd ſhe was: She deſir'd *Brilliard* to give her a Day's time for this Preparation, and it ſhould be ſo. He left her, and going to *Hermione*'s, meets *Philander*, who immediately gave him order to go to *Sylvia* the next Morning, and let her know how all things went, and to tell her he would be with her in two Days. In the mean time *Sylvia* ſent for *Alonzo*, who was but that Evening gone from her. He flies on the Wings of Love, and ſhe tells him ſhe is oblig'd to go to a Place ſix or ſeven Days Journey off, whither he could not conduct her for Reaſons ſhe would tell him at her Return: Whatever he could plead with all the force of

Love to the contrary, ſhe gets his Conſent, with a Promiſe wholly to devote her ſelf to him at her Return, and pleas'd ſhe ſent him from her, when *Brilliard* returning told her the Commands he had; and 'twas concluded they ſhould both depart next Morning, accompany'd only by her Page. I am well aſſur'd ſhe was very kind to *Brilliard* all that Journey, and which was but too viſible to the amorous Youth, who attended them; ſo abſolutely had ſhe deprav'd her Reaſon from one degree of Sin and Shame to another; and he was happy above any Imagination, while even her Heart was given to another, and when ſhe could propoſe no other Intereſt in this Looſeneſs, but Security, that *Philander* ſhould not know how ill ſhe had treated him. In four Days *Philander* came, and finding *Sylvia* more fair than ever, was a-new pleas'd; for ſhe pretended to receive him with all the Joy imaginable, and the deceiv'd Lover believ'd, and expreſt abundance of Grief at the being oblig'd to part from her; a great many Vows and Tears were loſt on both ſides, and both believ'd true: But the Grief of *Brilliard* was not to be conceiv'd; he could not perſuade himſelf ſhe could live, when abſent from her: Some Bills *Philander* left her, and was ſo plain with her, and open-hearted, he told her that he went indeed with *Ceſario*, but it was in order to ſerve the King; that he was weary of their Actions, and foreſaw nothing but Ruin would attend 'em; that he never repented him of any thing ſo much, as his being drawn in to that Faction; in which he found himſelf ſo greatly involv'd, he could not retire with any Credit; but ſince Self-Preſervation was the firſt Principle of Nature, he had reſolv'd to make that his Aim, and rather prove falſe to a Party who had no Juſtice and Honour on their ſide, than to a King, whom all the Laws of Heav'n and Earth oblig'd him to ſerve; however he was ſo far in the Power of theſe People, that he could not diſengage himſelf, without utter Ruin to himſelf; but that as ſoon as he was got into

France,

France, he would abandon their Intereſt, let the cenſuring World ſay what it would, who never had right Notions of things, or ever made true Judgments of Mens Actions.

He liv'd five or ſix Days with *Sylvia* there; in which time ſhe fail'd not to aſſure him of her conſtant Fidelity a thouſand ways, eſpecially by Vows that left no doubt upon his Heart; and it was now that they both indeed found there was a very great Friendſhip ſtill remaining at the bottom of their Hearts for each other, nor did they part without manifeſt Proofs of it. *Brilliard* took a ſad and melancholy Leave of her, and had not the Freedom to tell it aloud, but oblig'd to depart with his Lord, they left *Sylvia* and poſted to *Bruxels*, where they found the Prince ready to depart, having left *Hermione* to her Women more than half dead. I have heard there never was ſo ſad a parting between two Lovers; a hundred times they ſwooned with the Apprehenſion of the Separation in each other's Arms, and at laſt the Prince was forc'd from her while he left her dead, and was little better himſelf: He would have return'd, but the Officers and People about him, who had eſpous'd his Quarrel, would by no means ſuffer him: And he has a thouſand times told a Perſon very near him, that he had rather have forfeited all his hop'd-for Glory, than have left that Charmer of his Soul. After he had taken all Care imaginable for *Hermione*, for that Name ſo dear to him was ſcarce ever out of his Mouth, he ſuffer'd himſelf with a heavy Heart and Pace to be conducted to the Veſſel: And I have heard, he was hardly ſeen to ſmile all the little Voyage, or his whole Life after, or do any thing but ſigh and ſometimes weep, which was a very great Diſcouragement to all that follow'd him; they were a great while at Sea, toſt to and fro by Streſs of Weather, and often driven back to the Shore where they firſt took Shipping; and not being able to land where they

firſt deſign'd, they got aſhore in a little Harbour, where no Ship of any bigneſs could anchor; ſo that with much ado, getting all their Arms and Men on ſhore, they ſunk the Ship, both to ſecure any from flying, and that it might not fall into the Hands of the *French*. *Ceſario* was no ſooner on the *French* Shore, but Numbers came to him of the *Hugonot* Party, for whom he had Arms, and who wanted them he furniſh'd as far as he could, and immediately proclaim'd himſelf King of *France* and *Navarre*, while the dirty Croud rang him Peals of Joy. But tho' the under World came in great Crouds to his Aid, he wanted ſtill the main Supporters of his Cauſe, the Men of more ſubſtantial Quality: If the Ladies could have compos'd an Army, he would not have wanted one, for his Beauty had got them all on his ſide; and he charm'd the Fair whereſoever he rode.

He march'd from Town to Town without any Oppoſition, proclaiming himſelf King in all the Places he came to; ſtill gathering as he march'd, 'till he had compos'd a very formidable Army. He made Officers of the Kingdom —— *Ferguſano* was to have been a Cardinal, and ſeveral Lords and Dukes were nominated; and he found no Oppoſition in all his proſperous Courſe —— in the mean time the Royal Army was not idle, which was compos'd of Men very well diſciplin'd, and conducted by ſeveral Princes, and Men of great Quality and Conduct. But as it is not the Buſineſs of this little Hiſtory to treat of War, but altogether Love; leaving thoſe rougher Relations to the Chronicles and Hiſtoriographers of thoſe Times, I will only hint on ſuch things in this Enterprize as are moſt proper for my purpoſe, and tell you that *Ceſario* omitted nothing for the carrying on his great Deſign; he diſpers'd his Scandals all over *France*, tho' they met with an Obſtruction at *Paris*, and were immediately ſuppreſs'd, it being proclaim'd Death for any Perſon to keep one in their Houſes; and if any ſhould by Chance come to

their

their Hands, they were on this Penalty to carry them to the Secretary of State; and after the Puniſhment had paſs'd on two or three Offenders, it deterr'd the reſt from meddling with thoſe edge Tools: I muſt tell you alſo, that the Title of King, which *Ceſario* had taken ſo early upon him, was much againſt his Inclinations; and he deſir'd to ſee himſelf at the Head of a more ſatisfyable Army, before he would take on him a Title he found (in the Condition he was in) he ſhould not defend; but thoſe about him inſinuated to him, that it was the Title that would not only make him more Venerable, but would make his Cauſe appear more juſt and awful; and beget him a perfect Adoration with thoſe People who liv'd remote from Courts, and had never ſeen that glorious thing call'd a King. So that believing it would give Nerves to the Cauſe, he unhappily took upon him that which ruin'd him; for he had often ſworn to the greateſt part of thoſe of any Quality, of his Intereſt, That his Deſign was Liberty only, and that his End was the publick good, ſo infinitely above his own private Intereſt, that he deſir'd only the Honour of being the Champion for the oppreſs'd *Pariſians* and People of *France*; that if they would allow him to lead their Armies, to fight and ſpend his deareſt Blood for them, 'twas all the Glory he aim'd at: 'Twas this pretended Humility in a Perſon of his high Rank that cajol'd the *Mobile*, who look'd on him as their God, their Deliverer, and all that was ſacred and dear to them; but the wiſer ſort regarded him only as one that had moſt Power and Pretenſion to turn the whole Affairs of *France*, which they diſliking, were willing, at any Price, to reduce to their own Conditions and to what they deſir'd; not imagining he would have laid a Claim to the Crown, which many of them fancy'd themſelves as capable of as himſelf, rather that he would perhaps have ſet up the King of *Navarre*. This *Ceſario* knew; and underſtanding their Sentiments, was unwilling to hinder their joining with

with him, by ſuch a Declaration which he knew would be a means to turn abundance of Hearts againſt him, as indeed it fell out; and he found himſelf Maſter of ſome few Towns, only with an Army of fifteen or ſixteen thouſand Peaſants, ill Arm'd, unus'd to War, Watchings, and very ill Lodging in the Field, very badly victuall'd, and worſe paid. For, from *Paris* no Aids of any kind could be brought him; the Roads all along being ſo well guarded and ſecur'd by the Royal Forces, and wanting ſome great Perſons to eſpouſe his Quarrel, made him not only deſpair of Succeſs, but highly reſent it of thoſe who had given him ſo large Promiſes of Aid. Many, as I ſaid, and moſt were diſguſted with his Title of King; but ſome waited the Succeſs of his firſt Battel, which was every Day expected, tho' *Ceſario* kept himſelf as clear of the Royal Army as he could a long time, marching away as ſoon as they drew near, hoping by theſe means, not only to tire them out, and watch an Advantage when to engage, but gather ſtill more Numbers. So that the greateſt Miſchief he did was teazing the Royal Army, who could never tell where to have him, ſo dextrous he was in marching off. They often came ſo near as to have Skirmiſhes with one another by ſmall Parties, where ſome few Men would fall on both ſides: And to ſay truth, *Ceſario* in this Expedition ſhew'd much more of a Soldier than the Politician: His Skill was great, his Conduct good, expert in Advantages, and indefatigable in Toils. And I have heard it from the Mouth of a Gentleman, who in all that Undertaking never was from him, that in ſeven or eight Weeks that he was in Arms, he never abſolutely undreſt himſelf, and hardly ſlept an Hour in the four and twenty; and that ſometimes he was on his Horſe's Back, in a Chariot, or on the Ground, ſuffering even with the meaneſt of his Soldiers all the Fatigues of the Enterprize: This Gentleman told me he would, in thoſe Hours he ſhould ſleep, and wherein he was not taking Meaſures and Coun-

Councils (which were always held in the Night) that he would be eternally ſpeaking to him of *Hermione*; and that with the ſofteſt Concern 'twas poſſible for Love and tendereſt Paſſion to expreſs. That he being the only Friend he could repoſe ſo great a Weakneſs in, and who ſooth'd him to the degree he wiſh'd, the Prince was ſo well pleas'd with him, as to eſtabliſh him a Colonel of Horſe, for no other Merit than that of having once ſerv'd *Hermoine*, and now would flatter his Diſeaſe agreeably: And tho' he did ſo, he proteſted he was aſham'd to hear how this poor fond Concern render'd this great Man, and he has often pity'd what ſhould have been elſe admir'd; but who can tell the force of Love, back'd by Charms ſupernatural? And who is it that will not ſigh at the Fate of ſo Illuſtrious a young Man, whom Love had render'd the moſt miſerable of all thoſe Numbers he led?

But now the Royal Army, as if they had purpoſely ſuffer'd him to take his Tour about the Countrey, to enſnare him with the more Facility, had at laſt, by new Forces that came to their Aſſiſtance daily, ſo incompaſs'd him, that it was impoſſible for him to avoid any longer giving them Battel; however he had the benefit of poſting himſelf the moſt advantagiouſly that he could wiſh; he had the riſing Grounds to place his Canon, and all things concurr'd to give him Succeſs; his Numbers exceeding thoſe of the Royal Army: Not but he would have avoided a ſet Battel, if it had been poſſible, 'till he had made himſelf Maſter of ſome Places of ſtronger Hold; for yet, as I ſaid, he had only ſubdu'd ſome inconſiderable Places, which were not able to make Defence; and which, as ſoon as he was march'd out, ſurrender'd again to their Lawful Prince; and pulling down his Proclamation; put up thoſe of the King: But he was on all ſides ſo embarraſs'd, he could not come even to parly with any Town of Note; ſo that, as I ſaid, at laſt, being as it were block'd up, though the Royal Army did not offer

him

him Battel: Three Nights they lay thus in view of each other; the firſt Night the Prince ſent out his Scouts, who brought him Intelligence, that the Enemy was not ſo well prepar'd for Battel, as they fear'd they might be if they imagin'd the Prince would engage 'em, but he had ſo often given them the ſlip, that they believ'd he had no mind to put the Fortune of the Day to the puſh; and they were glad of theſe Delays, that new Forces might advance. When the Scouts return'd with this News, the Prince was impatient to fall upon the Enemy; but *Ferguſano*, who was continually taking Counſel of his Charms, and looking into his black Book of Fate, for every Sally and Step they made, perſuaded his Highneſs to have a little Patience; poſitively aſſuring him his Fortune depended on a Critical Minute, which was not yet come; and that if he offer'd to give Battel before the Change of the Moon, he was inevitably loſt, and that the Attendance of that fortunate Moment would be the beginning of thoſe of his whole Life: With ſuch like poſitive Perſuaſions he gain'd upon the Prince, and overcame his Impatience of engaging for that Night, all which he paſt in Council, without being perſuaded to take any Reſt, often blaming the Nicety of their Art and his Stars; and often asking if they loſt that Opportunity that Fortune had now given 'em, whether all their Arts, or Stars, or Devils, could retrieve it? And nothing would that Night appeaſe him, or diſpoſſeſs the Sorcerers of this Opinion.

The next Day they receiv'd certain Intelligence, that a conſiderable Supply would re-inforce the Royal Army, under the Conduct of a Prince of the Blood; which were every Moment expected: This News made the Prince rave, and he broke out into all the Rage imaginable againſt the Wizards, who defended themſelves with all the reaſons of their Art; but it was all in vain, and he vow'd he would that Night engage the Enemy; if he find but one faithful Friend to ſecond him, tho'

tho' he dy'd in the Attempt; that he has worn out with the Toils he had undergone; haraſs'd almoſt to Death, and would wait no longer the Approach of his lazy Fate, but boldly advancing, meet it, what Face ſo e'er it bore. They beſought him on their Knees, he would not overthrow the Glorious Deſign ſo long in bringing to Perfection, juſt in the very Minute of happy Projection; but to wait thoſe certain Fates, that would bring him Glory and Honour on their Wings; and who, if ſlighted, would abandon him to Deſtruction; it was but ſome few Hours more, and then they were his own, to be commanded by him: 'Twas thus they drill'd and delay'd him on till Night; when again he ſent out his Scouts to diſcover the Poſture of the Enemy; and himſelf in the mean time went to Council. *Philander* fail'd not to be ſent for thither, who ſometimes feign'd Excuſes to keep away, and when he did come, he ſate unconcern'd, neither giving or receiving any Advice. This was taken Notice of by all, but *Ceſario*, who look'd upon it as being over-watch'd, and fatigu'd with the Toils of the Day: His Sullenneſs did not paſs ſo in the Opinion of the reſt; they ſaw, or at leaſt thought they ſaw ſome other Marks of Diſcontent in his fine Eyes, which Love ſo much better became. One of the Prince's Officers and Captain of his Guard, who was an old hereditary Rogue, and whoſe Father had ſuffer'd in Rebellion before; a Fellow rough and daring, comes boldly to the Prince when the Council roſe, and ask'd him if he were reſolv'd to engage? He told him he was. *Then*, ſaid he, *give me leave to ſhoot* Philander *in the Head.* This blunt Propoſition given, without any manner of Reaſon or Circumſtance, made the Prince ſtart back a ſtep or two, and ask him his Meaning of what he ſaid. *Sir*, reply'd the Captain, *if you will be ſafe*, Philander *muſt die*; *for however it appear to your Highneſs, to all the Camp he ſhows the Traitor, and 'tis more than doubted he and the King of* France *underſtand one another but too well: Therefore*

if

if you would be Victor, let him be diſpatch'd, and I my ſelf will undertake it: Hold, ſaid the Prince, *if I could believe what you ſay to be true, I ſhould not take ſo baſe a Revenge; I would fight like a Soldier, and he ſhould be treated like a Man of Honour! Sir,* ſaid *Vaneur,* for that was the Captain's Name; *do not, in the Circumſtances we are now in, talk of treating (with thoſe that would betray us) like Men of Honour; we cannot ſtand upon Decency in killing, who have ſo many to diſpatch; we came not into* France *to fight Duels, and ſtand on nice Punctilio's: I ſay, we muſt make quick work, and I have a good Piſtol charg'd with two handſome Bullets, that ſhall, as ſoon as he appears amongſt us on Horſe-back, do his Buſineſs as gentelely as can be, and rid you of one of the moſt powerful of your Enemies.* To this the Prince would by no means agree; not believing one Syllable of the Accuſation. *Vaneur* ſwore then that he would not draw a Sword for his Service, while *Philander* was ſuffer'd to live; and he was as good as his Word: He ſaid, in going out, that he would obey the Prince, but he begg'd his Pardon, if he did not lift a Hand on his ſide; and in an Hour after ſent him his Commiſſion, and waited on him, and was with him almoſt till the laſt, in all the Danger, but would not fight, having made a ſolemn Vow. Several others were of *Vaneur's* Opinion, but the Prince believ'd nothing of it; *Philander* being indeed, as he ſaid, weary of the Deſign and Party, and regarded them as his Ruiners, who with fair Pretences drew him into a bad Cauſe; which his Youth had not then conſider'd, and from which he could not untangle himſelf.

By this time the Scout was come back, who inform'd the Prince that now was the beſt time in the World to attack the Enemy, who all lay ſupinely in their Tents, and did not expect a Surprize; that the very Out-guards were ſlender, and that it would not be hard to put 'em to a great deal of Confuſion. The Prince, who was enough impatient before, now was all

Fire

Fire and Spirit, and 'twas not in the Power of Magick to with-hold him; but haſting immediately to Horſe, with as much ſpeed as poſſible, he got at the Head of his Men; and marching on directly to the Enemy, put them into ſo great a Surprize, that it may be admir'd how they got themſelves into a Condition of Defence; and to make ſhort of a Buſineſs that was not long in acting, I may avow nothing but the immediate Hand of the Almighty, (who favours the juſteſt ſide, and is always ready for the Support of thoſe who approach ſo near his own Divinity; ſacred and anointed Heads) could have turn'd the Fortune of the Battel to the Royal ſide: It was prodigious to conſider the unequal Numbers, and the Advantage all on the Prince's Part; it was miraculous to behold the Order on his ſide, and Surprize on the other, which of it ſelf had been ſufficient to have confounded them; yet notwithſtanding all this Unpreparedneſs on this ſide, and the Watchfulneſs and Care on the other; ſo well the General and Officers of the Royal Army manag'd their ſcanted Time, ſo bravely diſciplin'd and experienc'd the Soldiers were, ſo reſolute and brave, and all ſo well mounted and arm'd, that, as I ſaid, to a Miracle they fought, and 'twas a Miracle they won the Field: Tho' that fatal Night *Ceſario* did in his own Perſon Wonders; and when his Horſe was kill'd under him, he took a *Partizan*, and as a common Soldier, at the Head of his Foot acted the *Hero* with as much Courage and Bravery as ever *Cæſar* himſelf could boaſt; yet all this avail'd him nothing: He ſaw himſelf abandon'd on all ſides, and then under the Covert of the Night he retir'd from the Battel, with his Sword in his Hand, with only one Page, who fought by his ſide: A thouſand times he was about to fall on his own Sword, and like *Brutus* have finiſh'd a Life he could no longer ſuſtain with Glory: But Love, that Coward of the Mind, and the Image of Divine *Hermione*, as he eſteem'd her, ſtill gave him love to Life;

and

and while he could remember ſhe yet liv'd to charm him, he could even look with Contempt on the Loſs of all his Glory; at which if he repin'd, it was for her ſake, who expected to behold him return cover'd o'er with Laurels. In theſe ſad Thoughts he wander'd as long as his weary'd Legs would bear him into a low Foreſt, far from the Camp; where, over-preſt with Toil, all over Pain, and a Royal Heart even breaking with Anxiety, he laid him down under the ſhelter of a Tree, and found but his Length of Earth left to ſupport him now, who not many Hours before beheld himſelf the greateſt Monarch, as he imagin'd, in the World. Oh who, that had ſeen him thus; which of his moſt mortal Enemies, that had view'd the Royal Youth, adorn'd with all the Charms of Beauty Heav'n ever diſtributed to Man; born great, and but now ador'd by all the crouding World with Hat and Knee; now abandon'd by all, but one kind trembling Boy weeping by his ſide, while the Illuſtrious *Hero* lay gazing with melancholy weeping Eyes, at thoſe Stars that had lately been ſo cruel to him; ſighing out his great Soul to the Winds that whiſtled round his uncover'd Head; breathing his Griefs as ſilently as the ſad fatal Night paſt away; where nothing in Nature ſeem'd to pity him, but the poor wretched Youth that kneel'd by him, and the ſighing Air: I ſay, who that beheld this, would not have ſcorn'd the World, and all its fickle Worſhippers? Have curſt the Flatteries of vain Ambition, and pris'd a Cottage far above a Throne? A Garland wreath'd by ſome fair innocent Hand, before the reſtleſs Glories of a Crown?

Some Authors in the Relation of this Battel affirm, That *Philander* quitted his Poſt as ſoon as the Charge was given, and ſheer'd off from that Wing he commanded; but all Hiſtorians agree in this Point, that if he did, it was not for want of Courage; for in a thouſand Encounters he has given ſufficient Proofs of as much Bravery as a Man can be capable of: But he diſlik'd

diſlik'd the Cauſe, diſapprov'd of all their Pretenſions, and look'd upon the whole Affair and Proceeding to be moſt unjuſt and ungenerous; and all the Fault his greateſt Enemies could charge him with was, That he did not deal ſo gratefully with a Prince that lov'd him and truſted him; and that he ought frankly to have told him, he would not ſerve him in this Deſign; and that it had been more Gallant to have quitted him that way, than this; but there are ſo many Reaſons to be given for this more politick and ſafe Deceit, than are needful in this place, and 'tis moſt certain as it is the moſt juſtifiable to Heav'n and Man, to one born a Subject of *France*, and having ſworn Allegiance to his proper King, to abandon any other Intereſt; ſo let the Enemies of this great Man ſay what they pleaſe, if a Man be oblig'd to be falſe to this or that Intereſt, I think no Body of common Honeſty, Senſe and Honour, will diſpute which he ought to abandon; and this is moſt certain, that he did not forſake him becauſe Fortune did ſo, as this one Inſtance may make appear. When *Ceſario* was firſt proclaim'd King, and had all the Reaſon in the World to believe that Fortune would have been wholly partial to him, he offer'd *Philander* his Choice of any Principality and Government in *France*, and to have made him of the Order of *Sanctè Eſprèet*; all which he refus'd, tho' he knew his great Fortune was loſt and already diſtributed to Favourites at Court, and himſelf proſcribed and convicted as a Traitor to *France*. Yet all theſe Refuſals did not open the Eyes of this credulous great young Man who ſtill believ'd it the Sullenneſs and Generoſity of his Temper.

No ſooner did the Day diſcover to the World the horrid Buſineſs of the preceding Night, but a diligent Search was made among the infinite Number of Dead, that cover'd the Face of the Earth, for the Body of the Prince, or new King, as they call'd him: But

when they could not find him among the Dead, they ſent out Parties all ways to ſearch the Woods, the Foreſts and the Plains; nor was it long they ſought in vain, for he who had laid himſelf, as I ſaid under the Shelter of a Tree, had not for any Conſideration remov'd him; but finding himſelf ſeiz'd by a common Hand, ſuffer'd himſelf, without Reſiſtance, to be detain'd by one ſingle Man till more advanc'd, when he could as eaſily have kill'd the Ruſtick as ſpeak or move; an Action ſo below the Character of this truly brave Man, that there is no Reaſon to be given to excuſe his eaſie Submiſſion but this, That he was ſtupify'd with long Watching, Grief, and the Fatigues of his daily Toil for ſo many Weeks before; For it is not to be imagin'd it was Careleſsneſs, or little Regard for Life; for if it had been ſo he would doubtleſs have loſt it nobly with the Victory, and never have retreated while there had been one Sword left advanc'd againſt him; or if he had diſdain'd the Enemy ſhould have had the Advantage and Glory of ſo great a Conqueſt, at leaſt when his Sword had been yet left him, he ſhould have dy'd like a *Roman*, and have ſcorn'd to have added to the Triumph of the Enemy. But Love had unman'd his great Soul, and *Hermione* pleaded within for Life at any Price, even that of all his Glory; the Thought of her alone blacken'd this laſt Scene of his Life, and for which all his paſt Triumphs could never atone nor excuſe.

Thus taken, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be led away tamely by common Hands without Reſiſtance: A Victim now even fallen to the Pity of the *Mobile* as he paſt, and ſo little imagin'd by the better Sort who ſaw him not, they would not give a Credit to it, every one affirming and laying Wagers he would die like a *Heroe*, and never ſurrender with Life to the Conqueror. But this Submiſſion was but too true for the Repoſe of all his Abbettors; nor was his mean

mean Surrender all, but he ſhew'd a Dejection all the way they were bringing him to *Paris*, ſo extreamly unworthy of his Character, that 'tis hardly to be credited ſo great a Change could have been poſſible. And to ſhew that he had loſt all his Spirit and Courage with the Victory, and that the great Strings of his Heart were broke, the Captain who had the Charge of him, and commanded that little Squadron that conducted him to *Paris*, related to me this remarkable Paſſage in the Journey; he ſaid, That they lodg'd in an Inn, where he believ'd both the Maſter, and a great many Strangers who that Night lodg'd there, were *Hugonots*, and great Lovers of the Prince, which the Captain did not know, 'till after the Lodgings were taken: However he order'd a File of Muſqueteers to guard the Door; and himſelf only remain'd in the Chamber with the Prince, while Supper was getting ready: The Captain being extreamly weary with Watching and Toiling, for a long time together, laid himſelf down on a Bench behind a great long Table, that was faſten'd to the Floor, and had unadviſedly laid his Piſtols on the Table; and tho' he durſt not ſleep, he thought there to ſtretch himſelf into a little Eaſe, who had not quitted his Horſe-back in a great while: The Prince who was walking with his Arms a-croſs about the Room, muſing in a very dejected Poſture; often caſting his Eyes to the Door, at laſt advances to the Table, and takes up the Captain's Piſtols; the while he who ſaw him advance, fear'd in that Moment, what the Prince was going to do; he thought, if he ſhould riſe and ſnatch at the Piſtols, and miſs of 'em, it would expreſs ſo great a Diſtruſt of the Prince, it might provoke him to do, what by his generous ſubmitting of 'em, might make him eſcape; and therefore, ſince it was too late, he ſuffer'd the Prince to arm himſelf with two Piſtols; who before was diſarm'd of even his little Pen-knife. He was, he ſaid, a thouſand times about to call out to

the Guards; but then he thought before they could enter to his Relief, he was ſure to be ſhot dead, and it was poſſible the Prince might make his Party good with four or five common Soldiers, who perhaps lov'd the Prince as well as any, and might rather aſſiſt than hinder his Flight; all this he thought in an Inſtant, and at the ſame time ſeeing the Prince ſtand ſtill, in a kind of Conſideration what to do, looking, turning and viewing of the Piſtols, he doubted not but his Thought would determine with his Life, and tho' he had been in the Heat of all the Battel, and had look'd Death in the Face, when it appear'd moſt horrid, he proteſted he knew not how to fear till this Moment, and that now he trembled with the Apprehenſion of Unavoidable Ruin; he curſt a thouſand times his unadviſedneſs, now it was too late; he ſaw the Prince, after he had view'd and review'd the Piſtols, walk in a great Thoughtfulneſs again about the Chamber, and at laſt, as if he had determin'd what do do, came back and laid them again on the Table; at which the Captain ſnatch'd 'em up, reſolving never to commit ſo great an Over-ſight more. He did not doubt, he ſaid, but the Prince, in taking them up, had ſome Deſign of making his Eſcape; and moſt certainly if he had but had Courage to have attempted it, it had not been hard to have been accompliſh'd: At worſt he could but have dy'd: But there is a Fate that over-rules the moſt lucky Minutes of the greateſt Men in the World, and turns even all Advantages offer'd to Misfortunes, when it deſigns their Ruin.

While they were on their way to *Paris*, he gave ſome more Signs, that the Misfortunes he had ſuffer'd had leſſen'd his Heart and Courage: He writ ſeveral the moſt ſubmiſſive Letters in the World, to the King, and to the Queen-Mother of *France*; wherein he ſtrove to mitigate his Treaſon, with the pooreſt Arguments imaginable, and, as if his good Senſe had declin'd with his Fortune, his Style was alter'd and debas'd to that

of

of a common Man or rather a School-Boy, filled with Tautologies and Stuff of no Coherence; in which he neither ſhew'd the Majeſty of a Prince, nor Senſe of a Gentleman; as I could make appear by expoſing thoſe Copies, which I leave to Hiſtory; all which muſt be imputed to the Diſorder his Head and Heart were in, for want of that Natural Reſt he never after found. When he came to *Paris*, he fell at the Feet of his Majeſty, to whom they brought him, and with a Shower of Tears bedewing his Shoes, as he lay proſtrate, beſought his Pardon, and ask'd his Life; perhaps one of his greateſt Weakneſſes to imagine, he could hope for Mercy after ſo many Pardons for the ſame Fault; and which, if he had had but one grain of that Bravery left him, he was wont to be Maſter of, he could not have expected; nor have had the Confidence to have implor'd; and he was a poor Spectacle of Pity to all that once ador'd him; to ſee how he petition'd in vain for Life; which if it had been granted, had been of no other uſe to him, but to have paſt in ſome Corner of the Earth with *Hermione*, deſpis'd by all the reſt: And tho' he fetch'd Tears of Pity from the Eyes of the beſt and moſt merciful of Kings, he could not gain on his firſt Reſolution; which was never to forgive him that ſcurrilous Declaration he had diſpers'd at his firſt Landing in *France*; that he took upon him the Title of King, he could forgive; that he had been the Cauſe of ſo much Bloodſhed, he could forgive; but never that unworthy Scandal on his unſpotted Fame; of which he was much more nice, than of his Crown or Life; and left him (as he told him this) proſtrate on the Earth, when the Guards took him up and convey'd him to the *Baſtile*: As he came out of the *Louvre*, 'tis ſaid, he look'd with his wonted Grace, only a Languiſhment ſate there in greater Beauty, than poſſible all his gayer Looks ever put on, at leaſt in his Circumſtances all that beheld him imagin'd ſo; all the *Pariſians* were crouded in vaſt Numbers to ſee him: And oh, ſee what Fortune is,

thoſe

thoſe that had vow'd him Allegiance in their Hearts, and were upon all Occaſions ready to riſe in mutiny for his leaſt Intereſt, now ſaw him, and ſuffer'd him to be carry'd to the *Baſtile* with a ſmall Company of Guards, and never offer'd to reſcue the Royal Unfortunate from the Hands of Juſtice, while he view'd 'em all around with ſcorning dying Eyes.

While he remain'd in the *Baſtile*, he was viſited by ſeveral of the Miniſters of State, and Cardinals, and Men of the Church, who urg'd him to ſome Diſcoveries, but could not prevail with him: He ſpoke, he thought, he dreamt of nothing but *Hermione*; and when they talk'd of Heav'n, he ran on ſome Diſcourſe of that Beauty, ſomething of her Praiſe; and ſo continu'd to his laſt Moment, even on the Scaffold, where he was urg'd to excuſe, as a good Chriſtian ought, his Invaſion, his Bloodſhed and his unnatural War, he ſet himſelf to juſtifie his Paſſion to *Hermione*, endeavouring to render the Life he had led with her, Innocent and Blameleſs in the ſight of Heaven; and all the Churchmen could perſuade, could make him ſpeak of very little elſe. Juſt before he laid himſelf down on the Block, he call'd to one of the Gentlemen of his Chamber, and taking out the Inchanted Tooth-pick Caſe, he whiſper'd him in the Ear, and commanded him to bear it from him to *Hermione*; and laying himſelf down, ſuffer'd the Juſtice of the Law, and dy'd more pity'd than lamented; ſo that it became a Proverb, If I have an Enemy, I wiſh he may live like——and die like *Ceſario*: So ended the Race of this Glorious Youth, who was in his time the greateſt Man of a Subject in the World, and the greateſt Favourite of his Prince, happy indeed above a Monarch, if Ambition and the Inſpiration of Knaves and Fools had not led him to Deſtruction, and from a glorious Life brought him to a ſhameful Death.

This deplorable News was not long in coming to *Hermione*, who muſt receive this due, That when ſhe heard

heard her *Hero* was dead, (and with him all her dearer Greatneſs gone,) ſhe betook her ſelf to her Bed, and made a Vow ſhe would never riſe nor eat more; and ſhe was as good as her Word, ſhe lay in that melancholy Eſtate about ten Days, making the moſt piteous Moan for her dead Lover that e'er was heard, drowning her Pillow in Tears, and ſighing out her Soul. She call'd on him in vain as long as ſhe could ſpeak, at laſt ſhe fell into a Lethargy and dream'd of him, 'till ſhe could dream no more; an everlaſting Sleep clos'd her fair Eyes, and the laſt Word ſhe ſigh'd was *Ceſario*.

Brilliard had the good Fortune the Night of the Battel to get away under the Covert of the Night, and poſted to *Flanders*, where he found *Sylvia* in the Arms of the young *Spaniard*, and of whom they made ſo conſiderable Advantages, that in a ſhort time they ruin'd the Fortune of that young Nobleman, and became the Talk of the Town, inſomuch that the Governor not permitting her Stay there, ſhe was forc'd to remove for new Prey, and daily makes conſiderable Conqueſts where-e'er ſhe ſhews the Charmer. *Ferguſano* eſcap'd, which was to the laſt Moment of the Prince's Life the greateſt Affliction of his Mind; and he would often ſay in great Rage, That if that Villain had been brought to *Paris*, and that he could have had the Satisfaction of ſeeing him broken on a Wheel before he had died, he ſhould have reſign'd his Life with Joy. But his time was not yet come.

Philander lay ſome time in the *Baſtile*, viſited by all the Perſons of great Quality about the Court; he behav'd himſelf very Gallantly all the way he came, after his being taken, and to the laſt Minute of his Impriſonment; and was at laſt pardon'd, kiſs'd the King's Hand, and came to Court in as much Splendor as ever, being very well underſtood by all good Men.

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